00030983

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019

BY-WAYS OF HISTORY

Printed at the Edinburgh University Press

By T. and A. CONSTABLE,

FOR

DAVID DOUGLAS.

LONDON . . . SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT AND CO., LTD.

CAMBRIDGE . . MACMILLAN AND BOWES.

GLASGOW . . . JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS

BY-WAYS OF HISTORY

Studies in the Social Life and Rural Economy of the Olden Time

30983
ac

BY

JAMES COLVILLE, M.A., D.Sc.

EXAMINER IN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS

1897

All rights reserved

30983

PREFACE

THE following articles originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Scottish Review*, *The Scotsman*, and *Glasgow Herald*, and the author now begs to thank the editors of these magazines and newspapers for permission to use them. They have been largely rewritten and expanded, so as to embrace a chronological series of studies, presenting the aspects of characteristic periods as they have been preserved in contemporary records. The author's standpoint is expressed in the French dictum that history should be a resurrection. Hence the book has been inspired by the conviction that human interest, be it of the humblest, constitutes the essential ingredient both of literature and history, and that a vital portion of such interest centres in old manners, customs, and industries, as well as in the sayings and doings of

otherwise obscure men and women. The materials drawn upon range from prehistoric dwellings and Celtic sculptured slabs to the records of that monumental work, the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, supplemented by the large mass of contemporary statistical works and the tours of travellers. The interval has been filled up from Barbour's *Bruce*, the Exchequer Rolls, Reformation Tracts, Privy Council Registers, Burgh Records, and Historical MSS. Commission Reports. The author has endeavoured, by following these untrodden paths, to shed new light on some not uninteresting chapters in the story of human progress.

J. C.

GLASGOW, *8th March* 1897.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. LOWLAND SCOTLAND IN THE TIME OF BURNS, .	1
II. AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE IN KINTYRE, . .	53
III. THE BRUCE AND BANNOCKBURN, . . .	78
IV. THE COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLANDE, . . .	97
V. SCOTTISH TRADE IN THE OLDEN TIME, . .	128
VI. A 'FAMILIAR AUTOCRAT,'	177
VII. THE SCOTTISH TOUR IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.,	195
VIII. SCOTLAND UNDER THE ROUNDHEADS, . .	213
IX. THE COVENANTER ABROAD, ...	245
X. A NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND, .	266
XI. TOWN LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, .	279

I

LOWLAND SCOTLAND IN THE TIME OF BURNS

THE career of Burns—1759-96—is almost co-extensive with the latter half of the eighteenth century, a period in our history of momentous importance. It significantly opens with the abolition of the heritable jurisdiction of the barons in 1748, and closes with the quiet disappearance of the last relic of feudal serfdom in 1799, when the colliers and salters were relieved of the sole remaining link in the chain that had for centuries bound them to the soil. This period witnessed the rise of all our modern industries, and the complete transformation of the only hitherto existing one—agriculture. It witnessed also both an enormous expansion of the population—twice has it doubled itself since the youth of Burns—as well as a surprising redistribution of it. At the end of the century fifty-five per cent. of the population were living in hamlets and homesteads of under three hundred inhabitants. Further, it was the period which, in spite of the stern

repression of the Dundas rule, evolved such questions as the rise of dissent, road reform, poor laws, burgh reform, elementary education, all which have so profoundly affected our own well-being. But, above all, it gave us the greatest and most typical of modern Scotsmen—Burns, Scott, Carlyle. Yet our historians, great and small, have nothing special to say of it. Burton and Chambers both stop at 1748. It may safely be said that from the large stock of contemporary material preserved in the old *Statistical Account* (1791-9) and various other sources, no general conclusions have, as far as I I know, been yet presented to the public. In the literary aspect of the subject, apart from its historical interest, Scott and Carlyle are largely their own interpreters, but the lights and shadows of Burns's life and work cannot be properly understood and sympathised with unless some such study be made of this contemporary material.

It is possible to form a very complete idea of the general appearance of the country during this period. Down almost to the close of the century, except in a few sheltered river-valleys, a Scottish landscape presented few pleasing features. All the travellers from the more favoured South bear out Dr. Johnson's famous observation on the general treelessness, without his rather heavy fun, and almost every page of the *Statistical Account* supplies corroborative evidence. Even Burns, who cannot be accused of lack of patriotism, finds a similar state of matters, and

this even where it was least to be expected, as is shown by his lines on Bruar Water. Pennant (1769-1772) found some hedges and traces of plantation around Edinburgh. The city itself must have had clumps of trees, for Cockburn deplores the vandalism that was cutting them down in his day to make way for the New Town. Pennant saw, in going to Perth by Kinross, few trees, except about Blair and Perth itself. Farther north, over the Grampians, all the way to Inverness, matters were still worse. Moray and Aberdeen were little better; but the Mearns and the Carse of Gowrie, on the east side, and the lower reaches of the Clyde above Dumbarton, afforded charming prospects of wood, water, and rich cornfields. Topham (*Letters from Edinburgh*, 1774-5) saw many a wide view without the appearance of vegetation higher above its surface than a blade of grass. There was but one orchard in Edinburgh, and hardly another in the country. Good apples were not to be seen, and turnips formed the only dessert. Lettice (1794) says nothing could exceed the dreariness of the Upper Ward of Lanark. Heron (1793) thinks Nithsdale would be beautiful with clumps and belts of wood. It is not quite bare, but there are few trees. Drumlanrig Castle has an air of decay and desolation, thanks to the sordid avarice of the then Marquis of Queensberry, so vigorously denounced by Burns. The banks of the Stinchar, Heron saw unadorned by trees or underwood; Magus Muir remained wild,

unenclosed, and untilled, probably as at the time when Sharp was murdered. All these districts are now richly clothed in foliage.

In this matter of forestry a great change was in progress during the last quarter of the century. Then were created such famous scenes of sylvan loveliness as the Kelvingrove and Aberdour woods of the olden time, Cambusmore, Duplin, Drummond, and Glamis Castles, and the like. Many noted forest-patriarchs are recorded in the *Statistical Account*. Some of them had been for centuries landmarks, like the oak of Blairquhan, which still stands by the roadside near Killearn; the Capon Tree at Jedburgh, associated with Burns, or the Fortingal yew, reputed to be the oldest vegetable in Europe. From what is left of it, and still green, one might well believe it once girthed fifty-two feet. Most magnificent of all is the Newbattle beech. It was a curiosity early in the century, and bears the initials of visitors dated 1732. But, upon the whole, Johnson was not far wrong when he said there were few trees in Scotland older than himself. The beech, indeed, was scarcely known at all before the eighteenth century, and with its introduction the squirrel appeared from England. The larch was imported fifty years later. Not till near the Revolution do we hear of walled parks and planting for the adornment of mansions, and even then only on the estates of such lords as Lauderdale, Haddington, and Winton in East Lothian.

Here and there the natural or self-sown woods survived in deep dens and sheltered nooks, and on many an upland glade, for the country had always been sparsely peopled. The Reformation, it must be remembered, was effected in a country of only a million, all told. Oak would root itself firmly in the valleys, ash and willow on the sides of every brook, alder in swamps and spouty land; while the birk would hang its fair tresses, and the rowan its roseate clusters, on the front of every scaur. In some cases these natural woods outlived feudal times. Such was the Kirk of Forest, which extended for ten miles to the east of Ayr, but this, says Fullarton (1793), and every forest near has long gone, except Dalrymple woods on the Doon. The remains of such natural woods in Burns's native Kyle play a great part in the scenery of his poetry.

The general features of the landscape are abiding. The rivers then ran their fitful race in their present channels; the hills outlined themselves, as now, against the glowing west. But the former flowed on between more open banks, and sheep have changed the dark heathy tints of the latter to a pleasant green. The draining of vast swamps, the profusion of hedge-rows in many districts, the coverts that have sprung up in this age of sport, the policies surrounding the mansions that have grown with the nation's wealth — these have all effected a marvellous change. Last century illustra-

tions all support the testimony of contemporary observers. There we have the ever-flowing streams and the eternal hills, but the whole aspect seems strange to modern landscape. The historic sites, shown in all their nakedness by Grose and others, can be approached by the modern photographer only with difficulty.

The reason for this general absence of trees in Scotland is to be found neither in climate nor in the direct action of man, but in the ancient system of husbandry. In the absence of enclosures the entire stock of each crofter township roamed everywhere as soon as the crop was off the ground. There being as yet no turnips nor sown grass, but only a little coarse hay from the boglands, every green thing within reach ran the risk of being eaten up. There would be plenty of self-sown trees, but few would ever have a chance of surviving. Darwin closely observed a measured patch of common in Kent, exposed to such conditions as generally prevailed in the ante-enclosing days, and though he counted hundreds of seedling trees, not one grew above an inch or two before being cropped off. In such circumstances, alder in the marshy places, and birches on the river scaurs, would alone have a chance of surviving. The two homeliest of trees were the alder and the elder, and both play a great part in folk-lore. In the shades of the former lurked the goblins and brownies, while the latter

was used to enclose the kailyards, as the cattle refused to touch it, and there Burns places it in his Address to the Deil:—

'When twilight did my Grannie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman,
Aft yont the dyke she 's heard you bummin'
Wi' eerie drone,
Or rustlin' thro' the boor-trees comin'
Wi' heavy groan.'

The kailyard was the only oratory available for this sound Auld Licht, but even there the enemy of mankind would not allow her to pray in peace.

The universal absence of enclosures has left its mark on the Scottish law of trespass, so favourable to the trespasser. Under ancient conditions there could be no such thing as trespass without clear proof of damage done. In many districts the country remained, till the close of the century, quite open. In Strathallan, during the last decade, so great were the changes effected by enclosing that it was no longer thought bad neighbourhood to drive off cattle trespassing upon winter crops. When enclosing was introduced into Galloway (1723) it was very unpopular. Men went about in women's clothes levelling the dry-stone dykes. Elsewhere these fences were blamed for making people take roundabout roads, and as ruining the time-honoured industry of the herd, who played an important

part in the economy of the township. Great numbers were boys from the Highlands, who thus earned a welcome pittance, and picked up English enough to better their condition. In the Lothians they formed themselves into parish guilds, and with their horns and bravery used to meet regularly to kindle the Beltane and hold the Lammas festival. For the latter these built pillars of divots or turfs, leaving in the centre a place for a pole, which bore a blanket, granted by some well-disposed housewife. Rival parties tried to demolish each other's towers, and vigorous bickers ensued, a practice still followed by boys, though the custom survives only in the debased form of cutting pieces of turf to be tossed about in a rough horse-play. The work of the herd began with the sowing of the bear, and lasted till the crops were housed. There are few more picturesque figures in literature, down from mediæval times, than the blue-bonneted herd laddie. His badge was the crook with the stock-and-horn. The latter Burns struck on his seal over the motto, 'Better a wee bush than nae beild,' and carefully explained its construction in a letter to George Thomson, for the benefit of the artist, David Allan, who was, however, the proud possessor of one already. The tip of a cow's horn was to be cut off, and in the aperture the shank bone of a sheep inserted, and in that again an oat-straw. The necessary stops or vent-holes were to be added. Milton puts his

Lycidas into the mouth of a Presbyterian herd of the Covenant, who, when his lay was ended,

'Rose and twitched his mantle blue.'

To save the growing crops and spare the herd, the cattle were confined during the mid-day hours and over night in a fold built of turf.

'The shepherd steeks his fauldin slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shrill.'

In the west such a fold is still called a *fank* (Ger. *fangen*, to seize), and in the north-eastern counties the *pumfle*, a corruption of pinfold. The rustic mind was struck with its likeness to the high pew at the stair-head in the old-fashioned church loft, a favourite resort of the boys, even in living memory, as a safe place for marbles and other sports. It was a Buchan minister who, on his rounds, thus accosted a boy whom he suspected of neglecting ordinances, 'Laddie, fat wy de'ee nae gang t' i' kirk?' 'Sae I dee,' replied the boy, 'but ee ken I sit ee i' pumfle,' where, of course, he could be out of sight.

The land in these times was generally held by kindly tenants or rentallers—feudal retainers, in fact—who built their houses and yards close together in townships round the kirk or castle. The tenure was leasehold, with easy rents, paid in kind. There was a homely tone of neighbourliness between the tenants and the laird. The Earl of

Moray, present at a *kirn* or harvest-home, saw a tenant dancing merrily at seventy. 'John,' he said, 'you are too rich and wanton; I must raise my land rent.' 'My lord,' replied John, 'it 's not the land that has made me rich, but God's providence and the change of wives.' Sometimes, however, there intervened between the crofters and the laird the bonnet-lairds, or lesser feuars (tacksmen in the north),—that is to say, tenants who had power to subset, and these were often oppressive and unpopular. The land was generally let in plow-gates of fifty acres each, held by four tenants in common, employing four horses. About half would be arable or *infield*, laid out in *run-rig*, that is to say, long serpentine ridges, very narrow and high in the centre, and always more or less wet at the sides, where there was a rude surface drainage. Between these were strips in natural grass, called *bauks* in some places, *fauchs* or fallows in others, and here the gudewife or young callant or auld carle was wont to bait the cow, secured by the head stall or *branks*, the herd all the while busy knitting stockings or spinning with the distaff or whorl-spindle, which, by the way, Sir Arthur Mitchell found in use only thirty years ago. When there was no herd the *tether-chuck* or tent-peg secured crummie. Beyond the infield was the *outfield*, or portion under natural grass, and here was the *pumfle*. This portion, manured by being enclosed, was said

to be *tothed*, that is to say, tethered, and when broken up in the following season was kept in oats or bear till exhausted. It was then overrun with weeds until the grass recovered. Much time was taken up in cutting the rich crop of thistles to supper the work-horses that could not be turned out to graze. Outside all was the common, or moor grazings, so poor as to be fit only for pasturing a few sorry sheep, or growing *hainings*—that is to say, broom, heath, whin, etc., to secure a bite in winter. Here, too, were cut the turfs, or *feal dirots*, for roofing and for the walls of huts, or mixing with manure to form a compost or *fulzie*.[1] Such land was greatly impoverished by these periodical parings. Over the greater part of even the Lowlands run-rig prevailed till well past the middle of the century.[2] These were the days of Small Allotments, and where the system prevailed, progress was slow in the extreme. The worst cases were to be found in such places as Inveresk, Kilmaurs, Johnstone. The Glencairn family made the experiment in Kilmaurs of fostering village industries by giving crofts to the weavers. Here, as in the neigh-

[1] These hard-headed peasants were shrewd enough to see that such efforts at top-dressing were not all that was wanted, to judge by the old saw, 'The farmer's foot is the best fulzie.'

[2] In the Campsie district farms were in run-rig as late as 1763 with infield and outfield kept distinct, and with but little enclosing. In a bleak, storm-drenched isle beyond the Lews in the Outer Hebrides lingers to this day the last survival among us of what must have been the oldest tribal institution of the Aryans.

bourhood of small burghs, these allotments were greatly neglected by the tradespeople, who held them on easy terms, and made little either of trading or farming.

In a society of few wants, and these supplied by home industry, money was scarce, so that rents were paid in kind. This took the form of labour on the laird's farm or demesne (the *Mains* is still a common name for farms), teind corn, and *kain* fowls, the *cens* of the *ancien régime* in France. The Earl of Aberdeen had a granary at Tarland that held 600 bolls yearly. In the dearth of 1782 the people of Tarbat, in Easter Ross, stopped a ship laden with teind corn for Greenock. Feudal services survived in many places to the end of the century. They were known as *arage*, or so many days' ploughing; *carage*—that is to say, casting and leading a *leet* or stack of peats or carrying coals; *bonnage*, harvesting hay and corn; and *thirlage*, or multure.

> 'Our laird gets in his racket rents,
> His coals, his kain, and a' his stents [dues].'
>
> BURNS, *Twa Dogs*.

Thirlage was a bitter grievance. At Rutherglen, by 1793, the burgh lands were thirled one-fortieth, with bauk-meal to the miller and to his knave or man. Kilwinning was thirled to the Abbey and Lord Eglinton; Paisley to the Abbey, one-twentieth, besides knaveship of a forpet or quarter peck for bannock meal. In Nithsdale, multure was held to

apply to wheat (one-seventeenth), though the laird had no mill to grind it. It had been an ancient obligation to take all the corn to the baronial or abbey mill, hence the farm was said to be *thirled* or astricted to this mill, and had to pay a multure or portion of the meal to the miller, sometimes as high as one-twelfth. Horse and seed corn were excepted. The portion of corn sent to the mill each time was called a melder. Tam o' Shanter's wife, Kate, complained

> 'That ilka melder wi' the miller
> Thou sat as lang as thou had siller.'

In consequence, no doubt, of these exactions, the quern or primitive hand-mill was in constant use.

> 'The cronach stills the dowie heart,
> The jorram stills the bairnie,
> The music for a hungry wame
> Is grindin' o' the quernie.'—ROBERT JAMIESON.

In the north querns are still in use, and a livelihood is earned by making and selling them. They cost from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings each.

The ground had been cropped from time immemorial in a rotation of oats, pease, and bear or *big*, a kind of coarse four-rowed barley, still grown in the upland straths. (Newcastle has its *big* market to this day.) This was kept up till the land gave only two seeds in return, four or five returns being a good crop. White oats came to supersede the old grey variety; while wheat was raised only in the

Lothians and carse lands even near the close of the century. Little progress could be made anywhere until alternating husbandry was rendered possible by the introduction of rye-grass and clover, turnips and potatoes, and these were the agents in transforming the face of the country and the entire rural economy. From this followed, as a matter of course, planting of trees for shelter, enclosing, draining, liming, stall-feeding, and the consequent increase of manure; grazing in parks instead of herding, in which the cattle were tormented by the dogs and half starved; the rise of large farms in the hands of capitalists, accompanied by the decay of the crofter and the depletion of hamlets to fill the towns and increase vagrancy, pauperism, and crime. These changes were initiated and sent well under way during the short life of Burns. His father's lease of seven acres of Doonholm, in 1757, was typical of the expiring effort of the old husbandry; his own retirement from Ellisland to the Wee Vennel in Dumfries, 1791, was the tacit recognition of the new order of things. The change began at the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763, but culminated in the high prices that prevailed during the long struggle with France.

Swift calls the man, who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, a public benefactor. What is to be said of the men that gave to modern farming sown grasses, turnips, and

potatoes? The sowing of grasses and clover spread very slowly. The people looked upon such improvements as a freak, like hunting and horse-racing, all very well for the wealthy lairds who could afford to lose on expensive experiments. The attitude of the peasants in this connection is shown by the public opinion of Methven, that it was a shame to see beasts' meat growing where men's should grow.

Turnips formed as great a boon for winter feeding as rye-grass and clover for summer. Lord Townshend introduced them into English husbandry in 1730. Their introduction into Scotland was not a little romantic. James Dawson, a farmer near Roxburgh, went to Leicester, and hired himself to Bakewell, the famous sheep-breeder, as a ploughman. He left in six months against the wish of Bakewell, going north, however, with a scheme for drill husbandry in his head. In the following year he had seventy acres of turnips sown. This was about the year 1760. The turnip had been known before this, and sown in gardens, like cabbage, but broadcast. The minister of Kinellar, in Aberdeenshire, unwilling to weed a bed of turnips growing in this fashion in his garden, and thinking it would not succeed, tore up the greater part with the hoe. The crop turned out better than had ever been seen before, and in a few years hoeing in drills became general. Curiously enough, hand-thinning in the

fields by crawling on-all fours is still general over south-western Scotland. Can this be a relic of the broadcast sowing time? Turnip-growing was, however, long in becoming general. Reports in the last decade of the century say: Galston, few turnips yet raised; Nithsdale, no turnips; Whittinghame, only twenty years since turnips were generally known in East Lothian; Kemback, Fife, no turnips or sown grass a dozen years ago, fields exhausted by cropping; Killearn, turnips not tried in the open field; Stevenston, turnips not yet tried; Cluny, Aberdeen, turnips sometimes in drills, but broadcast preferred, as giving a larger crop. Of course, under such circumstances, butcher-meat was not in condition till August, and for winter supplies a *mart* had to be killed at Martinmas (hence the name), and kept in pickle. Even in the capital it was little used. Sir David Kinloch, in 1732, sold from his Lothian farm ten wedders fattened on his first rye-grass, and the buyer, an Edinburgh butcher, stipulated that they should be lifted at three separate times to prevent a glut of mutton in the market. As an article of food turnips, as yet grown to no great size, were looked upon as merely a curiosity. A lady brought in what she reckoned might make a dish, but to her surprise they did not come to the table. Her old-fashioned cook, when remonstrated with, took the matter very lightly: 'Od, mem! I just ate them i' the peelin'.'

There wanted only another green crop to do for the peasant what the turnip was doing for his stock, and carry the comforts of the summer through the winter. This was the potato, which made even slower progress than the turnip. The way was said to have been barred by Presbyterian prejudice, due to its never being mentioned in the Bible. In France the potato spread equally slowly, being thought fit only for animals. The good Intendant, Turgot, the friend of Adam Smith, had it always on his table (1774-8), and induced Louis XVI. to popularise the plant by wearing the flower in his button-hole. In the Lothians it came in about 1740, the year of dearth, from Ireland, but was confined to gardens till about 1754, when it was planted in fields about Aberlady. By the close of the century it was a general article of diet. Ramsay of Ochtertyre says that George Henderson went, about 1750, for a bag of potatoes to Kilsyth, where the Irish method of field culture had lately been tried, and introduced the potato into Menteith, where a few had been known, but only in kailyards. The old folks, however, did not take kindly to the new food. Old George Bachop, one of the Ochtertyre tenants, told by his wife that she had potatoes for supper, said, 'Tatties, tatties! I never supped on them a' my days, and winna the nicht. Gie them to the herd, and get me sowens.' It is significant that Burns, who sings the praises of kail, and porridge,

and haggis, has nothing to say of the potato as an article of diet, though it must have been grown in his neighbourhood:

> 'Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
> O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath,'

is a note of time in 'The Twa Brigs.'

The ploughing of the small open fields long advanced but little beyond primitive methods. In the north small horses or *yarrons* were used, but in the south and in the north-eastern counties oxen were substituted. These survived longest in Aberdeenshire, being so employed even yet in Deeside. At Alford, in 1795, every farmer was ambitious of having as many pairs of oxen in the plough as he could. Oxen are to be found at work near the end of the century about Dundee, St. Andrews, Dumbarton. In the Lothians, towards the middle of the century, it was customary to send the work-oxen, after the bear seed was in, to the Braes of Leny to recruit, at two merks a head, and twopence to the herd, and there they remained till the crop was in. Lord Kames, a noted improver, was a great advocate for the use of oxen in labour, but they disappeared with the spread of turnpike roads and the much longer journeys which then became common.

The old Scotch plough was a clumsy survival from Roman times. It was not unusual to see it

drawn by four or five pairs of oxen. Long after the middle of the century the plough *graith* (tackle) was made on the farm—the long winter nights being spent in preparing it, for no plough was brought out till Candlemas, and then to the accompaniment of rude, and even uncleanly, rites handed down from heathen times. The timber forming the body of the plough was brought by the Highlanders to Doune Market, along with the black cattle, at Martinmas, and sold for 1s. and 1s. 6d. a-piece. It was a Berwickshire man, James Small, who, from a few models which he found, improved (about 1766) on a plough introduced by an itinerant English maker, Lammas, nearly sixty years before. His work soon becoming famous, he established a thriving village industry at Edrom. The draught he made so light that two horses only were required. In a few years the driver or gadsman was also dispensed with. His business had been to clear the coulter with a stout stick or *pettle*, which he occasionally flung at the leaders.

> 'I wud be laith to rin and chase thee
> Wi' murderin' pettle.'—BURNS, *To a Mouse*.

The driver also encouraged the team by whistling, regarded as a great rustic accomplishment, hence the Buchan proverb for much ado about nothing—'Muckle fusslin and little red land.' In the uplands a third hand was employed down to the

close of the century. He held the reins of the team on a short stick, and walked backwards leading them. The defence of anything so awkward was that, the ground being full of foot-fast stones, they could be better seen in this way and avoided, so as to save the plough.

This picturesque mode of ploughing was practised by Burns, as shown in 'The Inventory,' a poem which throws much light on the economy of a Lowland farm—

'Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle;
My han' afore 's [near leader] a guid auld has-been,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been;
My han' ahin's [near wheeler] a weel-gaun fillie
That aft has brought me hame frae Killie;
My fur-ahin's [off-wheeler] a wordy beast
As e'er in tug or tow was traced;
The fourth 's a Hieland Donald hastie.'

The 'han'-ahin' is the subject of the 'Farmer's Address to his auld mare Maggie'—

'Thou was a noble fittie-lan' [foot on land],
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn.'

'The Inventory' goes on to say—

'Wheel carriages I hae but few,
Three carts, an' twa are feckly new;
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
Ae leg, an' baith the trams, are broken;
I made a poker o' the spin'le,
An' my auld mither brunt the trin'le [wheel].

For men, I 've three mischievous boys,
Run deils for rantin an' for noise;
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
Wee Davock hauds the nowt [cattle] in fother.'

We need not wonder at Burns's statement in the first line. Colonel Fullarton, reporting on Ayrshire in 1793, says that forty years ago there was hardly a practicable road, and no carts—produce and manure being carried on sledges, dragged on runners, or placed on tumbler wheels of wood, and turning with the axle. Loads of five cwt. were thus drawn, and this was characteristic of the country generally. Roads were little better than bridle-paths, and for longish distances panniers or *currochs* were laid across the pony's back, to which the load was secured, as in Iceland at the present day. At Currie, in West Lothian, hay was taken to Edinburgh in this way in loads of ten stones, exactly as, in Sir David Lindsay's time, coal was conveyed from Tranent. The body of Burns's father was borne eight miles for burial at Alloway Kirk by a pair of horses yoked tandem-wise, the coffin being slung between on bearers. The usual work of the farm was done with sleds or sledges, still common in the Highlands. They are home-made, of the native birch or hazel, without a single nail, and admirably suited for moving hay, corn, or peats, over a rough moor or hillside, where wheels would be useless. They were also placed on wheels, unshod, made of three pieces, and, as the

wood wore unequally, these soon got out of shape. The pronounced eccentric motion that resulted earned for them the name tumbler-wheels, or in Buchan, tumlin-trees. Burns's Jenny Geddes had a stomach, like Willie Stalker's mare, that would have digested tumbler-wheels. In Ayrshire the new-fashioned carts were not at first in great favour. Lord Cathcart, about 1755, ordered carts to be made and given gratis to his tenants. They were not used to them, and the roads were bad, so few were taken.

The harness was equally primitive. In the uplands the sleds—sometimes known by their Dutch name, slypes—were drawn by thongs or *rashen theats*; elsewhere chain traces were used. Among existing servitudes near Wick (1794) was thatching the laird's roof with the tenants' own turf, straw, and *simmons* or ropes of heather. In Buchan the ropes of the ox-team were the *sowm*. 'Fin thir wiz a crom (entanglement) in the sowm the gadman geed and raid it.' It was the sowm that Binnie cut at the gate of Lithgow Peel when it was taken from the English as told by Barbour. The shafts were hung over the saddle of plaited straw by the back-bin or back-widdie, a band of heath or leather rope or a chain—hence 'the *rigwoodie* hags' of Tam o' Shanter. In very primitive districts the pillion, on which the carlin or carle's wife rode to kirk or market, was a turf. The collar or brechum

was similar to the saddle. The thrift that has become proverbially Scotch was originally the constraint of circumstances, and survived in these and similar arrangements, long after there was any necessity for it, from a spirit of nearness or parsimony.

Burns's ae wheelbarrow is characteristic of the time. In Cadder parish, before the Forth and Clyde Canal passed through it, there was neither spade nor barrow; its place had been supplied by a hand-sled. The Canal was begun in 1768, but, owing to the American War, not finished till 1790. Spades had long been known for cutting turf and peat. In these days of slovenly husbandry the poorer pastures were regularly pared to help in making the fulzie or compost of manure. For this purpose the flauchter-spade was used, and the name survives in Fife, where boys used recently to play at a game which was so called. One boy would lie on his back with arms outstretched behind him. A second, standing on the other's hands, and grasping his now upturned feet, would leap over them as far as he could. The word is only a by-form of flake. Peat was dug by the lugged spade, having a long narrow blade, from one side of which a small knife rose at right angles to cut away the side of the peat attached to the moss. To tusk, was to cut peat from above; to breest, standing in front of the bank. The former is still a technical term in house-building.

The hands on Mossgiel, according to 'The Inven-

tory,' were three in number. The gaudsman kept the team alert, and cleared the mould-board. The thrasher's was the chief indoor occupation. As a rule there was little casual employment going, each family finding enough to do on its own croft, but in the Lothians and similar districts thrashing was done by lot-men, who worked generally for the twenty-fifth boll or peck as the case might be. Flails were mended, along with other graith, in the long winter evenings. They were in four parts, called in Buchan the handstiff, coupled by mid-shackle to the hithin-eye, a piece of bent ashwood fixed to the souple or striking portion. The flail survived till our own day. Here is George Wallace's description of it, written late in the century :—

> 'The patient thresher that in lonely barn,
> From the gray breaking of the dripping dawn
> To latest blush of eve, with circling flail,
> Stroke after stroke, beats out his lusty sheaves.'
>
> —WALLACE, *Hills of Fife.*

The thrashing-mill, perfected near the close of the century (1787) by Meikle, a Lothian millwright, was long in superseding the flail. In Midcalder, 1795, there was none. In the Carse of Gowrie there were a few before 1790. At Largo one was set up about 1792, but was not a success, being complex and liable to go wrong. After enjoying a great vogue for nearly a century, they are now being superseded by the locomotive steam thrasher. Our climate

seems never to have admitted of the classical *area*, but in the south of France treading out the corn was seen in use by Arthur Young on the eve of the Revolution. Winnowing was improved by machinery early in the century. Fanners had been used in mills by 1720, but only about 1760 did the Strathallan tenants get them for their barns. The old process by the cuffin-riddle or chaffing-sieve and calf-skin *wechts* was extremely tedious and imperfect. The Anti-burgher ministers were against fanners as a creating of wind, and consequent distrusting of Providence.

The description of Glaud's onstead or farm-steading in the 'Gentle Shepherd' is that of a common type, to be found anywhere in Scotland during last century:

> 'A snug thaik hoose, before the door a green,
> Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
> On this side stands a barn, on that a byre,
> A peat stack joins and forms a rural square;
> The hoose is Glaud's, there you may see him lean,
> An' to his divot seat invite his frien'.'

In most cases the crofter was, like William Burness, his own mason, and built his 'auld clay biggin' himself, with the help of his neighbours. At Errol, in Gowrie, 1792, houses were of clay, there being no stones, and every man built for himself. At Canonbie, 1769, the owner prepares the materials —clay mixed with straw—summons his neighbours

for a day's darg (work) at *daubing*, who come with victuals at their own cost, and, setting cheerfully to work, complete the house before nightfall. At Dornock, Annan, in 1792, all the houses in the village, save the manse and two others, were of mud and thatch. I have easily pushed my walking-stick several inches into the front wall of one of these houses. They are still common at Gretna Green. In Perth, long the second city in the kingdom, Heron found the houses in 1792 still partly or wholly of wood. At one time there was but little masonry, no skill in quarrying and hewing, and no medium between huts of turf and loose stones, and the splendid castles still so interesting architecturally. At Girvan the houses which Heron saw were huts more miserable even than those of Ballantrae, and so low as to seem rather caves dug in the earth than houses built upon it. The minister of Tongland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, draws a gloomy picture of rural economy in his parish—houses of stone or turf, no mortar, crevices stopped with moss or straw, a window at each side opened for light as the wind blew, and at other times stuffed with straw or fern. The houses of Aberdeenshire farmers were commonly of sod, and consisted of a fire-house, where the family and servants sat and ate, and a pantry, with sometimes an intermediate space for beds and chests. This was a ha'-house. The cottage of a labourer was on an inferior scale. A crazy woman,

listening to a preacher in Portsoy on the text, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' astonished everybody by exclaiming, 'My certe, your feether's hoose, auld Baukie's! I kent him weel—a butt and a ben, and that but ill redd up.' A minister, rebuking a labouring man for sleeping in church, was told, 'It's because I canna sleep at hame for the rattons and the sklaters.'

The ordinary cottage had two apartments, a butt end or kitchen, and a ben end or *spence*. The passage inside the door connecting them was the *trance*. The kitchen was the farmer's ha', where, as at Ellisland, master and servants took meals together, and where the 'big ha' Bible' was produced for family worship. The floor was the uneven earthen *solum*, and the roof showed its open joists, the bauks or kebars, where hung the winter store of kitchen—that is to say, braxy mutton, with strings of onions.

> 'He ended, and the kebars shook
> Aboon the chorus roar,
> While frichted rattons backward leuk,
> And seek the benmost bore.'
>
> —*Jolly Beggars.*

Here, too, roosted among the peat smoke, that followed its own course from the great open hearth, the reek hens, that paid the tacksman's kain rent. They entered by a hole in the thatch over the doorway. In the gable, and near the floor, was the dog-hole, by which the collie got out and in at will. A

wooden bar-lock secured the door, and when a neighbour called he 'tirled lichtly at the pin.' The furniture was on a scanty scale. On either side the fireplace was a small box or *bole*, the one the saut-backet, and the other for odds and ends. Near by stood the *lit-pot*, filled with dye-stuff, and at one time to be found in every house. The large oaken settle was the guidman's seat or *bink*, and in the corner behind him stood the chicken-*cavie* or hen-coop. On the wall hung the *haik* (Dutch, *haken*, to hook), an open rack for homely delft ware, green-horn spoons, and a variety of vessels—cogs, bickers, quaichs, lugget caups, cooties, luggies, laggens—and beneath it the deas or dais, a closed cupboard. A box-bed filled up other parts of the wall. The spence was the state-room, where slept the master and his wife, but almost as modestly furnished.

We have pictures, both pen and pencil, of the cottage interiors of the time. Here is Symon's in the 'Gentle Shepherd':—

> 'A clear peat-ingle
> Glances amidst the floor;
> The green-horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
> On skelfs foregainst the door.'

Mossgiel was for the time quite a superior farm-house, having been built as a retreat for Burns's friend, Gavin Hamilton, the Mauchline writer. The farm was of one hundred and eighteen acres, and the rent £90. The buildings stood high, and formed a

square, with the manure heap in the centre. The roof was not thatched, and in the garret, reached by a *trap* or ladder from the trance, slept in the same bed the poet and his man, John Blane. The timbers were coomceiled—that is to say, went down open to the crap-wa' or angle at the eaves. On the floor, opposite the small bole or window, stood that unique deal table, whose drawer held those immortal poetic treasures which the poet's sister used to steal up to read. The spence or parlour is equally classic ground, for it was the scene of 'The Vision.' Wearied with the day's threshing, the poet says :—

> 'Ben i' the spence, richt pensively I gaed to rest :
> There, lanely by the ingle cheek,
> I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
> That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
> The auld clay biggin,
> And heard the restless rattons squeak
> About the riggin.'

After the 'Forty-five' it is said dress became less picturesque. The repressive legislation of the time affected the ancient arts of spinning and dyeing in varied colours. Dress assumed the sombre hues of duffle-grey, brown, and blue. These dull hues were, in point of fact, due to the wretchedly dirty streets of the large towns, and the miry roads. Arthur Young notes the same thing as prevalent in Paris in Revolution times, and connects it with the hard riding and driving of the time. The gay dresses of an earlier age were adapted to sedan chairs and

State barges. The changes in progress toward the end of the century were the disuse of the blue bonnet, and, at a much later period, knee-breeches. In France, the latter were so much a mark of gentility, and the long trousers that of the non-privileged labouring class, that at the Revolution the Jacobins called themselves 'Sansculottes'—that is to say, those who discarded the aristocratic leg-gear for the workman's. The most marked change was the disappearance of the blue bonnet. At Laurencekirk, about 1770, a hatter from Edinburgh appeared on a Saturday; seeing in church but three hats besides his own, he made off on the Monday. There is now (1792), says the minister, hardly a single bonnet. At Symington, in Ayrshire, about the same date, young women blush to be seen in the blue cloaks, red plaids, and plain caps, that were common twenty years ago. Even the scarlet mantle, the mark of the farmer's daughter, is despised. The bonnet-makers of Kilmarnock have no trade now, and the young women are not to be seen at church and fair in a coat of their mother's spinning. Ramsay observes that throughout Menteith the rigid thrift that was a necessity of the time prevailed in the article of dress. The clothes of the family and servants were spun and dyed at home. Solid farmers had nothing better than a coat of grey or black *kelt*—that is to say, of black or white wool in its natural state, and spun by

their wives. As this would not keep out the rain, twice or thrice in a lifetime they bought a great-coat of English cloth. Both sexes had shirts of *plaiden*—a sort of coarse woollen, or of *harn*, a kind of coarse linen, but on holidays these had necks and sleeves of finer stuff. The English traveller, Lettice, in Ecclefechan at fair time, gives an interesting picture of the village as it must have met the eyes of the youthful Carlyle. The Scots bonnet and plaid surtout were worn by the men; the short jacket and petticoat of two colours, with a square, chequered wrapper or cloak, were worn by the women. The men's plaid was a thick stuff of small chequered blue or green on a white ground, and, unless in bad weather, it was drawn up round the body, or hung negligently over the left shoulder with no ungraceful air. The nice conduct of the plaid was, indeed, the chief outlet for male vanity. Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope, addressing Burns, says—

> 'Oh, gif I kenn'd but whaur ye baide
> I 'd send to you a marled plaid;
> 'Twad haud your shouthers warm and braw,
> And douce at kirk or market shaw;
> Fra south as weel as north, my lad,
> A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud.'

Burns's own dress, as described by William Clark, his man at Ellisland, was characteristic of the time. In cold weather the poet wore a black-and-white

checked plaid round the shoulders. At home he usually wore a broad blue bonnet, blue or drab long-tailed coat, corduroy breeches, dark-blue stockings, and cootikens or gaiters. There was little extravagance then in foot-gear. It had been universal to make the ordinary shoes at home. These were the *revlins*, still seen in Shetland, and so innocent of shape that they suited either foot. Even the shoes of Harry Cockburn, when a High School boy, were no better in this matter of fit, each requiring daily reversing to save wear. In the Highlands there was not a lad of fifteen but could make his own brogues. The labouring class generally dispensed with stockings and shoes, which, Lettice says, caused very ill-judged contempt on the part of English visitors, for the Englishman is apt to associate bare feet with the extreme of destitution. The lasses themselves thought no shame of it :—

> 'The lasses, skelpin bare-fit, thrang,
> In silks and scarlets glitter.'—*Holy Fair.*

In Hoddam, Carlyle's parish, clogs were much worn in winter, and three cloggers figure among the village artists, as workmen are called in the *Statistical Account.*

On Burns's trip through Galloway with Syme he wore the large *jemmy* boots of the ancient knights and soldiers of fortune. He had them from Rob

Anderson of Dumfries, and they cost £1, 2s., just four times the price of men's shoes then.[1]

Burns was greatly pleased with any little novelty of female dress. Jean Armour was one of the first in Dumfries to appear in a gingham dress, then costly. Beauty of face was, indeed, not so attractive to the poet as a general air of health and vivacity, coupled with that neatness of coiffure which still lives in the peculiarly appreciative epithet, *snod*. A maiden in those days found that, next to her eyes, the best dart in her quiver was her *cockernony*, or gathering up of the hair, when *snooded*, with a band or fillet,

[1] Shoemaker's account for work done for Robert Burns when in Mossgiel :—

MACHLIN, 1788.

				£	s	d
June 19.	To pair	shoes to R. B.,		0	5	9
	,, ,,	boots soaled and heeled to do.,			1	10
	1 ,,	mending,			1	
	1 ,,	shoes soaled and heeled,			1	9
	,, ,,	Buts heeled,				6
July 11.	,, ,,	Manco* to Mrs. B.,			4	6
	,, ,,	Galashed soled and heeled,			1	6
Aug. 6.	,, ,,	hilled to do.,			1	
	,, ,,	topt ,, ,,				2
	,, ,,	galashed and soaled,			1	
Sept.	,, ,,	morocco slippers to do.,			5	
	,, 2 ,,	Robt. Burns,			12	
	,, 1 ,,	to do.,			6	
	,, ,,	topt to Mrs. B.,				2
				£2	2	2
	,, ,,	Lasting to Mrs. B.,			4	6
		Creadit by Cash,		£2	6	8

* For *calamanco*, a woollen stuff of a fine gloss and checkered in the warp.

as among the Greeks. The swain, on the other hand, prided himself on a trim leg:—

> 'The lads sae trig wi' wooer babs
> Weel knotted on their garten.'
>
> —*Hallowe'en.*

Burns thought David Allan the only artist that succeeded in genuine pastoral costume. 'Independently of their Hogarthian humour, his etchings exhibit the character and costume of the Scottish peasantry with inimitable felicity.' Allan, in his illustrations to the 'Gentle Shepherd,' faithfully depicts such an admirable sketch as this:—

> 'Roger kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes richt snug
> Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,
> Whilk pensylie he wears a thocht ajee,
> And spreads his garters diced beneath the knee;
> He falds his o'erlay doon his breast wi' care,
> An' few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair.'

The dress of last century survived to within living memory. The late Dr. Gregor, long the learned minister of Pitsligo, thus described to me his mother's preparations for church: 'On her head she placed a skull-cap to keep the hair up, and over that a fine linen cap, lying quite flat, followed by a broad ribbon going round the head, and fastened behind. Over all came a band of thin cambric, drawn into a *ruching* on the top, and having a broad flat border, showing the hair on the edge. Her outer dress was a red cloak with

a hood, and made of fine wool. Her ordinary errand-going cloak was a duffle of bluish-grey. His father, at kirk and fair, wore a long coat with brass buttons, of bluish cloth, and, for a working dress, home-made clothes, with a smaller coat of home-spun wool. On all occasions he wore knee-breeches.'

The improvements in agriculture, the rise of the Lanarkshire cotton trade, and the application of coal to iron-smelting, produced a complete revolution in the domestic economy of Scotland during the last quarter of the century. The change showed itself markedly in the increased use of butcher meat, wheaten bread, tea, and whisky. An old farmer told Ramsay that his father was, in his remembrance, the only tenant in Ochtertyre that had a winter mart. The others generally used a few old ewes that would not sell or were likely to die. Braxy, the name given to such mutton, is still the general term for meat in Buchan. About 1760 not more than fifty beasts were killed in a year in Ayr, a town of 6000 inhabitants. One Edinburgh lady had still her mart in Cockburn's youth, her custom being to begin at the head and finish with the tail. Inviting a friend to dine with her, she advised him to come in soon, as she was now at the rump. At Bonhill meat was only beginning to be used in 1792; at Largo labourers had no meat except at a birth or a marriage. All over, it may

be said that, even at the close of the century, the rural population rarely had flesh in the pot. As fresh meat, visitors were treated to fowls so lean that southern strangers thought of carving them by using the breast-bone of the one to cut up the other. Pork was looked upon everywhere with the greatest aversion. The Report on Midlothian (1793) says that three-fourths of the lower ranks would rather starve than live on pork. In those days travellers noticed the absence of the cotter's pig, but admitted that there was little for it to live on in the meagre establishments of the time. The general culture of the potato did more than anything else for the cotter's pig. At Aberdeen, and, again, in Galloway and Dumfries, there was a great trade in pork for the navy, but the staple trade was in black cattle, which prevailed everywhere, to the almost total exclusion of sheep. Anciently there had been two distinct varieties of sheep—in the north a small long-legged white variety with fine wool, and on the moors of Lanark, Teviotdale, and Galloway, the black-faced kind. The mutton of the latter was much superior, but the wool scanty and coarse. In Moffat district it is reported (1792) that not long since the four-horned Norse sheep was still to be seen. A few still remained in Nithsdale. Flocks were very small, each croft carrying a few, so tender that they had to be housed at night most of the year. The heights were grazed by goats, and not till late in

the century do we hear of sheep-farming on any great scale. An Ayrshire man introduced sheep-farming into the Highlands near Luss, and it spread so fast as largely to depopulate the upland districts by evictions. At the same time sheep rapidly disappeared in Lowland arable districts, being deemed destructive to young hedges and enclosures. There was as yet (1792) no sheep-farm in Skye.

Fishing was but little indulged in, and then only in connection with crofter farming. Country people would not taste eels or pike; trout and salmon were much esteemed; of sea-fish, only the herring was much sought after, and then only when shoals came inshore. All the while the Dutch busses were reaping a rich harvest on our coasts, a state of matters lamented by Thomson in the *Seasons*. On the east coast there was a great trade with London in lobsters and salmon—kippered, boiled, and preserved in ice. It will surprise many to learn that in 1792 there was not a single fisherman in Largo. At Anstruther 'not one in the parish deserves the name of fisherman. In the herring-season four boats are fitted out by tradesmen.'

The staple dinner dish was kail. Round every cottage was the kailyard, fenced by a low turf wall, and sheltered by an elder hedge. Little but kail or open cabbage was grown in it; latterly such additions were made as gooseberry bushes, thyme, southernwood, balm, mint, and camomile. Water-

kail or barefoot broth—that is to say, without meat, was a Teutonic dish, for the Highlanders of old abominated the plant as fit only for goats. In default of 'kitchen' or meat, were used butter, cheese, herring, or raw onions from Flanders. Broth was sometimes made of greens and grolls, which were oats stripped of the husks in the mill, pot-barley being difficult to procure. Beside the door of every cottage there used to stand the knockin'-stane, a deep cup-like block, in which the barley was allowed to lie in water, and then it was beaten with a small mallet till it was unhusked. We owe the pot-barley mill to Fletcher of Saltoun, who had lived in Holland, and had seen it in use there. He went back to Holland, taking with him a millwright, James Meikle. Meikle built the first mill at Saltoun, near Haddington, and for long enjoyed a monopoly of the trade. For forty years it was the only pot-barley mill in the United Kingdom or America. Various were the dishes made with kail, for it was the mainstay both of dinner and supper. Burns praises its virtues in his 'Epistle to M'Adam'—

> 'And when those legs to guid warm kail
> Wi' welcome canna bear me,
> A lee dyke-side, a sybow [onion] tail
> And barley-scone shall cheer me.'

Wheaten bread drove out the only other staple food, oatmeal cakes, just as the latter had superseded the still older barley, bere, and pease. In Menteith,

tenants sat at table with their servants, and oat-meal porridge was thought a luxury among them, beremeal being used. Wheat loaves, says Ramsay, are now commoner than oat cakes were formerly. In every house there was an iron girdle for baking cakes—Culross having long a monopoly of their manufacture. The 'Jolly Beggars' were so merry that 'wi' jumpin' and thumpin' the very girdle rang.' The baker is modern. At Govan, in 1794, there was no baker, butcher, or public market of any kind. Loaf bread was supplied from Glasgow, the trouble of fetching it being taken out of the size of the loaf. About 1770 only two wheaten loaves came from Perth to two Auchterarder families weekly: 'a baker now (1794) sells £200 worth in the year.'

The staple breakfast dish was porridge and milk, and for supper, sowens. The Hallowe'en supper in Burns's poem is an invitation 'till buttered sowens wi' fragrant lunt.' To make sowens, the rough husk of the grain is taken, with some meal attached, and mixed with good meal. The mixture, called *sids*, is put in cold water to steep, and then into a big dish with a perforated bottom, to strain over another dish. This upper sieve or strainer is the *scisons*—that is to say, what *sies* or strains the sowens, hence the name. The sids are squeezed in the hand to wash the meal out and get the *good* in the liquor; the gluten remains at the bottom

of the dish. There are two varieties of sowens, drinking and boiling; the former, when newly made, is like thin pea-soup, and is put on the fire at once, but never allowed to boil. When it rises and is thickened, it is taken off and poured out. In olden times it was then drunk off, but, in later, sweetened with treacle first. Boiling sowens lay in the sowen bowie or barrel till it fermented and soured, then it was boiled to a thin porridge, and taken with milk. The glutinous lumps in it made it troublesome to sup. A minister heard his man in the garden helping himself to his 'twal' hours' meal of sowens, and using very strong language, not a usual occurrence with him, and under the circumstances shocking, for the sermon was on the anvil. The minister looked out, horrified, and rebuked John, who excused himself on the ground that it was hard to catch the sowens. The simple diet of those days may be judged from the dietary of the boys of Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen. Bread and milk, oat and barley meal, and vegetables, formed the chief part of every day's fare. Animal food was seldom seen.

In the *Statistical Account*, there is a pretty general outcry against the decline of morals, associated, for the most part, with the increase of tea and whisky drinking. Tea is said to have come first into Scotland about the end of the seventeenth century. Sir Andrew Kennedy, Con-

servator of Privileges at Campvere in Holland, had received a present of some from the Dutch East India Company, and it found its way to his friends living near Lanark. It was long an expensive rarity. The luxuries in Forfar, about 1760, were seven tea-kettles, and as many bellows and watches. At Johnshaven, in Kincardine, the excise-officer was the only one using tea. When the kettle was carried to the well for water, the children followed it astonished, thinking it 'a black beast wi' a horn.' The general Lowland drink had always been ale, of which every householder made a little for his own use. This, and not the Celtic whisky, is the real national beverage that Burns extols as 'the poor man's wine,' with which he 'kitchens his wee drap parritch or his bread.' It is this John Barleycorn, king of grain, who also yields him his daily fare :—

'On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food,
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail and beef.'

The position of the rural population was, if a healthy and moderately contented, certainly not a bright one. Burns speaks of the ceaseless toil of galley-slaves that was the lot of his father, Gilbert, and himself. There was little hired labour outside each family, and not much demand for tradesmen. A considerable kirk-town might boast a smith, a millwright, a weaver, and a tailor. Time

spared from field-work in summer was spent in long and arduous journeys to the peat-moss to secure winter fuel. There was little facility for conveying coal far from the open sheuchs on the hillside, as the poor pits of those days were called. Deep workings were impossible at a time when the coals had to be carried on women's backs up a ladder fixed to the side of the shaft.

'The wither'd eld that up the winding shaft
With trembling steps ascends her pitchy way;
Her wrinkled cheeks with streaks of coom besmear'd,
And heavy burden on her feeble back.'—GEO. WALLACE.

The Government, too, was inhuman enough, down till 1793, to tax sea-borne coal. The long winter nights were spent in making and mending plough graith, harness, flails, etc., as well as in knitting, at which the men were adepts. The women's work was never done. In summer the ewes were milked in *buchts* or folds for some weeks after the lambs left them. Dairying otherwise was but little practised on any but the most limited scale and in slovenly fashion. In backward districts the gudewife even put a frog for luck into the *ream-bowie* (cream tub). Then the meal had often to be made by the quern. Spinning took up most of the spare time, and served not only to clothe the family but to earn some needful ready money. The primitive rock and reel, or distaff and spindle, has not yet become obsolete in the outer isles, but a wheel was

then in most houses. A great step in advance was the introduction of the two-handed wheel, adopted from the Dutch. At Leslie, before 1770, it was unknown, but became general over the Lowlands soon after. Knitting and spinning attained the greatest advance in Aberdeenshire, where these industries were eagerly engaged in by almost the whole population. Middlemen gave out yarn, and collected enormous quantities of stockings for export. A dearth at home or a war on the Continent greatly helped the trade.

Spinning was the great bond of social union in the hamlet, for at nightfall neighbour girls would drop in, each with her wheel, and pass the time in tale and talk. The tailor, if on his rounds, was a welcome gossip; and even the poor vagrant was not refused a corner, his supper, and a bed of pease-straw in the byre. Later on, the lads dropped in, sat or leaned on the deas, and joked and looked their loves in lumpish fashion. An escort home over the moor, and the privilege of carrying Jenny's wheel, were ample reward. This was called a *rockin*, as in the 'Epistle to Lapraik,' 'On Fasten e'en we had a rockin.' At Mossgiel such social meetings were frequent. The old rock or distaff was portable, hence the phrase 'going a rockin', and when the wheel took the place of the rock the expression was still used for such meetings. The courting customs were closely bound up therewith,

and to this we owe 'My Nannie O,' 'Mary Morrison,' 'Rigs o' Barley,' etc.

Flax was grown on every farm, and the cotter servants were also entitled to a fixed quantity of lint-seed to sow for themselves. The lint-coble or pond for steeping the flax was also a necessary adjunct. The lint, thus grown and prepared, was made into yarn by the family, the girls being early taught to spin. In using the single wheel, the lint was pulled from the rock, and moistened between the thumb and the forefinger. This constant use of saliva was blamed as a cause of the great prevalence of consumption. Coarser linen was woven by the village weaver into *harn* for shirts and bed coverlets. This coverlet or sheet was called *cannis*—that is to say, canvas (Lat. *canabis,* hemp). A similar sheet was laid down to receive the grain when it was being threshed, hence the Buchan proverb, 'We can thresh i' oor ain cannis.'

We fail to realise the boon conferred upon us by the invention of lucifer matches, not perfected till the present generation. The old strike-a-light, still manufactured at Brandon, in Suffolk, required a flint, a steel, and a tinder-box. In Buchan the steel was called the fleurish, or fleerish. Many still living have seen the flint, steel, and awm (alum) paper used by the *stane-knapper* at the roadside to get a light for his pipe. For domestic purposes the tinder was kept in the tinder-box, which was in

two parts—a box to hold the tinder and a lid to extinguish it, the latter sometimes arranged to serve as a candlestick. An improvement on the awm-paper was the spunk, or brimstone match, tipped with sulphur, and used to get a flame from the tinder. This was universal from 1800-50. In the olden days candles were taxed articles, and it was the duty of Burns, as an excise officer, to see that the tax was not evaded. He generally looked the other way, however, as when, passing through the kitchen one night at William Lorimer's, of Kennishall, where the gudewife was busy making candles, he merely remarked, 'Faith, madam, ye 're thrang the nicht,' and passed into the parlour. There were two substitutes for candles. The one was the ancient oil lamp, the croosie (Fr. *creuset*), a triangular metal saucer with an upright hook at the base to be hung up by. There was an inner saucer, movable, to graduate the use of the oil. At the apex of the angle was the flame, coming from a wick made of the pith of rushes, which must be cut at full moon, as the flame was thought to wax and wane with the moon if cut at any other time. The other substitute for the candle was the bog can'le. It was made by splitting up the resinous logs of the primeval firs that are found imbedded in the bogs. They were left to dry over the cruck at the fireside—that is to say, the chain that held up the pot over the fire. The candlestick was called the

peerie-man, a stone with a hole in its centre, into which was fixed a pillar of wood about four feet high, tipped with a cleft piece of iron into which the candle fitted. The flame of the candle was always turned towards the door.

The appearance of the country folks reflected that of the general condition of the country. Topham says: 'One must be struck in every part of the country with the extreme ugliness of the lower orders.' Such pictorial representations as we have of the time remind us of the Dutch pictures of peasant life. This state of matters was ascribed to the climate, and, certainly, agricultural improvements have worked vast changes. We hear constantly of ague, asthma, consumption, and rheumatism or *pains*, for which low damp houses, poor diet, working in peat-mosses, and the like, were to blame. Sowing, draining, planting, road-making, and increased industry, have removed their efficient causes. Topham finds what he saw inconsistent with Rousseau's sentimental theories and the fancied charms of life according to Nature. 'Here,' he says, 'temperance and labour are in the extreme, yet, instead of ruddy cheeks, sprightly faces, and graceful figures, we find haggard looks, meagre complexions, and bodies weakened by fatigue and worn down by the inclemency of the season.' Here is a vivid picture of the labouring poor from the 'Twa Dogs':—

'A cotter howkin in a sheuch
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Barin' a quarry or sic-like,
Himsel' a wife he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nocht but his han' darg to keep
Them richt and ticht in thaik and raip.'

Burns says of his father that, worn out by early hardship, he was unfit for labour. 'The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year,' by which time he was doing the work of a grown man. Every one was seized with a craving for a bit of land, yet few had sufficient capital to make it do more than yield a bare subsistence, and this with the utmost thrift, and the labour of the entire family. Classes were not far apart, for all had reached a similar low level of comfort. For wage-earners, in the absence of manufactures and good markets, the conditions were little better. Till the last twenty-five years, says Ramsay, the ordinary farm-staff was a big man, a little, and a *pleghan* (*Gael.* a small spade, paddle, or dibble)—that is to say, a lad to plough or thatch at odd times, with a boy to herd in the season, and a couple of maids. Even after 1760 wages were not above £3, and for women 20s. a year, with perquisites, in both cases, of food and clothing. A maid got a serge or drugget gown, two harn shifts, two pairs shoes, two pairs stockings, and an apron There were few day

labourers, and their general wage was sixpence a day, with food. In Lauder, during the last decade, the labouring poor brought up a family on £12 a year. At Ayr, a labourer, with wife and five children, lived on 5s. to 7s. a week. At Bathgate families were reared on 5s. a week, with 2s. earned by the wife. The artisan was little better off—the day's wage of a wright, mason, or tailor, ranging from sixpence to a shilling, with food.

In spite of such a low scale of comfort, health was fairly well maintained, and there were many cases of extraordinary longevity. Govan, in 1795, was a village of two hundred and twenty-four families, and, though water was allowed to stagnate on each side of the highroad that served as the only street, the people were healthy and lived long. At Forgan, in Fife, there lived a man over ninety, on St. Fort, the estate of Colonel Lindsay. The colonel asked him one day how many lairds of St. Fort he had seen, when he replied, 'Six; and I hope to see the seventh.' 'What! do you wish a change of lairds?' 'Oh, no, but I suppose there would be no objection to the coming home of a young laird?' The colonel had lately married. At Montquhitter, Aberdeenshire, a neighbour condoled with Mary Crookshank, aged ninety-nine, on the loss of a daughter, and observed that she herself would soon follow. 'Ay, what fey [doomed to die] token do 'ee see aboot me?'

Upon the whole, however, the population had

increased but little, many parishes going back rather. Before the union of the crowns the population of Scotland was only half-a-million. By the end of the eighteenth century this had reached only a million and a half. Edinburgh topped all the towns with 70,000; then followed Glasgow, 61,000; Dundee, 22,500. These were all that were over 20,000. More than half the population lived in hamlets of fewer than 300 souls. Yet there was a general complaint, familiar at the present day, that the villages and country districts were being depopulated through the increasing size of farms and the growth of factories.

Although wages were very low, the general possession of a bit of land, and the comparative independence of skilled labour for domestic wants, enabled most families to live on a moderate outlay. Prices of food were low from our point of view, though the difference in the spending power of money must be remembered. The following scale prevailed at Aberdeen, and fairly represents an average over the country:—Beef, 2d.-5d. a lb. (22 oz.); butter, 6d.-8d. (28 oz.); hen, 6d.-10d.; duck, do.; goose, 2s. 3d. At Inverness beef sold at 2d.-4d.; veal, 3d.-5d.; pork or mutton, 2d.-3d.; chickens, 3d.-4d. a pair; ducks, 1s. do.; eggs 7 a penny; salmon, 1d.-1½d. a lb. But Inverness at that time represented the low-water mark among urban communities.

It is greatly to the credit of the people and the clergy that there were little pauperism and less crime. In Wigtown, and near Highland districts, mendicancy was at its worst. 'There come constant supplies from Ireland of poor emaciated creatures, whose very aspect excites compassion. Every week fresh cargoes reach Portpatrick.' Highland notions fostered begging, as it was considered unchristian to refuse help to God's poor. Elsewhere the clergy looked with disfavour on the threatened introduction of a poor-law, and would likely depreciate the prevailing distress. Their poor were entirely dependent on the church-door collections. It was thought disgraceful that relief should thus fall virtually on tenants and craftsmen, as is the complaint of the Rev. W. Auld (Burns's 'Daddy Auld') at Mauchline, for the non-resident heritors (a very numerous body) escaped altogether. 'It is the poor in Scotland that maintain the poor.' Dissenters also gave nothing either to the parish or to their own poor, all going to support their own separatist services. The sturdy independence of many of their parishioners is praised by the clergy. At Ayton the indigent were unwilling to be put upon the roll, though in real distress; and at Sorbie, in Wigtownshire, it was considered disgraceful to receive charity from the parish funds. Some attempts were made to found benefit societies, such as at Mauchline, where a friendly society had been set up in 1780, which,

for a guinea on entry, gave 2s. a week to the disabled, and 3s. to the bed-ridden.

In those days of defective police it was fortunate that the law-abiding were in the vast majority. There were some exceptions. Eaglesham was overrun with gipsies, tinkers, and randy beggars, and there was no magistrate within four miles. The tinkers and horners of the uplands generally were a nuisance. As a rule, however, very many parishes report that there is not a doctor or lawyer within their bounds, and little need for either. Suicide was deemed a horrible crime. At Birse, Aberdeenshire, 1793, 'one low-spirited wretch some years ago finished his life.' Generally speaking, the report of the ministers is, 'No one capitally punished in this parish within living memory.' Yet there must have been many discharged soldiers and sailors about, accustomed to violence. Government service, however, was extremely unpopular, and one who had enlisted was looked upon as thoroughly abandoned. The odious press-gang contributed to this feeling: it harried the fishing villages on the east coast. In war-time the men took to the hills, and left their families destitute, or clubbed together in boats' crews to pay for substitutes. The prisons were a disgrace to humanity. 'Here' (at Cupar), says the minister, 'our jail would be a heartbreak to Howard.' Debtors' quarters, he tells, were tolerably decent; but those confined on suspicion of theft had the

iron house, a dark, damp, vaulted dungeon, entirely of stone, without a fireplace, or any, the most wretched, accommodation. It was lit by irregular apertures, 9 inches square, with a slit on either side of 30 inches by 2. The circuit sat at Perth, spring and autumn, and the prisoners had often to lie in such a place over the winter.

Scotland, in virtue of doughty deeds in days of yore, has won an assured place among the little countries that have done great things. The foregoing pages illustrate the same truth from the humbler, but more vitally important, sphere of social and industrial life. Of still deeper import is the culture of the Church and the school. Here, too, one finds the same tale of triumph over narrowing conditions. For the Church was hampered by all the serious inherent defects of Presbyterianism. Elementary education, in spite of all that is said and boasted of our parochial schools, was in a state of such ignorance and contemptuous neglect as to be a disgrace to all parties concerned. One wonders, indeed, that so poor and backward a country made the material progress we can now observe. That modern Scotland could ever have made its world-wide triumphs in philosophy, theology, poetry, and general literary eminence, out of the miserable provision for teaching that existed a hundred years ago, is little short of miraculous.

II

AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE IN KINTYRE

NATURE has done much to make the peninsula of Kintyre what it was politically till the seventeenth century—a portion of the Norse Sudereyr, or southern isles of the Inner Hebrides. It forms, in fact, the last of the chain of island masses that, while themselves severed from the mainland by deep sounds or narrow kyles in which the tide rushes at mill-race speed, in turn buttress the coast against the unceasing roll of the Atlantic breakers. We are apt to overlook the part played by this peninsular barrier in forming the lower estuary of the Clyde into a spacious inland sea. Outside, the surf gently furrows the embayed stretches of silvery sand, or the billow roars hoarsely in the deep coves beneath the cliffs as it grinds and tosses the rattling boulders; while out on the fringing skerries it throws up the ghastly flotsam of the great gales, from out the brown tang and the dead-men's fingers, to the scream of the

tern and the mocking laugh of the sea-mew. Westwards, a cloudland of snow-white peaks hangs in air; southwards, the tide sweeps through a gap of but a dozen miles between the rounded mass of the Mull and the great Tor of Antrim; while eastwards the eye may rest on the graceful cone of Ailsa, or on the grey peaks and purple corries that cluster behind the Cock of Arran. To give the long headland (Gael. *rean-tire*) a character all its own, Tarbert —last of the western fiords that bury themselves deep in the bosom of the hills of Alban—cuts it off so well from the mainland that Magnus Barefoot, Viking and stout jarl, passed from sea to sea across the gap in his war-galley, dragged along on great rollers by his henchmen, to outwit the Scottish king, who had ceded to him Kintyre as one of the western isles. But more than the tide and the ice-flow have deeply scored the peninsula. The clouds, dripping throughout the ages, have worked out a series of great transverse cuts—Freasdale, Carradale, Torrasdale, and the low-lying strath between Campbelton and Machrihanish—that run from north-west to south-east with a short drop to the Atlantic and a long easy run Clydewards. Like modern engineers, the leaps and runs and swift swirls of the *spates* are doing their hardest to meet some day across the peninsula and canalise on their own account.

It would be difficult in these days of universal

stir and stress to find a more secluded and peaceful corner than the northern end of the long peninsula of Kintyre. One great road, traversed by an old-fashioned yellow box of a coach, stretches for forty miles from Tarbert to Campbelton on the western side, while another and little-trodden highway skirts, where it can, the rocky shore of Kilbrannan Sound. Where transverse valleys admit, it is easy to pass on foot from one side of the peninsula to the other by some lone shepherd's hut or modest farm toon, whose names in a Gaelic district are always interesting. The commonest here and in Arran is *goirtean*, diminutive of a widespread Aryan word, *garth*, *gart* (very common in place-names), an enclosure, or an enclosed field, and equivalent to the Saxon *ton*, the Pictish *pit*, and the Gaelic *bal*. It is not easily recognised, however, and only in print could the southron be sure that Gotchin-yorn, name of a farm pleasantly looking down on Kilbrannan Sound here, spelt Gortan-eorna, the *barley field*. It was at a *gortan* in Donegal that Columba himself was born.

A characteristic bit of Kintyre is that which reaches from sea to sea by Glen Freasdale, first of the long transverse straths one meets with on going south from west Loch Tarbert. A figure-of-eight ramble, one curve resting on Kilbrannan Sound, the other on the Sound of Gigha, and both sweeping round by the convenient *bulleach*, or low

gap in the hills, to cross each other in the hollow of the Glen, filled up for me one long summer day. Only in Kintyre, where one is at no point more than a dozen miles from the sea, and where the centuries have wrought many racial and social changes, could there be found such a variety of interest, antiquarian, historic, and picturesque.

In early Christian days when Kintyre and the western isles were dotted over with many a modest chapel, where patient monks turned the mill or tossed the hay till the bell in the western gable called to orison or vesper, there must have been much coming and going of cultured monks, on business or devotion intent, between those distant cells and the mother church at Kilwinning or Paisley. Across Kilbrannan Sound they would come from Arran, and, landing in the pebbled creek at Skipness Bay, the traditional Port of St. Brennan, betake themselves to the old road that rises straight up the hill from the shore. And in troubled times, when Somerled or Haco or John of Lorn wished to strike a blow at the heart of Alban, many a swift runner would hasten by this path to bear the message of danger or help between the watch-tower of Dunskeig that looks out on the western seas and the keep of Loch Ranza at the foot of the Arran hills. Rarely trodden now, for the admirers of Macadam take the easy detour by the mouth of Glen Freasdale, the hill path ever and

anon loses itself among the heath and the bog myrtle, of which a Gaelic proverb prettily says, 'The *sweet gale* is like the memory of a good man, fragrant even in death.' Across the pass we look down into the valley where the Claonig river frets and tumbles over the boulders amid its covert of hazel and alder. Leaving the high road, where the disintegrated schists sparkle in specks of mica underfoot, and crossing the river, we follow the stream to the *balleach* up on the left that makes the shortest route to the other side of the peninsula. The Gaels of old loved the streams as their best guides among the glens, and in place-names they are heard in all their grades of *pow*, *eas*, *alt*, and *avon*. The pass by the loch is not lofty, only a little over 500 feet, but profoundly impressive in its loneliness. The cloud shadows rolling along the hill-tops, the wind rustling the reeds and swaying the water-lilies, the croak of the hoodie crow, and the weird halloo of the whaup and peewit mingling with the scream of the tern and the cluck of the moorcock, alone break the stillness. Soon the western glen discloses a vista in which the Clachan of Kilcalmonell lies half-hid among the woods of Balinakil; and beyond, the eye follows a succession of pastoral knolls to the fortress crag of Dunskeig, while in the background the white sails float on the wave that washes the shores of Gigha and Islay, and the pearly mist drapes lightly the graceful cones of the Paps of Jura.

At the picturesquely situated Clachan, the changeful present is rapidly obliterating the historic past. Beside the burn that passes the church, and not long ago pressing close upon the churchyard, the thatched roofs are thrown together with the easy indifference of the old-time hamlet; while, on the coach road near by, smart modern cottages tempt the summer visitor. The word *clachan*, originally stepping-stones over a burn, is now specially applied to a church surrounded by a burying-ground, but the former meaning goes back to heathen times. The church here has not the features which commend it to one whom a plain countryman called the *archie*-ologist. Comfortable and in good order, it was unfortunately built about the middle of the prosaic and *moderate* eighteenth century; but, like the man born in Paisley, it could not help it. The great chiefs of the district were the Macalisters of Loupe, and in a corner of the churchyard peculiar to them lie some interesting mediæval sculptured slabs, which, as is not unusual, they seem to have appropriated, for one says, 'This is the burial-place of Ronald M'Alister of Dun . . . 1707.' Their position is much exposed, and it is a pity to see loving, costly, and graceful art-work fast becoming obliterated. We compass sea and land for foreign art-relics and leave these native treasures to their fate. Here and near by there are some rude and quite undecipherable pillars and slabs. Three, however, are of that

highly ornate type seen at its best in Argyllshire. One has the knight's great two-handed sword with the symbolic shears of fate at its tip, amid graceful interlaced ornament and curious half-defined animal forms. No sword adorns the other, but the wide raised margin has preserved much of the original freshness of the sculptured foliage and flowing curves which the rich and free fancy of the artist has made to flow over the panels. We cannot guess what was the technical education of these mediæval artists, but they were endowed with a marvellous faculty of design, while their patrons must have had no lack of good taste. The careful rubbings of Captain White's most interesting *Archæological Sketches in Kintyre* give much-needed help in making out these worn slabs.

The older church was dedicated to St. Colman Ela, the founder of Muckamore, in Antrim, and contemporary of Columba. He has given his name, too, to the quaint and secluded village of Colmonell in Ayrshire. The site of the early shrine is indicated by the name Sheana-kil, the ancient (Lat. *senex*) cell, given to a rugged knoll that looks down upon the hamlet from the north side of the stream, at some little distance from the present church. On Pont and Blaeu's map the spot is marked Balna-heglish, *kirk-toon*. Here, too, there are traces of an old burying-ground.

A long treeless avenue leads to the foot of the

glen and the shore where, on this bright summer day, the red and yellow Highlanders, with shaggy fronts and menacing horns, stand lazily up to the dewlaps in the tide. On the links round the bay are very dissimilar specimens of human ingenuity side by side. Potatoes are flourishing bravely in those mis-named lazy beds, cleverly contrived to grow the tuber almost without soil, for here the thin turf barely conceals the silvery sand. Not far off a pioneer light railway lies piled up in idle heaps. It appears that the late Sir William Mackinnon, the lord of the manor, was a Free Churchman of the literal pattern, and, mindful that Solomon's temple rose without stroke of hammer, he brought the material for the new Balinakil hither all ready, and had it drawn up the glen where the mansion rose in solemn silence. But the most interesting object on the shore here is the isolated crag of Dunskeig, the most striking natural feature, indeed, of Western Kintyre. It stands a pillared sentinel at the entrance of Loch Tarbert, where the Dalriad invader from Scotia (as the north of Ireland was called so late as the eleventh century), or any hardy Viking from Lochlan (Norseland) found a tempting road into Lôch Fyne, whence to harry the upper reaches of the Clyde estuary. Here this outlook rises sheer up from the bay for five hundred feet, a natural fortress much coveted ever since the time when the primitive inhabitants began to convert *tuum* into *meum*. The remains of

two forts, both of the British circular type, cover the limited area of the summit. The northern has been a dry-stone structure, and the walls remain breast-high in fair preservation. But the upper portions have tumbled down within the area, and stream all round over the narrow encircling platform. The entrance is on the landward side, deep, narrow, and constructed of the largest blocks. Such strengths must have covered many a vantage ground of old, and, even where no trace of their presence remains, are still to be noted in place-names, such as the generic *dun*, *caer*, or *kier* (Irish, *cahir*), *cashel*, *barr*, and *rath*. Of these *dun* has sadly degenerated in its diminutive Gael *dúnan*, a dunghill. There is no evidence here of an inner wall, or of a dividing partition supporting a possible roof. It has been but an outpost in time of danger. The southern fort is still more interesting. It is on a slightly lower level and circular, but much less of the wall remains. What is left shows unmistakable traces of vitrifaction all round. The calcined masses are curiously enamelled and twisted into grotesque forms, showing fusion under intense heat of the small stones composing them. On the outcrop of rock between the forts there are signs of great beacon fires in the cracked and disintegrated hearths where they have been kindled, but these show no evidence of an orderly arrangement as on the vitrified wall. The geologist, John Williams, was the first to draw atten-

tion to such forts (1777), and many examples have since been found all over Europe, except in Scandinavia. It is a much-debated point whether the vitrescence is accidental or structural. The balance of evidence seems to point to the latter. Smith of Jordanhill early in this century drew attention to the Burnt Isle as a vitrified fort in the narrows of the Kyles of Bute—a position useless as a beacon station. The structural theory has been very fully illustrated by the Rev. Mr. Hewison's careful observations of several good examples in Bute, notably Dunegoil, a precipitous mass of porphyritic trap occupying a *vita* like that of Dunskeig. Here there is a fused part of the wall nearly fifty feet in length. At the broadest part there is a solid vitrified mass going right through five feet and a half of wall. Two curious points are noted here by Mr. Hewison. The vitrifaction is greatest just where the strongest winds would blow, producing the most rapid fusion, and at places where the vitrescence is best preserved. The fused parts occur at intervals, as if the matter was designedly run into the loose masonry to *bond* it, as the mason says. This, indeed, seems to have been the design of vitrifaction. A drystone wall must be weak if not, as in some of the hill forts, enormously thick, or, as in others, converted into an earthwork, or bound with logs or great stones. Vitrifaction, too, secured complete attachment to the subjacent rock, and seems therefore to have been used only to

a moderate height in the wall. The eminent Celtic scholar, Mr. Guest, finds a suggestion of this structural process in the Welsh name of Glastonbury, *Ynis Wytrin*, the glass isle, in the vitrified surface of Gatacre Hall, an old building in Shropshire, and in Irish legends which speak of a glass tower in the midst of the sea.

The name Dunskeig would be fittingly explained by the Gaelic *sceach* or *sgitheog*, the hawthorn. The rock stands up sharp, abrupt, and firm, and its name is therefore analogous to the Saxon Thornhill. The same word is in the Galloway Drumskeog and Barskeog, which Sir Herbert Maxwell thus explains. Professor Mackinnon calls Overscaig the *little place of thorns*, and says that Dun-scaich is the sharp crag in Sleat, where the Ossianic Cuchullin used to chain his dog, Luath. Much that is highly valuable and of great interest is to be found in the Professor's papers on 'Argyllshire Place-Names,' contributed to the *Scotsman* (1887-8). The forts on Dunskeig are of the usual Ulster type, the *cathair* or *cahair*, that is, a drystone wall enclosing rude huts of wattle and turf, the whole designed to shelter a tribal chief with his serfs and belongings. But they are not large enough except for a mere temporary occupation. Much larger specimens are to be found in the more populous north-eastern districts, but the situation here compares favourably with others in the west. Dun Mac

Uisneachain, the reputed Beregonium, is a similar, but not nearly so lofty, isolated crag, looking from the head of Loch Nell out to Dunstaffnage and Mull on the one hand, and up to Lochaber on the other. A raised gravel beach leads to the foot of the crag. The area at the top is much larger than that at Dunskeig, but the walls are so overgrown with grass as to greatly obscure the vitrifaction. The most southerly hill fort, again, Drumpat in Wigtown, is of much greater extent, showing several walls and green platforms. The position, though a few miles from the sea, is still more commanding than Dunskeig.

Following the high road from Clachan to Tarbert we reach a primitive asylum of a quite different type, a *crannog* or lake-dwelling. Shut out of sight of Loch Tarbert, and buried among the uplands of Northern Kintyre, lay, till lately, Lochan Dughaill, named from some prehistoric robber, a huge shaggy giant, man-wolf of the district, which he harried, till a heroic Macalister destroyed him and his island fortress. The Gael pronounces the name in the way familiar to us in the Galloway M'Dowal (*M'dool*). The lochan abutted on the craggy hill round which the coach-road runs, and up from the mere rose the solitudes of bog and heath. It found an outlet into Loch Tarbert. The tradition of an artificial island in the loch was confirmed by drainage operations ordered by Sir William Mackinnon, the

proprietor. These disclosed a genuine *crannog*, fortunately examined in the autumn of 1892 by Dr. Robert Munro, the great authority on this subject. The results he published in the *Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries*. One sees now only a mound slightly raised above the drained hollow, but it is easy to make out the framework of beams radiating from a centre, and buttressed by stakes driven in at their outer ends, while other beams again connect the radial ones, so as to form a strong rim to the circle. Dr. Munro's operations revealed the interesting features of these structures with which his notable works make us familiar—a foundation of transverse layers of brushwood and timber, a framework of strong oak beams secured to the subjacent structure by pegs, a double line of uprights resting on notches near the ends of the radial beams, the whole forming a beehive structure, 32 feet across, within a surrounding stockade, and borne by one central pillar and some twenty marginal uprights. The doorway was made out, as well as a corduroy roadway of beams laid from it so as to reach the paved ford or canal at the water's edge. A partition divided the area into a *but and a ben*, the former having the doorway and hearth, consisting of a flat smooth stone laid on a log floor. The relics found—a flint scraper, hones, polishers of quartz pebbles, a bit of a bracelet of cannel-coal, fragments of a wheel-made *crock*, a small crucible,

and bones of the ox, sheep, and deer—tell of the life of a simple, peaceful household. Dr. Joseph Anderson says the relics of our crannogs generally belong to the Iron Age, which came in with the Celts, with indications of a period after the Roman Conquest. The name *crannog* has long been familiar in Ireland, where such places were used as defences in Queen Elizabeth's time. The Scottish Privy Council in 1608 ordered two Skye chiefs to give up the 'houses of defence, strengths, and *crannokis* in the Yllis pertaining to thame.' Both in Irish and Gaelic *crann* is a pole or beam, and the *ristle* or one-stilt plough of Shetland is in Gaelic *crann-arùdh*, the pole of ploughing.

This crannog must have been too small for a village community. The country round never could have offered anything but the most precarious subsistence. The shells that the earlier draining operations disclosed, and the perforated stone discs used in net-making, show that the people retired hither from the more fertile shores of lower Loch Tarbert when greater security was required. The larger crannogs in lowland districts, constructed with vast labour and marvellous ingenuity, tell of a community numerous and well-to-do. In 1887 one was found in Loch Leven, seventy yards from shore, in water ten feet deep and approached by a broad gangway, the whole raised on long piles firmly secured to a sub-structure of timber and

brushwood weighted with heavy stones. As in the *Pfahlbauten* of North Germany, the piles supported a great platform on which the hamlet stood. Another, at Lochlea, shows several layers of hearths pointing to long occupation. The relics, fully described by Dr. Munro, are now ranged along the entrance hall of the Kilmarnock Burns Museum, and afford a most instructive object-lesson in the social life of a prehistoric Ayrshire farmer. The new road passing the homestead of Lochlea, where early toil gave Burns his ploughman stoop, enfolds in a wide sweep the site of this crannog, but now one learns nothing more about it on the spot than does the herd of cows that are fast turning the rich pasture into cheese.

As we approach the wooded shores of Loch Tarbert feelings of 'local sanctity' once more prevail, due to the remains of many little chapels once clustered round Kilcalmonell. A little off the roadway, and hid among its encircling trees, one finds now only the burial-place of a church dedicated to Cormac (Kilcharmaig), 'boldest of the missionary navigators of the west,' apostle to the Orkneys, and one of the first Arctic voyagers, sailing fourteen days and nights before a south wind, and only turning back when met by shoals of *loathsome monsters*, in reality harmless medusæ. Passing Whitehouse and Redhouse, with their painfully prosaic Saxon names, another cluster of trees con-

ceals the burying-ground of Cladh Bride. But this has no story to tell. A stiffish uphill stretch of highway discloses nearly the whole length of Loch Tarbert, now left behind; and from the top of the ridge the long, undulating path homewards can be seen for miles ahead leading to Claonig, the *little grassy mead*, where Glen Freasdale touches the gravelly shore of Kilbrannan Sound. Antiquities more puzzling than even *duns* and *crannogs* remain, for, on the hillside to the left, as we approach Claonig, stands one of those ghostly rings of pillared stones which an earlier age chose to call Druid circles. Miss Maclagan, in her *Hill-forts*, demolishes the romance of sun-worship and blood-stained *cromlechs*, and very rationally tells the meaning of these standing-stones. And now the shore road discloses Skipness fringed with the chafing surge and the chapel of St. Brennan nestling on its green *inch* within hail of its grim fortress-guard.

We have looked on the mysterious past in the homes of the early Scots, or mayhap an earlier race, planted in times of distrust and danger, and in memorials of the dead that sleep by the guard of saint's cell. Around this long, narrow, rock-bound peninsula of Kintyre seems to hover the spirit of the past and present. The waves of the swift tide-race that bore hither the coracles of the Irish saints, to spread civilisation over heathen Pictland, are now foam-crested by the prows of Atlantic liners. Of

the many nooks and corners of this Scottish Cornwall, none has a finer charm than the headland of Skipness, marking where Loch Fyne passes into the Sound of Kilbrannan. A singularly impressive sight it is to stand over its sea-marge, as the evening shades glide down the slopes and the Arran hills grow dim in an azure haze, and there watch the brown sails of the herring fleet rounding the rock-guarded Ness or careering out in the breezy mid-channel, to tempt fortune under the cold stars. But the days of the drift-net are passing away in Loch Fyne, and with them the romance of a night with the herring fleet. Now o' nights, if the omens are propitious and the frightened shoal is seen to scatter in phosphorescent gleams under the dripping prows, a huge net is laboriously trawled astern of the boats as they work in pairs. A flare-up brings the waiting steamers alongside. The catch is knocked down to the highest bidder, and then hurried off to the ancient but now much changed Billingsgate at the Brig-end of Glasgow.

The Sound rarely lacks movement and beauty. In a light breeze a shimmer of sun-glints plays on its surface, while a southerly gale whitens the curling breakers and tosses the spume flakes on the rock-bound strand. Landwards there is no less variety. Morning brings out the green knolls one by one, and wakes a concert in the bosky dells that lie hid in their folds. The evening sunlight

carries the eye far into the stormy depths of the corries in the Arran highlands across the Sound, tipping their rugged scaurs with glory. At our feet the glittering sands, backed by their fringe of turf and wilderness of bracken, bring out the rocky contour of Skipness, where the monks planted their chapel dedicated to St. Brennan of Clonfert. Earliest of the apostles to the western isles, mayhap he himself paddled his coracle into the haven near by, that still bears his name, Brenn-a-Phuirt. Beautiful is the picture of his roofless shrine as it turns its graceful eastern window to the Ness beyond—walls of dull grey schist, early English doors and windows picked out in a rich red sandstone, the greenery of wild trees struggling to hide the gaunt gables, the dead of centuries sleeping around, alike peacefully whether under the blessing of Rome or Geneva. The chapel stands on a stretch of level sward lying between the older raised beach, where the ragwort gilds the green bracken, and the strand of to-day, where the storms are ever making and unmaking the gravel dykes.

In a graveyard we read the annals of a hamlet in stone. Around this shrine of St. Brennan the Saxon *son*, that we see graven on the tottering headstones, more than holding its own with the Celtic *Mac*, tells of the Ayrshire Covenanters who found an asylum in Kintyre. The art of the Lowland creed loved the emblems of a fallen world,

the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross-bones. One supreme effort, of date 1738, realistically shows the deceased between the plough-stilts in habit as he lived. The team of four, gadsman and all, is complete, but the artist, disdaining perspective, bravely puts the horses remote from the spectator on the backs of those in the foreground. Poorly does such art compare with that of the old faith graven on the slabs that lie prone and unhonoured under the knot-grass, the nettles, and the lichen. No date, no name, rarely an inscription, tells their story. But they show the stout knight that ruled in the keep and the abbot that prayed in the dim-lit chancel. The wolf lurked in the corrie and the prowling galley crept into the bay, but art made the ponderous slab more than a protection. Deeply incised sculpturing still shows the cross-hilted sword, the great *claidheamh na laimh* of the knight, holding the place of honour, while around are displayed the emblems of war, woodcraft, and o'ermastering fate —the galley, the stag and hounds, and the 'abhorred shears.' Or mayhap it is a churchman in Eucharistic robes with sacred chalice at hand. The sculptured groups are surrounded by delicate tracery set in an intricate chain border. Here lie some fine specimens of Celtic Christian art. One slab shows in its top panel a richly chased wheel pattern in four compartments, while around the blade and hilt of the central sword flows a maze of branch and leaf,

wherein the main stem enfolds conventional foliage in its graceful loops. On another we have four circles grouped round a central boss with dainty leafage filling up the interspaces, the whole passing below into a stem that shapes itself into two contiguous circles filled in with a tripartite cluster of divergent curves interlaced through their centres. Two other slabs have a more human interest. In the one stands a knight leaning on a spear and clad in conical bassinet, surtout, and long sword. The other is unique. The top panel shows the Crucifixion scene between two weeping Maries, while beneath we see a knight, spear in hand, and a lady telling her beads.

These slabs make a mute appeal compared with the crowded human interest of the stately Runic crosses. If true art is impersonal we have it here, where the artist is lost in the wealth of his fancy. But there is a pathos in their obscurity. 'Unknown and alike regarded' they lie, where 'the dull swain may tread on them with his clouted shoon,' beside some gentle stream or green mound on the sea-marge whence, as the hymn of Columba sings, the holy man

'Might see the heaving waves over wide ocean,
When they chant music to their Father upon their world's course;
Might hear the thunder of the crowding billows upon the rocks;
Might hear the roar, beside the church, of the surrounding sea.'

The interlacing stems, intricate knot-work, and bewildering volutes of these slabs bespeak an art that had trained itself in the deft fingering of pliant twigs. Petrie gives a bit from an ancient poem on Clonmacnois, the Irish Iona, showing Celtic art devoted to the honour of the dead in a fashion borrowed from basket work:—

'The nobles of the children of Conn
Are under the flaggy, brown-sloped cemetery
A knot or a *craebh* over each body,
And a fair, just, Ogham name.'

The old word *corb*, a basket, is here, and all through history it lives, even in the salmon *cruives* at the river mouths and the sty (cruive) of the homely pig. But while basket-work witnessed the child efforts of Celtic art, we see its highest development in the illuminations of the Missals of Deir, Durrow, and Kells.

The pre-Reformation churches, so plentifully scattered over Kintyre, owed their existence to the religious zeal that had its fount from the Irish saints to whom they were dedicated. An ancient poem sings their praises:—

'It is in the west sweet Brennan is,
An Colum, son of Crinthann,
And in the west fair Baithin shall be,
And in the west Adamnan shall be.'

Brennan (*little raven*),[1] to whom Kilbrannan was

[1] To us moderns an intrusive *d* disguises the older forms of the name which we see in that of the aged chief, Art-branan (*art*-noble), baptized by St. Columba in Skye.

dedicated, was the first to set forth, about 545, nearly twenty years earlier than Columba. It was he who went with Columba on his famous visit to Brude, King of the Picts. In one of the lonely Garveloch (Garbh-aileach) Isles, between Scarba and Mull, Cuil Bhrénain (the recess of Brennan) bespeaks his life as a *diseartach*, or eremite. Here in the bee-hive huts of dry stonework (Gael. from the obsolete *ail*, a stone or rock, and evidently the Ailech of Adamnan's *Life of Columba*), we have still preserved the oldest religious settlement in the north. As a Hindu *Muni* plunges into the forest, to practise rather than preach self-mastery, so these anchorites sought in rock-hewn caves or tossed in tiny coracles that struggle which opened for them the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. Pupils yearned to emulate their devotion, while heathen Pict and savage Dane cherished their saintly memories, and called the places they had hallowed by their names. Such primitive shrines would be the cheerless sea-cave, the oratory of wattle and turf within the *cashel* of a friendly chief, or the dry-stone *carcair* in which the saint scorned delights. And, as monasticism spread, the simple life is that of the hymn of Columba:—

'At times plucking *duilisc* [dulse] from the rocks;
At times at fishing;
At times giving food to the poor;
At times in a *carcair*.'

During the terrible centuries when Scot and Pict wrestled with the Pagan *Galls* from the northern seas, no art or refinement could leave its mark. Celtic art fell on better times when the lordship of the Isles infused Norse vigour into regions remote from the civil broils of the Lowlands. To the peaceful period following the church-building age of David I. is ascribed the foundation of Kilbrannan under the wing of its protecting castle of Skipness. Both must have been some time in existence when, in 1261, just two years before Largs severed the bond between the semi-Norse chiefs of the west and their overlord of Norway, we find Dougal, son of Sweyn and lord of northern Kintyre, giving the patronage of his chapels of Kilbrannan and Kilcalmonell, 'for the welfare of his soul, to God, St. James and St. Mirren of Paisley, and the monks there,' where he himself is to be buried. This charter he dates from his castle of Schepehinche. The green holm where the chapel stands is evidently Dougal Sweynson's Schepe-hinche or Sheep-inch, from the Gaelic *inis*,[1] a haugh, or river-side meadow; for its western edge, where the castle is planted, just reaches the mouth of a beautifully-wooded riverine glen. A lofty battlemented keep of a later date has been built against the north-eastern angle of the original rectangular fort of the usual thirteenth

[1] *Inis* is rare in Argyll. It is now obsolete as isle and replaced by the Norse *ey*.

century type. Thick, lofty walls surround the courtyard, further strengthened by two square towers, whose grim fronts are broken only here and there by narrow slits, out of which the crossbow erstwhile sped its bolt. Ornament is not wasted on this strength save on its seaward face, where a deep-embayed and heavily-moulded gateway of bright red sandstone looks forth from the plateau towards the Sound. The intelligent care of the lord of the manor, himself an accomplished antiquary, tenderly preserves this fine relic of the past, to give its own singular charm to picturesque surroundings.

Skipness, looking as it does northwards to Loch Fyne on the one hand and the Sound of Bute on the other, must have been a favourite rallying-place for the galleys of the island chiefs. At this *ship-headland* Somerled doubtless mustered those forces with which he hoped to shake Malcolm on his throne. But he fell at Inchinnan, on the Cart, near Renfrew, 1164, and, as Wyntoun bluntly chronicles, 'wes vincusit and hingit on ane jebart.' And the captain of Skipness may have looked out upon the sad procession of galleys that bore Somerled's body for burial, as some affirm, in his son Ronald's abbey of Saddell, not far off. But the power of the Kintyre Macdonalds, descendants of Ronald, waned before that of the Lochow Campbells, who had helped Bruce in his need, so that ere long we hear of Campbells as captains of Skipness.

Alexander Montgomery, the poet, related by marriage to John Campbell of Skipness, came here, soon after the Macdonald rebellion of 1614 enabled James VI. to break for ever the power of the clan in Kintyre. His poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, appeared in 1629, and we may be sure that the author of such a charming description of river-scenery must have often rambled in some of the lovely dells within easy reach of the castle. Kintyre has many such picturesque spots and such romantic relics as Skipness, chapel and castle, that tell at once of a lawless past existing side by side with a peace-loving piety, the whole throwing over the beauties of nature the spell of human interest.

III

THE BRUCE AND BANNOCKBURN

THE War of Scottish Independence still divides historians into hostile camps, but all are agreed in admiring the fair stand-up fight that gives a dramatic finish to this romantic episode in our national life. Could it possibly be otherwise; were we, as some advise, to regard that long and gallant struggle for liberty as an unfortunate blunder, postponing the inevitable union, the immortal 'Scots wha hae' would still be heard against us. In this, surely one of the grandest of national odes, conceived as Bruce's address to his army on the eve of Bannockburn, pulsates the very life-blood of Scottish patriotism. Though the hereditary feuds of North and South have long been forgotten, and Sandy runs his big brother John a close second in the prosaically peaceful race for bawbees and bacon, yet will the spirit of the dead past assert itself; and, while mountain, flood, and fell endure, will help Scotsmen to realise their inherent individuality within the common family circle. In the episode

that gave birth to this sentiment there is a fine dramatic unity that, strange to say, has never yet tempted a great literary artist to treat it as a whole. No northern Herodotus has thrown the subtle charm of genius around the tragic ride that hurled the good king Alexander over Kinghorn cliffs; the cold, relentless ambition of the first, and the insensate folly of the second Edward; the heroism of Wallace and Bruce, and the glories of Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn. Yet these form no mean parallels to the burning of Sardis, that marked the opening of the Persian War, and brought upon the stage the lordly despotism of Darius and Xerxes, the courage and skill of Miltiades and Themistocles, and the deathless fame of Marathon and Salamis. We have indeed a poetical picture of the War of Independence in its later stages, ruggedly but genuinely national, the *Bruce* of John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen. But few nowadays read the father of Scottish literature. His perfervid apostrophe to Freedom, it is true, still counts as an elegant extract; the *Lord of the Isles* is a very free but weak version of his main story, and his episodes are diluted, at second-hand and unacknowledged, into grant-earning material under the Scottish code. Otherwise his memory even is wellnigh gone. His rhymed chronicle of over fourteen thousand lines, in those light-horsemen octosyllabics that Scott used so largely, is the best, almost the sole

authority for the events connected with the Battle of Bannockburn. Edward II. brought with him Baston, a Cármelite monk, to commemorate in suitable verse his anticipated triumphs in Scotland. But the fate of this, the earliest of our war specials, was not encouraging. At Bannockburn he fell into the hands of the Scots, who with grim humour compelled him to sing the praises of his captors. Barbour's poem has the great merit of being almost contemporary with the events it narrates. He tells us himself that he was compiling it in the fifth year of Robert II.'s reign—*i.e.* 1375, forty-six years after the death of his hero. He must have spent his early youth under the immediate shadow of the great war. Douglas and Randolph he graphically depicts, as if from personal observation. He had heard say that the good Earl James was black-haired, with well-made limbs and broad shoulders, and in speech he lisped somewhat like Hector of Troy, but that set him well. He cites the first-hand evidence of a companion of Edward Bruce when narrating an encounter with an English force, at great odds, in Galloway—

> 'Schir Alane of Cathcart be name
> Tald me this taill as I sall tell.'

Narrating one of the many treacherous attempts on the King's life, he cannot tell the name of the leader, but frankly adds that he had heard how his 'ane E

wes out.' Many of the heroic deeds of the time must have formed themes for popular song, and these Barbour passes over, as one might hear young women singing them any day. Andrew Wyntoun, writing shortly after Barbour's time, has preserved a snatch of popular song that forms the oldest bit of Lowland verse. It points the contrast between the happy days of Alexander III. and the stormy times that followed, in a plaintive lilt, thus:—

'When Alexaundre our King was dead,
That Scotland led in love and le [law],
Away was sons[1] [plenty] of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of gamyn [sport] and glee;
Our gold was changed into lead.
Christ, born into virginity,
Succour Scotland and remede [save]
That stead [state], is in perplexity!'

The romantic career of Bruce, and the chivalrous exploits of those daring paladins, his brother Edward, Douglas, and Randolph, Barbour sings with the true minstrel's glee. The stern discipline which the King had to undergo after his coronation in 1306 made of him that union of sagacity, endurance, and hopeful gaiety, that knightly courtesy, suppressed force, and vigour in action, which have earned him a place among the greatest statesmen and generals of any age. It was Edward Bruce that precipitated the crisis of Bannockburn. Garrison after garrison had yielded to the Scotch, but Stirling Castle still

[1] This is the *sonsy* of Burns.

held out. From Lent to midsummer of 1313 Edward Bruce had closely invested it, and at last accepted the proposal of the governor, Mowbray, that he should surrender if not relieved by his master Edward II. before the Feast of St. John (June 24), 1314. Such an arrangement, not unknown in these wars (it was a somewhat similar one, made between Robert Bruce and De Valence, that brought on the battle of Loudon Hill), was in keeping with the character of Edward Bruce. He seems to have been a knight of the Hotspur type, the dramatic foil to his sagacious brother,—recklessly brave, and never happier than when engaged with fearful odds. The Bruce rebuked him for the one-sided bargain, but he replied:—

> 'Sa god me rede [counsel, direct],
> Thoch he and all that he may leid
> Cum, we sall fecht, all war thai mai.'

Indiscreet as the bargain seems to be, viewed in its merely artistic aspect it certainly heightens the dramatic effect of the subsequent catastrophe—a more than equally-matched opponent, generously afforded every advantage in a fair field, yet beaten on his own terms, how unquestioned the moral effect of a final triumph! The English King prepared for a great effort. A writ of 27th May 1314, ordering supplies of men, shows that he knew the work cut out for him. 'We learn that our enemies and rebels the Scots are doing what they are able,

to collect a great multitude of foot soldiers in strong places and morasses difficult of access for horsemen, and to be placed in hostile array between us and the Castle of Stirling to oppose our rescue of the said castle.' The numbers and composition of the English army are well known. Like Xerxes in the Persian war the heart of Edward II. was lifted up at sight of his magnificent array. He deemed he was irresistible, and already among his men dealt out the lands of Scotland. 'Of othir mennis landis large was he'; but, pawkily adds Barbour, 'or they come to their intent holes in haill [whole] cloth shall be rent.' The line of invasion was the Roman road by the East Coast, through the thoroughly Anglicised estates of Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, to Falkirk, the ancient Camelon, on the Roman wall. Here they came in touch of the enemy, for Bruce and his advanced guard had posted themselves in the Torwood between Falkirk and Stirling. And now Bruce laid his plans before his lieutenants. These were to divide his 30,000 men into four battalions, and arrange so that, as the enemy drew near, the Scottish army should hold the way to the New Park, for there the English must pass to reach Stirling Castle, unless they should choose the carse or morass that lay low towards the Forth, in which case victory would be safe. Further, the wary veteran thinks it best to 'gang on foot to the fechting.' To fight on horseback against a more numerous and

better-mounted enemy would be perilous, whereas on foot the advantage would lie in the heavily armed knights being encumbered among the trees and bogs of the Park.

The rearward would be his (Bruce's), and even before him should go the van under his brother, and on either hand the other battalions behind, aside a little space, under Douglas and Randolph Moray respectively, but Barbour does not say which of them was on the left and which on the right wing. Meantime the scouts reported on the Saturday morning that the English had lain at Edinburgh the previous night. At once Bruce fell back on the New Park, and there encamped. In a level field by the way (probably the Roman road, but it is impossible to fix the locality precisely), where he thought the English must pass, he set his men to dig pits, a foot in diameter and knee-deep, so thick that the field was like a comb 'that bees mais.' All Saturday night the work proceeded, and on Sunday morning Bruce inspected the pits and saw them covered with sticks and green grass. The non-combatants, 20,000 in number, he sent into the park, in a vale, Barbour says, without mentioning the traditionary Gillies Hill. The enemy had lain all night (Saturday) at the Fawkirk, and on Sunday were holding straight for Stirling. The final arrangements to receive them are now made. Randolph is to keep the way by the kirk, St. Ninians, that no one pass in that direction

to the Castle; but while the armies are about two miles apart, Clifford, with 800 picked knights (300, says the English account), leaves the main body of the English, and, avoiding the New Park, passes over the low ground beside St. Ninian's kirk, and gains the open, well in the Scottish rear. This move had escaped Randolph but not Bruce, posted as he was on the higher ground. Burning to recover 'the rose fallen from his chaplet,' Moray takes the level ground, and is at once charged by Clifford; but his men, setting themselves back to back with spear points outwards as an urchin (hedgehog), completely defeat this bold manœuvre. Out of the *mêlée* Randolph issues victor with the loss of one yeoman. While this incident is in progress well in the Scottish rear, King Edward's van approaches, but halting in front of the enemy he debates whether to camp there for the night or at once engage. The vanguard, however, rides on under Gloster, ignorant of this halt, making straight for the Park. At this point Bruce, on a grey palfrey, is in front arranging his men, when De Bohun rushes forward in knightly panoply and charges the King. Barbour narrates the encounter with rugged homely vigour:—

'De Bohun missit the noble King,
And he that in his stirrups stood,
With axe that was both hard and good,
With so great main reached him a dint,
That neither hat nor helm might stint
The heavy dash that he him gave,
That he the head till harns [brains] clave.

The hand-axe shaft rushit in tway,
And he down till the earth can gae
All flatlings, for him failed might;
This was the first stroke of the fight.'

These two incidents form a significant prelude to the great trial to be fought out on St. John's Day (Monday, 24th June). The English encamped down in the Carse, and because it was full of pools they bridged them with boards and thatch from some houses near. At dawn the contrast between the well-ordered, self-reliant Scottish lines and the huge English host, crowded into a mass except the brilliantly-arranged vanguard, fails to open the eyes of the vain Edward of Caernarvon. 'What! will yon Scots fight?' says he. 'Yea, siccarly, sir,' replied D'Umfraville, who advises to withdraw behind the tents, and tempt the Scots to leave their lines for plunder, but the king will not retire before *sic rangle*. Edward Bruce receives the first attack, but he resists manfully amid the din and stour. Randolph now assails the dense masses in his front, and though the odds are ten to one he gains ground. His band seems lost among the crowd, and the grass reddens with blood. To his aid come Douglas and Walter Steward ('that than wes bot ane herdlas hyne'), and all three battalions are fighting side by side. But the archers gall them sorely. Bruce, knowing the danger, sends Keith with five hundred light horse—all the cavalry he had—out of the line to take the defenceless bowmen in flank, in which he is completely successful. The English

main body, hitherto kept back by their front and the masses of archers, now come into action, and the crisis is nigh. The Scots, now strengthened by their centre under Bruce himself, bear down in a close body on the English van; their cry, 'On them! they fail,' rends the air, and the opposing ranks give way. Far to the rear a movement is visible among the eager camp-followers. Improvising a leader, and fastening sheets on boughs for banners, they bear down to watch the field more closely. The sight strikes panic among the English ranks, Bruce shouts his war-cry, and retreat begins.

At this stage of irretrievable ruin King Edward with five hundred knights makes a rush towards Stirling Castle. But others say that De Valence took his rein and led him away. Short space the chivalrous D'Argentine accompanies; then bidding his beaten lord good-day throws himself on Edward Bruce's party, and soon meets the fate he courted. The rout is complete: some flee to the Forth, only to be drowned there, and Bannockburn is choked with corpses. Hereupon Douglas, with but sixty men, gives chase to the fugitive king, and though his party is too few to attack, he harasses the retreat, and picks off stragglers, till the friendly shelter of Earl Patrick receives the fugitives within Dunbar. A boat takes the king with seventeen men to Bamborough; the rest find their way in straggling parties to Berwick. Alas! how are the mighty fallen! Fickle are the turns of Fortune's wheel!

Thus far has Barbour been closely, almost literally, followed. These three eventful days he describes with circumstantial detail, of which much has been here omitted. All the essential features of his narrative, however, have been preserved. The artistic impression he conveys is rugged and grandly impressive. But we should not look to him for a plan of the battle, with full knowledge of the lie of the ground, which he probably never saw. He does not trouble himself with localities, mentioning merely the burn of the Bannock, the castle in the distance, the undulating bog and wooded hills between, and low down to the right the marshy carse, extending from near the kirk of St. Ninians to the water of Forth. But we can still gaze upon the scene, still tread the classic sod that has been dyed with the blood of heroes. From the ancient Camelon, along the Roman road that the legions made and King Edward traversed in glory and gloom, the eye surveys a pleasing prospect of silvan height and green hollow, till it rests on the sun-lit roofs of Stirling, rising tier on tier to the craggy peak where Snowdoun's grey pile holds silent watch over Menteith, hemmed in by the mighty Bens. To right glitters the Forth, lingering in many a silvery link beneath the grim shadow of the Ochils; to left stand the wooded knolls that mask the broad shoulders of the Campsies; in front flows the Bannock, bickering by scaur and brae towards the low-lying carse.

The battle-field, according to Barbour, was the

New Park, an ancient extension of the still existing King's Park. In 1263 the Sheriff of Stirling was employed in repairing the ancient, and in constructing a new park for Alexander III., at an outlay of £80. Twenty years later there was an allowance for two keepers and one hunter of wolves at Stirling, and for the expenses of 2200 yards of palisade round the New Park, and for removing and carrying hay and litter for the use of the fallow (imported) deer in winter. One cannot now define its limits, but it must have extended from the castle to the Bannock, which, dropping down from the Campsies on the west, flows east to the bridge below Milton Mill, then makes a great loop through a deep precipitous ravine round from south by north-east, and, issuing below the village, resumes its general easterly course through the carse towards the Forth. Across this large area, and towards its eastern side, passed the old Roman road from Falkirk by St. Ninians, nearly in the line of the present Glasgow road. Along this causeway and approaching the Bannock rode the King on the fateful morning:—

> 'The King, quhen that the mass was don,
> Went furth to se the pottis [pits] sone;
> And at his liking saw thaim mad.
> On athir sid, rycht weill braid,
> It wes pittyt, as Ik haif tauld.'

St. Ninians is about midway between Stirling and the burn. The road passes through Whins of Milton over the broad ridge, which at its summit (200 feet) is crowned by the bore-stone. This

ridge, filling the centre of the ground, runs nearly east and west parallel to the burn. Towards its south slope it drops rapidly by Brock's, *i.e.* The Badger's, Brae on the old Kilsyth road that passes between the two bogs—drained in 1842—Halbert's and Milton's, and extending from near the Roman road up to Newpark House. A low ridge of firm ground separates these drained hollows from the river. The bore-stone ridge slopes away to eastward till it ends on the deep ravine of the Bannock. On its north side it falls gradually to St. Ninians, but rises again to Coxet Hill (231 feet) above the village on the west, while farther away in this direction the Gillies Hill (500 feet) dominates the whole field. Lastly, from the village of Bannockburn transverse gravelly ridges run in the direction of St. Ninians, so as to conceal the valleys between from any one in the park above. Alongside the eastmost of these ridges passes the railway, so that the site of the battle is now completely shut out from the traveller from or towards Stirling.

We are now able to read Barbour's account in full knowledge of the scene of action. In the main, three theories of the plan of battle have been put forth. These are George Buchanan's, that the Scots extended along a line running east and west parallel to the Bannock, *i.e.* the bore-stone ridge; Hailes the historian's, along the old Kilsyth road running north and south from the Bannock to St. Ninians; that of the Ordnance Survey, obliquely

from south-west to north-east, *i.e.* from the burn above the bogs to St. Ninians. Scott adopts the second of these, Tytler hesitates between this and a line behind the last, and resting on the base of Gillies Hill. There is no mistaking the English line of approach, 'it behovit them to take the way by the new park.' The carse was impassable; but the Roman road, a natural approach for a large and heavily armed body of troops, ran due north straight from the Torwood to Stirling. Across this line the defence of Bruce must have fronted at what was the defensible point. In this line three ancient landmarks still exist, and all within the sphere of action: the bore-stone, the Kirk of St. Ninians, and the three stones in Randolph's field that mark the defeat of Clifford. This latter affair, it must be remembered, stands apart from the battle proper. Bruce, anticipating an attempt to relieve Stirling on his extreme left, had posted Randolph Moray, the day before, by the kirk to resist it. This accounts for the skirmish having taken place so far behind Bruce's main body. Moreover, we are to remember that Clifford's approach would be masked from Randolph in the low ground, but exposed as he neared the plain field to Bruce if he occupied the higher position nearer his front. It is doubtful from Barbour whether Randolph attacked with foot or horse. But the *Scalacronica* of a Northumbrian knight, Sir Thomas Gray, whose father had been with Clifford, and was captured in the *mêlée*, tells how Moray

'issist du boys od sa batail'—issued from the wood with his battalion,—and, when De Beaumont ordered the charge, the Scots formed *en schiltrome,* or solid column, doubled upon itself so as to form an oval fenced with two rows of kneeling pikemen. Wallace had learned such tactics from the Flemings. The mail-clad knights had to retire discomfited in view of the Stirling garrison. It would be hard to say where the pits were placed, but they no doubt existed, for a chronicler on the English side refers to them. Barbour never mentions them after they are made. Scott places them on the extreme left near the kirk, White near Milton as well as at Brock's Brae, while Lieutenant Campbell is credulous enough to say, 'We were also present (about 1840) while the drainers were throwing open the pits mentioned by Barbour at the west end of Halbert marsh.' Barbour, in truth, says nothing of the sort.

There appears to have been a conspicuous absence of generalship on the English side. The army was divided into ten battalions, Gloster and Hereford commanding the van, but a walk-over seems to have been anticipated. The van moves on as if on the march till checked by the fall of De Bohun. This forward movement, covered by Clifford's attempt, seems to have been deemed sufficient to relieve the castle and at the same time ride down the Scots. Stirling Bridge, Courtenay in Flanders, Sempach in

Switzerland, and Bannockburn hold a very notable place in military annals. The feudal system developed a type of soldier, the mail-clad knight, that for generations had been simply irresistible, unless in presence of an animated tower like himself. But these battles showed how simple spearmen, standing shoulder to shoulder on foot, might defy this weight of armour. The very security of these feudal warriors against attack developed an overbearing insolence that well merited the humiliation it courted. Bruce had earned a dear-bought experience. At Dalry—the Brooch of Lorn incident—as a mail-clad knight he ran the narrowest escape of being upset and unhorsed by an unarmed Highlandman while he was engaged with his two associates. Loudon Hill, seven years before, was a rehearsal of Bannockburn. There he arranged an encounter with De Valence when challenged to fight in the open for a date fixed in advance. He posted himself on the slope of a hill, with a morass on either hand. Across the gap in his front he dug three ditches, leaving clear spaces between. Behind each line or ditch he fought with his footmen, retreating, as he was pressed, through the gaps. De Valence, with a body of mail-clad horse five times more numerous than Bruce's party, was completely defeated. But the credit of so posting foot as successfully to meet and defeat the Norman chivalry is due to the initiative of Wallace at Stirling Bridge. Bruce followed these tactics,

and the result was not alone a material but a moral victory. It struck a crushing blow at the ascendency in Scotland of the Norman chivalry who had allowed Edward I. to ride rough-shod over the land, while at the same time it enfranchised the Scoto-Anglo-Celt, who trusted in simple targe and spear, and his unaided brains and valour.

It seems incredible why the huge army of Edward did not make a stand somewhere, and save a few rags of honour; but the demoralisation of the host must have been complete. Stragglers appear to have found their way to the castle, and clambered up the rocks in pitiable fashion, to find no shelter. One wretched band of half-clad Welshmen retired by the Torwood, only to be cut off on their way south. The ransom of the knightly prisoners alone was a source of enormous wealth. Churches were enriched with the spoil down even to the Reformation. But Bruce treated his beaten foes most generously, and by this stroke of policy did much to reconcile hereditary enemies. The fugitive English king, grateful for his escape, founded Oriel College, Oxford, not the only one dating from the War of Independence, for Balliol was founded by the widow of Bruce's rival, Pembroke by that of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. The fall of princes has ever furnished a favourite theme for the stage. Christopher Marlowe paints in tragic tints the latter end of the degenerate Plantagenet in the

dungeons of Berkeley Keep, where he is done to death with fiendish cruelty. Bruce, on the other hand, consolidates the strength of the infant nation he had seen baptized in blood, and by the Treaty of Northampton secures recognition of its complete independence. His life was that of a Homeric hero —Barbour's *Bruce* has been called the Scottish Odyssey. He came of a romantic stock. His father, a Norman baron who had served in the Crusades, riding one day near his ancestral Annandale, meets a gay cavalcade of knights and ladies— Dame Marjory, the young widow of the Earl of Carrick, and her attendants. She is a ward of the Crown, and suitors must be wary if they wish to escape heavy fines; but the dame, stricken with love's dart, seizes the knight's bridle and leads him prisoner to her castle of Turnbery. For three weeks he holds out, but in vain; they are married, and the hero of Bannockburn is their son, Lord of Carrick and Annandale. In youth content to dangle in the train of the English king, suspected of disaffection but apparently a loyal Norman baron, selfish, time-serving, and destitute of any feeling of Scottish patriotism, he finds himself at last through severe trials at the head of a great cause. Angle, Pict, Scot, Galwegian, all rally round him as the champion of the oppressed, the creator of a true sentiment of Scottish nationality. His last year he spent in peace, hunting and fishing on the Leven and Clyde, near his Castle of Cardross, where he died in his

fifty-fifth year, prematurely old, and was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, the church of Malcolm Canmore and the sainted Margaret. From Paris came a gorgeous tomb. Centuries passed away, and the very spot where he lay was forgotten, when in 1818 some workmen came upon the coffin of a tall man, with the breast-bone cut through. It was Bruce, and that was whence his heart had been removed. His marshals were not so fortunate in their ending. Edward Bruce, that true Paladin of romance, fell at Dundalk. He had given his armour that day to be worn by a yeoman, Gib Harper. This was an act of reckless daring. The hope of ransom as a prisoner always gave a knight practical immunity on the field of battle. Gib was killed, and his head cut off, salted, and sent to the English king as that of the redoubtable knight. Randolph ruled during David II.'s minority, but died obscurely by poison. The good Earl James, as tradition tells, bore his master's heart to the Holy Land, but he found a knightly grave in Spain, and the precious burden a last resting-place beneath the high altar of Melrose Abbey. For puir auld Scotland's sake had it throbbed in hope and despair, and on Scottish soil must it moulder and decay, but the spirit that animated it in triumph and defeat lives, to inspire honest endeavour with fresh zeal, and make the meanest proud of the name of Scot.

IV

THE COMPLAYNT OF SCOTLANDE

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES

'MOST of us down South are no doubt profoundly ignorant of the state of Scotland in the sixteenth century—I know I am.' This is the confession of Dr. Furnivall, a scholar who has devoted much special study to that obscure body of popular literature which depicts in vivid colours the social condition of the Middle Ages. The observation is a remarkable one, seeing that the one figure in Scottish history, sketched in every aspect by erudite and critical pens, is that of Mary Stuart. The great historians, however, follow the picturesque doings of kings, nobles, and prelates, forgetting that the distinctive, human, and significant element in every great movement lies deep down in the feebly-articulate substratum of 'puir commonis,' and that the standard of comfort and enlightenment enjoyed by these is the best test of a country's condition. Dr. Skelton, indeed, has sketched, in his *Maitland of Lethington*, the Scotland of Mary Stuart, but his

canvas is necessarily a large one. Much material remains, especially in the popular literature immediately antecedent to the advent of Knox and Queen Mary, well fitted to throw light on that Presbyterian movement which has so deeply affected the spiritual, intellectual, and social life of modern times. We know enough of the civil dissensions that centred in the Long Parliament of 1640, and of the wretched economic crisis which the French States-General of 1789 was expected to deal with, but we only faintly realise the widespread desolation and abounding social misery that brought together the Lords of the Congregation, and induced them to recall Knox, and so render possible that ever memorable first General Assembly of 1560. Ever memorable indeed, for it marks the end of the Middle Ages in Scotland, and ushers in that era of Revolution which has made, and is making, so much modern history. Knox and Melville deserve the respect due to great names. We may admire the zeal and astuteness which the guiding of a great movement with poor resources demanded, but the bitter cry of the labouring poor and of the handful of burgesses huddled together in a few petty townships—the real motive power of the stream of change these men essayed to direct—is unheard amid the din of strife. Yet the Scottish Reformation was a social and economic much more than a religious revolution, akin to the Peasants'

War in Germany and to the great labour movement known as Lollardism. It drew its chief inspiration by no means from the sins and shortcomings of the Old Church.

The imaginative literature of olden days has taken as little note of social development as the conventional historian. Humble life has only in recent times received artistic treatment. Chaucer gave us indeed the broad humour, the gaiety, the colour, the passions of the Middle Ages in baron, burgess, and boor; but to know the churl whom want and wrong drove to rally round Wat Tyler, we must listen to his rudely articulate cry in the Vision concerning Piers Plowman. Spenser essayed to depict peasant life in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, but he was too much the Renaissance artist to make his rustics other than mere puppets, discussing high politics on pastoral stilts. This is also in a large measure true of the great names in old Scottish literature, with the exception of Dunbar, by far the most human and modern of them all. Yet even he falls far short of the nameless author of the *Complaynt* in direct, graphic contemporary portraiture. His *Golden Targe* is by comparison but a conventional Renaissance allegory, more Italian than Scottish, and more pagan than Christian. To realise the social condition of the peasant while the Reformation was in progress we must turn to such popular literature as George Bannatyne col-

lected, Lauder's *Tracts for the Times, The Gude and Godly Ballates,* Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates,* and *The Complaynt of Scotlande.* Of these the last, and not the least interesting, must have been written, from internal evidence, about the end of 1548 or shortly after the beginning of 1549. Scotland had just suffered the aimless disaster of Pinkie (1547),[1] and the author thinks the 'warld verray near ane ende.' Its latest editor, Dr. Murray, is of opinion that the original edition was printed in Paris about 1549. Only three copies can now be traced, two in the British Museum, and one in the Advocates' Library. The name of the author cannot now be determined. The book is first mentioned by Dr. George Mackenzie in 1708, who ascribes it to a certain Schir James Inglis, one of the *Pope's Knights* (readers of Shakespeare know that priests were of old called Sir), and said to have been chaplain of Cambuskenneth. Leyden, in his edition of 1801, argues for Sir David Lindsay being the author, but he could hardly have let the Romanist clergy off so easily. The same objection applies to Dr. David Laing's selection, Robert Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee (1553), one of three brothers who were all prominent supporters of the Lutheran heresy, notable in connection with the *Gude and Godly Ballates.* Dr. Murray's con-

[1] 'The grite afflictione quhilk occurrit on oure realme in September mvxl vii zeirs, on the feildis besyde Mussilburgh.'

clusions on this head are that the author was (1) a distinct and thorough partisan of the French cause, (2) a churchman still attached to the Catholic faith, and (3) a native of the southern, not improbably of the Border, counties. Professor Mitchell of St. Andrews, a well-known authority in the by-ways of Scottish church history, adduces in support of the Wedderburn authorship the striking internal evidence of scenery and local colour. He thinks that the portrayal of the dream in its rustic setting, with all its landscape beauties of dowie dens and piping birds, of grassy knowes rolling from the shore to the hill-foot, of the cliff under which the narrator sits to listen to the swish of the breakers and have the luck of witnessing a sea-fight, was possible only to a Forfarshire man familiar with the seaboard of Angus, the estuary of the Tay. Dr. Murray again finds a Border tone in the vernacular of the *Complaynt*, but it is all the same the genuine dialect of Fife and Angus.

The author, whoever he was, leaves us in no doubt of his sentiments or his attitude towards public affairs. He has all the faults of the preacher, a Carlylean emphasis of statement, a tendency to exaggerate the evils of the situation, and an outlook that is Cassandra-like in its pessimism. The memory of Scottish independence alone sustains him. He is a Reformer, but not a Lutheran, nor would he range himself on the side

of Wishart and Knox. His work is not indeed a Reformation Pamphlet. He is a patriot first and a priest afterwards; a separatist of the most pronounced type. England he calls our *auld ennemie*, and the English *auld subtill doggis*. 'Quhar for i treist that his diuine iustice vil permit sum vthir straynge natione to be mercyles boreaus to them, ande til extinct that false seid.' His strong anti-Saxon feeling leads him to denounce specially those renegade Scots of whom 'there are now three thousand in England,' and to whom one could no more look for loyalty than to hear 'ane fische of the depe flude speik hebreu or greik.' His fierce flame of nationalism had been fed by a long course of coercion on the part of England, before which modern Coercion pales into insignificance. Here are excerpts from the report to Henry VIII. of the late expedition in Scotland, *the yere of our Lorde God*, 1554. 'The English marched towards Edinburgh (from Leith); first spoiled and then burnt the town and the Abbey called Holy Rodehouse, and the Palace adjoining. Meantime four thousand of our light horsemen did such exploits in riding and devastating the country, that within seven miles every way of Edinburgh they left neither peel, village, nor house, nor stacks of corn unburnt. In our way homewards that night they looked for us to have burnt the town of Dunbar, which we deferred till the morning, when those within

it were newly gone to their beds; and in their first sleeps, closed in with fire, men, women, and children were suffocated and burnt.' He reminds his countrymen of the old law of the marches, that enjoined an attitude of suspicious reserve towards their Border neighbours, shrewdly adding, 'Ane herand [hearing] damsel and ane spekand castel sal nevyr end with honour,' like the Addisonian maxim, 'The woman that deliberates is lost.' His attitude is to remain 'irreconcilable to our grand foe who now triumphs,' and rigidly to boycott the English, for had not the promiscuous dealing of the Border chapmen done much to weaken patriotism and to encourage base perfidy? Not a measure is resolved on at Holyrood, but the first post from Berwick brings it to the English king.

To understand this vigorous Tract for the Times, we must keep in view the political situation.[1] It was written just midway in the struggle of forty years, which forms the epoch of the Reformation, opening as that era did with the burning of Patrick Hamilton and the accession of James V. (1528), and closing with the flight of the Queen from Langside (1568). The death at Flodden of the thoughtless gamester, James IV., the Scottish Cœur-de-Lion, left the throne nominally to Queen Margaret and her infant son,

[1] This has been brought out with much insight and ample knowledge by Professor Herkless in his *Cardinal Beaton*.

but really to the Douglases as the sturdiest of the robber barons. Their intolerable yoke the prince threw off, when, one summer night along with his groom, Jocky Hart, he rode away secretly from Falkland to Stirling and declared himself, scarcely sixteen, a feudal king. His vigorous raid on the Border Reavers, when he 'gart [made] the rasche bush keip the cow,' we feel to be a right step in spite of the pathetic ballad that tells how Johnnie Armstrong was unceremoniously strung up on the gallows-tree. But the 'King of the Commons,' or the Red Tod (fox) as he was familiarly called, with some good points, had little political sagacity. No wonder, for he was a crowned Bohemian, without education, and infected with those dramatic tastes that account for his disguises, his Don Juanesque amours, and his train of actors, jugglers, and buffoons. Well might Lindsay exclaim, 'Woe to the land that has owre young a king!'

The weakness of the Crown left the barons full scope for their *hership*s (ravages) without counterpoise from the side of the free burgesses. The entire population of Scotland in the sixteenth century did not exceed a million. Edinburgh and Perth were the only populous towns, and contained but a few thousands. Trade was in the hands of Flemish settlers in those tiny ports along the East Coast, where to this day their

quaint red-tiled houses, set with their gable-ends to the shore, give a glow of Continental colour to the dull line of cold grey cliffs. The exports were mainly wool, fish, and hides, while the imports were articles of luxury, almost entirely to the order of the clergy, who held the great bulk of the wealth of the country. It comes as a strange surprise to find Dunbar mentioning such a luxury as *fleis of Spain* for blisters. On the English and Highland Borders the peasant, a feudal serf, was harassed beyond measure. Fife and the Lothians were the only districts prosperous for the time. Over a petty but proud state like this, a boy-king, passionate and revengeful, was called to reign, while the storms that wrecked the great institutions of the Middle Ages were raging around. He was in the position of the Irish Nationalists of to-day, for Scotland had *her* Home Rule question in the sixteenth century. England had achieved 'a union of hearts' in that marriage of Thistle and Rose, which ultimately united the crowns; but France, playing the part of America in the Irish question, was at hand to throw her men and money into the opposite scale. James V. was exposed to these two external influences. On the one hand was his uncle, Henry VIII., acting on him through Wolsey and the Queen-mother; on the other, the French King, represented by Beaton and the Queen, Mary of Guise. Should he choose between union with England and a Reformed

Church, or stand by the Romish priesthood, backed by France? The point was settled when he failed to keep tryst at York with his uncle, and when at the head of a gay cavalcade he rode out from the Abbey Port of St. Andrews in 1538 to meet his French bride. In the little cove of golden sand beside the East Neuk of Fife, clear of the jagged reefs that guard the headland, and in front of the cave where the Pictish king, Constantine, was slain by the Danes, the ship that bore her from France cast anchor. The princess landed where now the lifeboat is launched through foam and breaker, and not far from where the old castle of Balcomie, whither she was at once conveyed, still braves the east winds. St. Andrews, Guise, Beaton—ominous figures on that stream of destiny that was to carry the reactionary king to an early grave. There were two factions in power after the king died in Falkland Palace (1542): the Douglases, favouring England and the reforming party, and the Hamiltons, pledged to France and the reactionary clerics, who were tied to their wealth and their time-honoured creed.

We are of course in a better position than the anonymous author of the *Complaynt of Scotlande* to see the drift of those calamities which he deplores. He looks for better days, certainly not in the Lutheran, and still less in the Knoxian direction, but in a reawakened patriotism, and the old-fashioned virtues of unity and honest attention to

duty. If Protector Somerset had had a grain of common sense, and Henry VIII. a better conception of tolerant charity, there might have been less divergence than now exists between Prelacy and Presbytery. The First Book of Discipline, our ecclesiastical Declaration of Independence, though it established the equality of the clergy, proceeded on lines not at all unfavourable to the conservation of all that was best in the old Church. Knox, however, was driven by the Queen, the barons, and the priesthood into the arms of greedy nobles and impoverished commons, and to the creation of a democratic institution. But this was the work of that second stage of the struggle which began with the death of the Cardinal and ended with the flight from Langside.

In the wake of the invasion that formed the rough English wooing of the Princess Mary, there followed wide-spread pestilence and a grievous mortality, accompanied by plottings and contentions among the three estates of the realm. These conditions constitute the grounds of the author's complaint, the first part of which is so intensely patriotic and separatist. Our interest here is fairly crushed under the load of *exempils* from authorities sacred and profane. He begs his readers to excuse his 'barbar agrest [rustic] terms,' adding, 'I thocht it nocht necessair til hef fardit [stuffed] and lardit this tracteit with exquisite [select] termis whilkis ar

nocht daly usit, bot rather I hef usit domestic Scottis language, maist intelligibil for the vulgar people.' The deed did not follow the pious wish. His style is ornate, but clear and vigorous, in spite of such Renaissance coinages as propugnatours, temerare, turkes (pincers, L. *torqueo*), suppedit, obfuskis (obfuscates), ingyne, suspiring, plag (a blow), sopit (L. *sopitus*). His French is equally *fremmit.* Witness seige, a seat, escarmuschis (scaramouch), rotche (roche), disiune, empeschis, reuis (rues, streets), chasbollis (ciboules, Burns's sybow-tail). There is no doubt, however, about his 'domestic Scottis' when we find such homely words and idioms as athort (across), gyrse (grass), oncouth, reyme (cream), neukyt (cornered) moon, selcht (a seal), partan (crab), nolt (nowt), poysonit, sourakkis (sorrel), trachilt, mair nor thole (endure), birdis hes thair nestis and tods (foxes) hes thair dén, the moon round like ane boule. The tractate, indeed, one of the very few examples of an early work in Scottish prose, compares favourably with contemporary English prose, which may scarcely be said to exist before the days of Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, and the Authorised Version.

The second part of the *Complaynt*—the Monolog of the Actor (author)—is of extreme interest from a literary point of view. Even the author himself had been fatigued by the first part of his treatise, and to escape the 'caterris [catarrhs], heid werkis,

ande indigestioune that succedis the onnatural dais sleip,' walked out across the grass fields alongside a stream that flowed by the foot of a hill. Beyond the stream, in which the pretty fishes are *stertland* with vermeil fins and silvery scales, there rose a green wooded bank whence issued melodious music of birds.[1] It was the 6th of June, O.S., or the 15th N.S. Prolonging his walk far into the night, he watched the stars pale before the dawn, and heard the cries of awakening beast and bird, all which are differentiated in an ornate passage of alliterative prose-poetry. Into the fields the shepherds have brought out their flocks, suggesting to the observing author a picture of herd life in the olden time worthy of being quoted here. He is a primitive artist, and fills his canvas with every colour on his palette; but all the same, his is a wonderfully realistic sketch. 'I beheld mony hoodit hirdis blawand ther buc hornis and ther corn-pipes, calland and convoyand mony fat floc to be fed on the feildis: than they pat there scheip on baukis [green strips left between the corn-

[1] 'Besyde the fut of ane litil montane, there ran ane fresch reueir as cleir as berial, quhar i beheld the pretty fische vantounly stertland vitht their rede vermeil fynnis, ande there skalis lyik the brycht siluyr. On the tothir syde of that reueir, there vas ane grene banc ful of rammel (*ramosus*) grene treis, quhar there vas mony smal birdis hoppand fra busk to tuist, singand melodius reports of natural music.' The whole passage proves that we have here one of those artists whose feeling for Nature and faculty of Nature-teaching are distinctively northern, and traceable from the *Kingis Quhair* through Gawin Douglas, Henryson, Montgomery, Allan Ramsay, and Burns.

rigs] and brais, and on dry hillis, to get ther pastour, than i beheld the scheip hirdis wives and ther childir that brocht there morning bracfast, than the wivis cuttit raschis and seggis [sedges], and gadrit mony.'[1] Thereon they lay out a repast of rye-cakes and scones with kye and ewe (zoue) milk, curds and whey, clotted cream, butter and green cheese. Every man has his horn spoon in the lug of his bonnet, a custom not altogether unknown, Leyden says, even in *his* day.

In his Monolog the author puts matter enough for several days into his 'plesand nychtis' recreation, his object being to describe the circumstances that interrupted the first part of his discourse and led to the main part of the subject, the vision of 'Dame Scotia.' Apparently, on revising the work, he has taken the opportunity of putting into the mouth of the chief *pastor* a long oration on the antiquity and dignity of the shepherd life, adding to this all the scientific lore at his command—Cosmogony, Botany, and Naval Architecture, this last *apropos* of a sea-fight of which he is conveniently a spectator. The shepherd's wife very naturally tires of his prosing,[2] and, telling him that he is getting out of his depth,

[1] This is clearly *agrimony*, formerly in much repute as an astringent medicine. In Dr. Murray's glossary to his Scott. Text Soc. edition it is given as a variant of *many*.

[2] 'My veil belouit husband, i pray the ti decist fra that tideus melancolic orison [oration], quhilk surpassis thy ingyne: every ane of vs tel ane gude tayl or fabil, to pas the tyme quhil euyn.'

suggests something more appropriate to the occasion. Then follows a *vidimus* of popular tales, songs, dances, and musical instruments positively unique, and presenting a vivid picture of popular reading and amusement, highly significant of the culture of the age. The joyous life upon which it but slightly lifts the curtain is more like that of the England of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare than of the *douce* Scotland of John Knox. The tales embrace not only chivalrous romances such as *Lancelot de Lac*, and *Robene Hude*, and *Thom y lyn*, but the specially patriotic ballads of Wallace and Bruce, the *Battle of the Hayrlaw, the hunttis of Cheuet, Ihonne ermistrangis dance*, the humorous interlude of *Rauf Collyear*, and the quaint fairy tales of *The volf of the varldis ende, The reyde ettin* (Jotun, a giant) *with the three heylis, The three futtit dog of Norroray, Robene hude and litil Ihone*. Of the songs we get, most provokingly, only the titles :—'Pastance with guid companye,' (ascribed to Henry VIII.), 'Allone I veip in grit distres,' 'The frog cam to the myl dur,' and 'O myne hart, hay, this is my song.' The list derives an additional interest from the fact that most of the songs were *godlified* in the *Gude and Godly Ballates*. This rare collection, edited (1868) by that good friend of Scottish literature, David Laing, was printed in Edinburgh, 1578, but is referred to in James Melville's *Diary* as early as 1570. Under the influence of Luther's *Gesangbuch*, it essayed to take the devil's

naughty songs and suit them to the lips of the saints. Thus it gives us a shock to think of our reforming ancestors striking up :—

'Johne, cum kiss me now,
Johne, cum kiss me now,
The Lord thy God I am
That Johne [man] dois the call.'

Or again—

'For our Gudeman in heuin dois ring
In gloir and bliss without ending.'

to the tune of—

'Till our Gudeman, till our Gudeman,
Keip faith and lufe till our Gudeman.'

Or—

'Quho is at my window, quho, quho?'

The licence of Burns seems after this quite national, and to the manner born. Several of the songs thus treated are mentioned in the *Complaynt* in their secular guise, as :—

'Hay trix, tryme go trix,
Under the grene-wod tre.'

In its spiritual form it begins :—

'The Paip, that Pagane full of pryde.'

It commemorates the success of the Lords of the Congregation in 1559, and in it occur the pithy lines :—

'Of Scotland Well, the Freiris of Faill[1]
The lymmerie lang hes lestit,
The monkis of Melros made gude kaill
On Frydayis quhen they fastit.'

[1] The Faill is a stream that runs near by Burns's farm of Lochlea into the Water of Ayr. Scotland Well is near Kinross.

To the tune of another, *With huntis up*, a stirring anti-Papal battle hymn is made. It appears in the *Complaynt* as a dance-tune along with the Pavan (Fr. *pavane*, a peacock), a solemn, majestic Spanish dance, and its companion, the Galliard, in quick time, and with Brauls and Branglis, a Coranto or galop. Another is a country dance, the Ring Dance:—

> 'Come, knit hands and beat the ground
> In a light fantastic round.'—*Comus.*

Leyden says of this, 'Every shepherd leads his wife by the hand and every young man has his maid. In the south of Scotland it was danced at the kirn (Ger. *kirmesse*) or feast of in-gathering of the corn.' It is the Merry-ma-tanzie of the Scottish girls on the village green.

The musical instruments enumerated can only be named here: the drone bagpipe, pipe made of ane bleddir and of ane reid, the trump and the corne pipe (Vergil's *tenuis avena*), pipe maid of ane gait horne (the stock and horn of Allan Ramsay and Burns), the recordar (a flageolet for shepherds), the fiddill, and the quhissil (a pipe of borit bourtree or elder-wood) for neatherds and swineherds. In the second part of his work the author has been tempted to stray from his main subject to revel in his new-found art. The vision of Dame Scotia, constituting the third part, recalls him to his purpose. The one literary form for a work of imagination known to the Middle Ages, was the allegory, and of all its

tricks none was so catching as that of a dream vision. From Dante down to Burns we find it in vogue. We smile at an art so guileless and unsophisticated, reared as we have been on strong drama, realistic fiction, and equally realistic biography. Our author so warms to his subject as at times to forget his allegorical machinery and become direct, natural, and vigorous. The lady of his vision he portrays in appropriate allegorical attire.[1] On her mantle are depicted the three estates of her ancient feudal realm—the baronage, the spirituality, the commons—but all in a fashion so discoloured, riven and ragged, that its first makers would have 'clair miskend it.' To her enter her three sons, the eldest 'in harness, trailing ane halbert, beand all affrayit for dreddour of his life'; the second 'sittand in ane chair, ane beuk in his hand, the claspis fast lokkit with roust'; the youngest lying flat on his side on the cold earth, all his clothes riven and ragged. 'He tuke grite pane to rise up on his feit, but he was sa grevouslye ower set[2] be violens, that it was nocht possible til hym to stand rycht up.' The lady, indignant at this spectacle of cowardice, slothful ignorance, and wretched helplessness on the part of her three sons—baron, priest, and peasant—lectures them vigorously on their neglect of the

[1] The parallel figure in the 'Vision' of Burns will occur to the reader.

[2] *Overset* in this sense is a favourite with Burns in his prose.

natural virtue of self-defence, and their mutual distrust ('every ane of you seeks his particular relief'), and on the folly of trusting to England, who will only call them 'renegat Scottis,' and finally enslave them. Here again the allegorist waxes tediously historical with his ancient examples. One quite recent he details with satisfaction, how Somerset sent the Warden of the Marches into Galloway, March 1547, to hold a court, when the English were repulsed by the Master of Maxwell and the Laird of Drumlanrig. He is passionately separatist, holding it impossible for English and Scottish to live under one sovereign. The English King may patronise the renegades, but with Augustus he would say, 'I love bot the treasin that cumis to my effect [profit], and louis [praise, approve] nocht the tratours that committis the trason.' He would prefer that every Scot, slain in battle, had another in his stomach, presumably on the economic principle of choking two dogs with one bone.

While Dame Scotia lectures her sons both together and individually, only one, the down-trodden peasant, lifts his voice in his own defence. His is an appeal *ad misericordiam* that reminds us of those artlessly eloquent reports (*cahiers*) that were poured in on the ministry from every parish of rural France on the eve of the Revolution. The recital makes the blood tingle. The bitter cry brings with it the sad reflection that, even yet, the march of social

misery and oppression still rolls on over an ever-new batch of victims. Our ears are more open to the cry than were those of Dame Scotia and the proud cruel brothers: witness our Factory Laws, Sweating, Crofter, and Labour Commissions, Light Railways, Labour Colonies, Eight-Hours Bill, and so on; but the fire of revolutionary discontent smoulders on, ever fed by short-sighted blundering, idleness, and vice.

'I may be comparit,' says the third son, Labour, 'to the dull ass compellit to bayr ane importabil burden, for I am dung [kicked] and proddit [goaded] to gar me do and thole the thing that is above my pouer. I am the mark of the butt, contrar the whilk every man shoots arrows of tribulation. I labour night and day to nourish lazy, idle, useless men, and my reward is hunger and the sword. How can I tak paciens, considerand that ther can na thing be eikkyt [added] to my parsecutione but cruel dede [death]? My corn and my cattle are reft from me, I am exilit fra my takkis [tacks] and my steddying [that is, turned out of my holdings], the malis and fermes [feudal dues] of the grond that I laubyr is hychtit to sic ane price that is fors [necessary] to me and wife and bairns to drink wattir. The teinds of my corn are not only raised above the fertility of the soil, but taken out of my hands by my tyrant brethir. If I gain money by trade or mechanic craft I am compelled to lend it to them,

and when I crave my dettis I am cuffed and maltreated. I am made ane slave of my body to ryn and rashe in *arage and carage*. Ther for I am constrenet to cry on God for vengeance on al violent usurpators, whilkis parpetratis sic cruel iniquities on the desolat pure pepil.'

This plea, condensed and modernised, but with everything characteristic left intact, is a curious comment on the good old feudal times over which an artistic and constitutional Tory like Scott has thrown the glamour of romance. There was then no security of tenure; the peasant farmer was a mere tenant-at-will. After he had improved his holding, the laird's men would come in hundreds and turn him out to make room for a brother or a dependant. Of the feudal dues, the irritating *kain*, or rent paid in kind, as fowls, a sheaf of corn, etc., is prominent. It is the *cens* of the *ancien régime* in France, and, in the shape of the 'reek hens,' survived in Scotland almost to our own day.

> 'Our laird gets in his racket rents,
> His coals, his kain, and a' his stents.'—
> BURNS, *Twa Dogs*.

The *arage and carage* refer to the crofter's obligation to supply carts and horses to plough the laird's land, fetch fuel, and carry in the harvest. *Arage* is the modern average (Low Lat., averagium, from *habere* to have), and primarily meant property in general (cp. cattle, chattel, capital), especially such

a beast of burden as the horse, which was often called an *aiver*, as in the well-known lines of Burns :—

> 'Yet aft a ragged colt 'e been known
> To mak a noble aiver.'—BURNS, *Dream.*

The worst sins of a government are those of omission, rather than of commission. The most popular of the English kings were the men of strong will and iron hand. The mice, in a favourite old English fable, did not grudge the cat a reasonable number of victims from their ranks so long as he kept down their worst enemies, the rats. Even so the *puir commonis* did not heed the exactions of the King, provided he was strong enough to deal out even-handed justice between them and those rats of oppression, the barons. It is when justice is an indeterminate quantity that revolutionary unrest begins. A great step was taken in Scotland when the Court of Session was instituted in 1532, with at first but eight advocates. The state of matters before this time may be inferred from the satires of Dunbar and Henryson. The former, in his *Discretioun in Taking*, illustrates the evictions in defiance of tenant-right lamented in the *Complaynt*. The barons make the poor tenant beg from door to door by taking from him all fruit that grows on the furrow, in the form of dues and *grassum*, originally carrying with it the right of common graz-

ing, but subsequently turned into a charge on renewing the lease. Some take other men's tacks (leases) and oppress the poor. Great men 'for their oppression are set full famous at the session, and pure takaries are hangit hie.' Henryson is more outspoken. 'The worst wolves are lords that have lands as a loan from God [a beautiful phrase] and set them to *maillaris* or rentallers.' Then they vex the tenant ere half the term be gone 'with pykit querells for to make him flit [remove], or pay the gersum [grassum] new agane.'

'His hors, his meir he mon lene [lend] to the laird,
To dring and draw in court and carage,
His servand or himself may nocht be spared
To swynk [toil] or sweit, withouten meat or wage.
Lo as he stands in labour and bondage,
That scantly may he purches [earn] by his maill [lease]
To leif [live] upone dry breid and wattir kaill.'

. . . . . .

'The pure husband has nocht
Bot cot and cruive [hut, sty], upon a clout [patch] of land,
For Goddis aw [fear], how dar thou tak on hand,
And thou in barne and byre so bene [French, bien] and big,
To put him fra his tak, and gar him thig [beg].'

These agrarian abuses seemed to have increased, so that by the middle of the century the author of the *Complaynt* says, 'As to juggis justice that rengis [reigns] presently in our country, God may send a better when he pleases.'

As in the speculation that preceded the French Revolution, we find eager inquiries into the founda-

tions of human society—the Social Contract and Return to Nature of Helvetius, Diderot, and Rousseau—so in our sixteenth century of civil discontent we see these old elements of Socialism in ferment. 'Labour' goes on to argue that the working class is the most important, because the directly productive part of the body-politic,—witness the concession of popular tribunes to the Roman plebs. Nay, he is in fact the eldest son, for is not farming the oldest industry and root-source of all nobility?

> 'When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?'

The nobility and clergy boast of their origin. 'There vane ignorant consaitis gars them ymagyn and beleif that there predecessouris and al there nobillite and digniteis has descendit fra the angellis and archangellis and nocht fra ouer for father Adam.' How many illustrious men have been of lowly origin? 'Therfor it is great abusioun [self-deception] to them to gloir in the nobil blude; for I trow that gif ane cirurgyen [chirurgeon] wald draw part of there blude in ane bassyn, it wald haf na bettir cullour nor the blude of ane plebien or of ane mekanik craftis man.' Even so did the eloquent Barnave, when the first aristocrat victims of the Revolution stained the guillotine, exclaim, 'Is the blood then so pure?'

The author, coming to the political situation in

Scotland, shows that the commons are the true conservatives, having every reason to be on the side of good order. They have no power or opportunity to be treasonable or revolutionary, because of 'sa mony difficil impedimentis that may impesche [hinder] him, as poverte, dreddour, ignorance, and nocht hefand familiarite with ane prince; and the perils, that may succeed fra conspiracies, are wondir grit. Al conjurations has been exsecut be grit personagis of ane realme, or ellis be the familiaris seruandis of ane prince. The maist cruel vengeance we can exsecut contrar ane evil prince is to gar our wifis and bairnis pray nicht and day to send ane mischief on him,' to shorten his days and send a better in his place. But in strange company there must be nothing but 'God save his grace!' Dionysius, the tyrant, hearing of an old woman who prayed for him, asked her to what he owed this favour. In her youth, she told him, she prayed that the king, his tyrant grandfather, might speedily perish, and soon after he was slain. His son, a worse tyrant, succeeded; the same prayer went up to the gods. 'Sune therafter he was stikkit in his secret chalmyr, and now ye succeed to your fatheris heritage and vices, wherfor I pray dayly to the goddis to send you lang lyif dais; for I wait [know] weil, sen that iniquiteis succedis fra princis with augmentation of the samyn, doutles I suspect that your successor sal be the master devyl.'

Dame Scotia's answer to this modest Socialism is curious. Our author is the willing advocate of the labouring poor, but by no means their apologist. He had not attained to our familiarity with sentimental legislation, nor could he anticipate the modern devices by which privilege reconciles itself to reform. His arguments are all very prudent and very sensible, but, when it comes to 'shooting Niagara,' very ineffectual. In brief abstract they are as follows. According to Cicero, 'na man suld be admittit to be witnes in his auen cause. Ane gilty man suld accuse no man of crime.' 'Labour' blaming his brothers, is the pot miscalling the kettle. 'Gyf thou and thy sect hed as grit liberte as hes thy tua brethir, doutles ye wald be mair cruel nor the wild beystis of the desertis of Arabie.' They are not fit for liberty. Then follows a forecast of labour meetings and the deliberations of dissentient patriots. 'Convenit to gydthir for the avansing of ane gude purpose, ye cry and berkis [bark] ilk ane contrar ithers, that nocht ane of you knauis what ane ither says, and when ye have flyttyn and berkit but [without] ryme or rason al the lang daye, ye accord nocht nor prudently on ane substantial constant purpose. He that is the maist cummersum cryar, maist obstinat contrar rason, ye reput him for the maist prudent man of the realm. When he gois, al followis him, like the brutal scheip that wil nocht pas through the slap [gap] of ane dyik for the herd,

till ane of the werst of the flok mak forgait, than al the leaue [rest] followis.' Better is the counsel of ten wise men than all the wisdom of the masses—a truly wise Carlylean sentiment. 'For,' he continues, 'there deliberations procedis of there first apprehensions.' Success is due to fortune, like a blind man steering his way through a mirk (dark) place. 'Hence the civil law forbiddis conventions of the comont pepil, because the maist part of them are ill-conditioned and obedient to there apetitis and glaykyt [mad] affections,' in which they are more unbridled than the beasts. Howbeit some are virtuous when held in subjection, and labour industriously. But prosperity is apt to make them more ambitious and arrogant than any *gentil* man, spiritual or temporal, of most noble blood. Their children, too, through want of education, become vain prodigal Philistines. Succeeding so easily to their riches they forget the cold, hunger, and poverty their fathers and mothers endured in acquiring these riches. Elevated to positions of power, their arrogance proves the adage, 'The stone tests the gold, the gold the man.' 'Ther is nocht ane mair odious thyng in this warld, as when the successour of ane indigent ignorant mechanyk lauberar ascendis til ony dignite abufe his qualite, for incontinent he myskennis God and man.' Some of them are ashamed of their genealogy and 'refusis ther surname,' straightway assuming some high-sounding

aristocratic title. Such Jacks-in-office are worse tyrants than any that are descended of the greatest nobility of the country. He quotes the 'Tale of the Three Priests of Peebles,' one of whom answers the query, 'Why burgesses' heirs thrive not to the third generation?' in this fashion: 'Ane person that had never adversitie and hes welth that procedit never of his ain industrie, and syne hes liberte and hes neuir knauen education, erudition, nor civilite, it is impossibil that he can be vertuous, and he that heytis vertu sal never thryve.'

The appeal to the nobles rises to the height of a lofty eloquence that is a foretaste of Tennyson's—

> 'Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood';

or of the pithier sentiments of Burns—

> 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.'

It begins with a Rousseau-like picture of primitive manners:

'At that tyme ther vas no ceremonial reuerens nor stait, quha suld pas befor or behynd, furtht or in at the dur, not yit quha suld have the dignite to vasche ther handis fyrst in the bassine, nor yit quha suld sit doune fyrst at the tabil.

'The pepil drank nothir vyne nor beir, nor na vthir confekkit drynkis. Straynge cuntreis var nocht socht to get spices, eirbis, drogis, gummis,

and succour for to mak exquisit electuars to prouoke til ane disordinat appetit. Mettellis var meltit to mak vtensel veschel necessair to serue ane househald, and var nocht meltit to be gunnis and cannons to sla doune the pepil.

'At that time pepil war as reddy to drink wattir in ther bonet, or in the palmis of their handis, as in ane glas, or in ane tasse [cup] of silver. Thai lay tigydthir in ane caverne, as dois presently the sophistic Egyptiens [gipsies].' Then discoursing beautifully on the origin of nobility and the true meaning of heraldic devices—to recall the brave deeds of ancestors for behoof of the commonweal—he draws this appalling picture of the degradation of the nobles. 'The nychtis are ower short to gentil men for lust, the days to commit extorsions on the pure pepil; ther blasphemation of the name of God corrupts the air. Ther prodig pride in costly clothing abufe ther stait, expenses on horse and doggis abufe ther rent,' excite his indignation. 'Ane man is nocht reput for ane gentil man in Scotland, bot gyf he mak mair expensis on his hors and his doggis nor he dois on his vyfe and bayrnis.' Diomede's horses ate men, and Actaeon was devoured by his dogs. There are many horses and dogs in Scotland that eat men, for hunting wastes substance, and horses 'eit the corne that wald have savit the lyuis of the pure pepil fra hunger.'

The address to the clergy shows the author to be

an enlightened churchman, with a truly nobly conception of the sacred office, worthy to rank with Chaucer's sketch of the poor parson. The clergy are doubly guilty, being without the excuse of ignorance. The disciple follows the conversation (conduct) of his teacher rather than his doctrine. The partan (crab) in Plutarch rebuked her daughter for walking crookedly. She replied that of her own nature she could not go as she was bid, but if her mother went before she would try to follow in her footsteps. Schism is rooted in Germany, Denmark, England, but its branches are everywhere. Persecution is only pouring oil on a fire. 'As sune as ther is ane person slane, brynt, or bannest for the halding of peruerst opinionis, incontinent ther rysis up thre in his place.' To stamp it out by a universal massacre is impossible, but a self-reform of the clergy will be effectual. Finally, after reminding them that they have most reason to fear the English, judging by Henry VIII.'s treatment of the Old Church, he urges them to exchange cowls and gowns for steel-jacks and coats-of-mail, and take part in the defence of the country.

History has as little to say of the effect of this remarkable pamphlet as of its author's identity. It is ever the lot of the merely academic apostle that his wise preaching is unheard in stirring times, when history is a-making. Lacking the temper to test the courage of his opinions in action, he but mutely

appeals to pre-occupied and prejudiced minds. But the *Complaynt of Scotlande* is none the less notable for political sagacity and kindly human sympathy far in advance of the age, and worthy of the author of *Utopia* himself, while it is deeply significant to the student, not alone of the Scottish Reformation, but of present-day social problems.

V

SCOTTISH TRADE IN THE OLDEN TIME

I. ON THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION

THERE has long been a tendency to exalt the Caledonian element in Scottish nationality and French influence in Scottish civilisation. This double flow of Celticism and Gallicism has owed not a little to romance. Sober truth assigns the major force to the Teutonic element of the Lowlands, and especially of those colonies of Flemish and Frisian origin that settled at an early date on the eastern seaboard. To many a tiny rock-hewn cove these adventurers brought their broad-beamed *busses*, and planted their red-tiled hamlets picturesquely against the breezy cliff, giving to it that charm of colour and grouping which to this day relieves its dull grey outline. And by-and-bye, with patient thrift and Presbyterian canniness, the hamlet blossomed into a burgh, with grey-steepled kirk, quaint Tolbooth, Mercat Cross, jougs, and all the resources of a bygone civilisation. The great upheaval of the

Reformation knit together mother and daughters long parted; and the indomitable energy of the Water Beggars and of the conquerors of Alva and the Inquisition was re-echoed in the stirring romance of the Covenant, Duns Law, and 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.' But long before this chapter in the history opened, there was a constant coming and going of Flemings and Scots across the German Ocean, when as yet our cathedrals and abbeys were enjoying the brightly-varied life of the Old Church, and Spanish Don and pitiless monk had not made for themselves a hated name in the busy marts that lay hid behind the Belgic Dunes. Fortunately we have preserved to us a veritable transcript from the mercantile and social life of that olden time, which tells the part Scotland was playing in the commerce of an age that was sending Columbus across the western main, and Da Gama round the Cape, while Luther was but the obscure son of a poor Saxon slate-quarrier, John Knox a baby, and James IV. a Scottish Cœur-de-Lion, little dreaming of Flodden Edge.

It is now nearly thirty years since the Lords of the Treasury published, under the editing of Professor Cosmo Innes, the '*Ledger of Andrew Halyburton*,[1] Conservator of the Privileges of the Scottish Nation in the Netherlands, 1492-1503.' The *Ledger*

[1] Wolfaert von Borselen, Lord of Campvere, married in 1444, Mary, fifth daughter of James I. A factory was formed at Campvere, and by contract between the royal burghs of Scotland and the United Provinces, Campvere became the only staple port, to

of a general merchant cannot under most circumstances prove attractive to the ordinary reader, but the dry details of Halyburton's *items* have an eloquence of their own. He was stationed at Middleburgh, chief town in the island of Walcheren, in the Dutch province of Zealand. In these days of telescopic commercial geography, when a county in Queensland is better known than Clackmannan, and a clachan in Kamtschatka than Aberfoyle, the 'man in the street' would be at a loss to say where Zealand is. Place-names are in truth not a little confusing to many minds. I have heard an English lady, at the mention of Oban, become ecstatic over 'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.' Start from Antwerp and sail down the Scheldt, past the once famous Bergen-op-Zoom, perched on an isolated hillock, rare in a land of polders and peat-bogs, and you are in the archipelago of Zealand, most southerly of the provinces of Holland. To right and to left extend the two channels of the Scheldt estuary, formed by the great flat mass of the island of Beveland; and away beyond it again lies Walcheren, cowering low before the swoop of the ocean waves as they break on the giant dyke of Westkapellen, greatest in all this land of mighty sea-barriers. Here around us, as we

be free of certain duties and governed by Scots Law. These privileges were withdrawn in 1795 under the influence of the French Republic. Home, the author of *Douglas*, was provided for as 'Conservator of Privileges.'

steam out to Flushing, we have the countless sea-gulls and the ugly mudflats of the lower Clyde, without the picturesque outlines of the Kilpatrick Hills looking down upon us. Vistas of silent waters stretch away before us, hemmed in by grassy walls, with here and there a glimpse of a poplar group and a parti-coloured steeple to tell of towns and villages dozing amid fat acres. 'Zealand is a hidden paradise,' and the richest agricultural district of Holland, with the portliest of black-and-white cows and the brawniest of broad-necked horses. Over all hangs the low-toned sky that we know so well at home in an easterly *haar*, imparting a weird air of mystery to those sleepy, formless islands. Is yon dyke sinking like the hull of a water-logged ship, or is it slowly rising out of the deep? History tells that both have often happened. Even within this century Middleburgh was submerged up to its roofs. At any time high-water may reach eight or nine feet above the level of its polder-lands. For centuries before Halyburton made his entries, the struggle with the sea had gone on, and proudly does Middleburgh keep a deed granted to it 1253. Nay, at Demburg, on the Westkapellen dyke and ocean marge itself, the ruins of a Roman temple have been unearthed. The flag of Zealand—a lion swimming, with the motto *Luctor et Emergo*—tells the story of the long and gallant fight.

The southern channel which we have been following seaward, by this time a good three miles wide, shows us Flushing, in Walcheren, on our right; and if we leave this now busy port by steam tramway or canal, navigated as if we were at the bottom of the ditch of a fortress, we shall find ourselves in Middleburgh. Continuing the journey as far beyond it, would bring us to Veere, at the northern end of the canal. Here was once a *veer* (*gat* or waterway) to Campe in Beveland, hence its old name of Campvere. It is now decayed, and all its glory gone. There is no mention of it in the *Ledger*, for it never equalled Middleburgh in importance. Once a port, but now far from the sea, Middleburgh is still flourishing, with its 16,000 inhabitants, its quaint town-hall (the great tower of which Halyburton saw completed), and its memories of the clever craftsmen who made the first telescopes and microscopes here. It has yet a few picturesque old houses. Isolated though it is now, it was, in Halyburton's time, in touch with the busy marts of the low countries—Antwerp, where, through the bank of the Lombard, Altonitz, Halyburton sent the ducats of the Scotch prelates to Rome for bulls and dispensations of marriage within the forbidden degrees; Bery (Bergen-op-Zoom) and Bruges, where he bought cloths and spices and wines for his clients; and distant Ghent and Turcoing, whence came the chapmen who bought the packs of Scotch wool and

dakers (a decade or bundle of ten) of hides. All this commerce was carried on by canal boat. Schout hire (Du. *Trek-schoet*) is a regular item. Dutch is curiously mixed up with *braid Scottis* in the *Ledger*, for we have the costs of *crangilt* (weigh-money) for the wine puncheons, *forbettyrn* (Ger. *verbessern*, to touch up) the spoilt fleeces, *furyn* (Ger. *führen*, to carry) the goods to the weigh-house, alongside of such familiar friends as oncosts, arles, to boot, clouting o' the pokis, and licoris at the selling. Every account is opened with the name *Jhesu*.

Halyburton acted as commission agent for burgess traders in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen, as well as for the great churchmen. He disposes of Scotch consignments to Flemish buyers and burgesses; and purchases, to the order of the home customer, goods bought in the fairs of Bruges, Ghent, and Bery. His correspondents have familiar Scotch names: Anderson, Doig, Cullen, Pratt, Rattray, Craig, Croom, Cumming, Shaw, and the like. One of the most interesting is Walter Chapman, who in 1496 gets a piece of velvet packed in a little kist. He is more famous as the first to print books in Scotland (1508), but at this time he was a small merchant, with his booth in the Southgate of Edinburgh. It was familiarly changed into the Soo'gate, then the Coogate, which last the modern Athenians have turned into the Cowgate. The same trading ships come and go with consider-

able regularity, and have such names as the *Eagle* and *Flower*. Among the captains we have the famous Barton and Wood. These vessels must have been roomier than one might suppose, for both the Archdeacon of St. Andrews and the Abbot of Inchcolm took their horses with them on going to Flanders. The exports from Scotland consist of the raw produce of the country. Churchmen, from produce of their tithes and kainrents, as well as ordinary traders, send wool, hides, salmon and trout (grilse). Wool is the chief article, and of various sorts—bona lana, Forest (Ettrick), middling Cloister, Galloway, Aberdeen, Newbattle, lambs'. Tithe Forest wool fetches always a good price; brown sells poorly. Sometimes the packing is so badly done that the wool is rotten, as when six men have to be engaged three days washing a damaged lot at six groats (pence) each a day, the only indication of price of labour and standard of value given. The fish consignment, especially trout, has often a barrel that turns out to be sour. Herring is never mentioned. The Dutch busses were allowed to take up the trade, and all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries cleared away these from the Scottish shores. Furs seem, in great variety, to have been a regular supply, bespeaking the wild, unoccupied condition of the country. Times of disorder were favourable to the *ferœ naturæ*. The safest article of export seems to have been hides, the produce of

the black cattle, which long constituted the chief wealth of the Scots. Sheep, on the other hand, were kept only in tiny flocks, except in a few favoured upland districts. The market for hides was always good, whereas the prices realised by the fleeces varied greatly. Writing to a correspondent, in 1502, Halyburton laments 'ane evill mercat, sa help me God,' for wool. 'Hydis, I trow, salbe the best merchandise that comes hir at Pasche (Easter), for thar is mony folkis that speris about thaim.' In the same year we have a hint of a native manufacture seeking a market in Flanders, in a consignment of a 'lytyll pak of claith,' white, another grey: and again, ten pieces of *Pabyllis quhit*, the earliest mention of tweeds. Some of this is sold, some *lyttet* (dyed) red and sent home again. The ordinary wants of the people were supplied by home-made *plaiden*, evidenced by numerous entries for dye-stuffs, chiefly woad, sent to Scotland. What long afterwards became a Scotch staple export—linen—is never mentioned, except that to John Smollet are 'pakit six boundis of lint'; and again, John Shaw gets a *hekyll*, some linen, and some hemp. (The *heckler* was of old an indispensable village craftsman.) That flax was grown and manufactured at home there is no doubt, for we find all the processes graphically described in Henryson's *Fables*. A little seems to have been exported, but most of the entries refer to the superior article sent from the

Continent. In 1499 John Anderson, of Aberdeen, is credited with barrels of tar bought in Scotland, an attempt to make something of the great forests of Mar. A more notable product in olden times is thus referred to: 'Gyffen to John Rattray in Ingelis grottis to by perllis in Scotland, £2.'

Scotland was evidently a long way yet from sharing in European trade. Return cargoes consisted to a large extent of luxuries, and these mainly for the wealthy churchmen. Goods were made up in mixed lots and packed in casks and bales, called pyps and rondalls or roundels (barrels). For Roger of Moray, *e.g.* in 1495, there is an entry: 'Bocht in Bery and pakit in a pyp, a roll canvas, fustian, three beds of wardur [velvet bed-hangings], two dozen cushions, two pastellis [pestles], and two mortars, canlestix, six bassyns, satin, damas, silkis, pepper, ginger, saffron.'

The *Ledger* throws an interesting light on the social life of those great cathedrals and abbeys, now lying in shapeless ruin. The Archbishop of St. Andrews,[1] Chancellor of the Kingdom, spends on a princely scale. He buys signets of gold and silver, the seal of his bishopric, and four 'bedis stufit with faders,' also a *throwch* or raised tomb. This last was bought in Bruges; and he is so particular as to pay seven crowns for a pattern, sent home for approval.

[1] This was Alexander Stewart, a natural son of James IV., and slain with him at Flodden.

There are several orders for such monuments. They were high or altar tombs, raised on the church floor, often finished with recumbent figures. Another church correspondent, William Scheves, a later Archbishop of St. Andrews, has a large account. He is a book-collector, and for him is paid 500 crowns in gold to James Watson of Bery for *redyn* (arranging) my Lord's books. Large sums of money from him find their way to Rome through Halyburton. As illustrative of the morals of the prelacy, we find him charged for clothes and personal expenses for two young men, doubtless his sons, for one of them bears his name. Another interesting correspondent is Bishop Elphinstone of Aberdeen, who sends wool, salmon, and ducats for transmission to Rome. Engaged in building the college, he orders (1498) a barrel of powder for quarrying stones, as well as carts and wheel-barrows, the first appearance of such aids to civilisation in Scotland. Unfortunately they soon dropped out of use. He has to send to Flanders to have his watch (horolog) repaired and fitted with a new case. Bellenden, Abbot of Holyrood, who built the old porch of the Palace, sends wool, skins, hides, and gets back, among other things, claret. For three puncheons he is charged £7 16s., and for two £1 each. Wine was then used to make possets, and was always drunk hot, spiced, and sugared; and it is for this that we have so many entries of comfits and sugars. James VI. was much addicted

to such drinks. Bellenden is no ascetic, for he gets parcels of apples, almonds, pepper, rice, saffron, mace, ginger, sugar, comfits, raisins, figs, and *apothecaries*. Through his dean, a visitor to Flanders, Halyburton receives what is virtually a bill of exchange on a debtor in Stirling. The dean buys a horse for £4, and takes home for the abbot 'a kynkyn of olives and a corf [basket] of apill orangis.' These oranges must have come from the Canaries. A ship of Veere was one of the first to bring sugar from these islands. The Archdeacon of St. Andrews stays with Halyburton. 'Raknyt his costis in my house, himself and servants £2 12s.,' is the entry against him. The freight of the horse which he brought with him is £3. For his wool and hides he takes back claret, embroidering silk, gold thread, clothes, black hats, fustian, a frontal to an altar—red say (Fr. *soie*, silk)—tablecloths, towelling, serviettes. He has a chalice made for him, but the cup only is of silver, the stand being of copper, and he buys ten dozen of *rasit work*, probably a dinner service of pewter, and three pieces of plate. But the greatest novelty in St. Andrews would be a thousand tiles and a mat for his chamber twenty feet square. A *rondall* was packed for him with three great pots, three great pans, a holy water vat, 'a mortar and a great yetlin [Dutch, *gieten*, to pour out, hence gutter] pot for his mart I send free.' He has such an interest in John of Wells that he pays

his tailor's bill: 'A gown of Ypir (D'ypres) black lined with say, a doublet of black camlet, a hat, a bonnet, a pair of shoes, with a pair of hose and two shirts.' The clothes and gay furnishings sent from Flanders must have been for those State dresses that became heirlooms, such as cramoisie, velvet, taffetas, rysillis. Rysillis cloth is frequently mentioned in old Scottish literature, and may be the surname Russell. Cosmo Innes thinks it is from Over-yssel, but this is a town in the north of Holland, and quite beyond the sphere of Halyburton's trading. It is more probably from Ryssel, the Teutonic name of Lille. He must surely also be wrong in identifying the *Dam* with Amsterdam. Rotterdam was much nearer to Middleburgh, and the most important port after Antwerp. Women's industries, as well as gay wardrobes, are hinted at in the *Ledger*. For them must John of Wells have taken the belt of pins entered in his account. These were needles, kept in a sort of *housewife* that was long in familiar use.

Roger of Moray seems to have sent his son John on a pleasure trip to the Low Countries, taking a pack of cloth with him to pay his expenses. Out of the proceeds he has his costs in Middleburgh, van hire betwixt Bery and Bruges, hose, pantoffles, and shoes, a hat, five ells of Yparis black for a gown against Pasch, and a pair of double-soled shoes. He has his hair cut. His expenses exceed what his

pack of cloth realised; but Halyburton lets him off with *ordynar costis* on his father's account. Among the laymen's accounts one is pleased to find, for Mr. James Comyng, 1493, 'a kist of buikis,' costing thirty gulden and seven shillings. These books must have been breviaries. In 1504 there is sent off 'a lyttil kist, in the quhilk thar was viii volomys contenand the corss of bath the lawys' (civil and canon), costing twenty-eight guldens. To Schir Robert Wells, a churchman, is sent half a ream of paper, costing eighteen groats, the only reference to writing material.

The intercourse with Middleburgh must have been frequent and easy. Halyburton writes (1502) to a correspondent: 'It wer bot a sport to you to cum oure this somer tyme in this cuntre, and mak you blyth, and lat us talk of auld *fernzeris* (langsyne, cp. Chaucer's *ferne halwes*), and thaireafter mak your jubile, and syne ye may pas hame at Witsonday. And our Lord Jhesu be your keeper in saule and body.' He himself often visited Scotland, and tried ventures there, either on his own account or in partnership with others. Thus in 1497 he enters: 'In Bery apointit between Mr. James Comyng and me lay £30 in a pok to buy bere and send in Scotland off both our ventures.' This is the only victual import entered, excepting an occasional parcel of wheat for some prelate's *manchet* bread. Probably there had been one of the periodical dearths, and the price of bere had gone

up. All the transactions would seem to have been mutually agreeable, except that with his brother-in-law, James Homyll. He seems to have intrusted this relative with investments in Scotland, and after a count and reckoning he says: 'As for the rest of the Scots money, he payit me wi' challenges [reproaches] and evill wordis and onsufferabyll. God keip all guid men fra sic callandis!' (Flemish-Fr. *chaland*, customer).

The absence of tools of every kind shows how poorly the mechanic arts were developed. Iron is shipped in small quantities repeatedly, but merely in the form of and-irons or dogs for the hearth to support the fire-logs. These served the purpose of grates. There is no trace of any other demand for iron. Wood was used for mechanical purposes much more largely than now. It is in the Highlands and the Isles that we can still see how independent it is possible to be of iron. Lead appears as red and white, to be used in painting. Parcels of soap, candles, vinegar, alum show a similar dependence, for what are now daily wants, on foreign supplies. The only taste for art is a rare order for an image, thus: 'Send to Antwerp a child for an ymag to John of Pennycuik of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Paid to the pantor for the ymag.' There must have been very little of coined money in use. A subscription in 1493 for repairing the choir of the Parish Church in Aberdeen contained a large majority of contributions in kind. Scottish cus-

tomers of Halyburton's agents who happen to travel in Flanders are supplied with cash by him. The Archdeacon of St. Andrews preferred for his own pocket Utrecht guldens. Halyburton has frequently to make odd disbursements for his clients. Robert Rynd seems to have got himself into trouble, to judge from an item. 'That night he passed to Calais' a man was sent to warn him of the Lombard despatched to arrest him. A barber's son is paid to convey him by night, and six groats are given for drink-silver to let them out of the gates of Bruges after ten o'clock at night. There is also an item against My Lord of St. Andrews: 'At that samyn time lost [loosed] James Watsoun out of prison in Handwarp' (Antwerp).

II. IN ANTI-PRELATIC TIMES

In these days of triumphant Unionism it may not be amiss to look at the small beginnings, on their economic side, of those principles which have given us a United Kingdom, strong and prosperous. The Union of 1707 is so much identified with the rise of Scottish prosperity that we are apt to forget how near it was in being anticipated by the earlier Union of 1603. It was not altogether the fault of James VI. that the seventeenth century proved a dreary time of civil strife, and wellnigh a blank in material progress. He planned an Incorporating Union on the basis of equal trading privileges,

—wisdom far in advance of the times. With this was to be combined the maintenance of good order as the best security for an improving trade. Even the petty details of Government did not escape the king, and many a letter from his favourite country house of Theobalds, which, by the way, he had *niffered*, as he himself would have said, with the then Lord Salisbury, for Hatfield, attest the sound policy of the Modern Solomon in relation to Scotland. All this we know now better than ever, for there is at last accessible almost the complete series of the Registers of his Privy Council, which Chancellor Dunfermline so thoroughly controlled for his master. They bear witness to the vigour of an administration which largely changed the manners of a turbulent country, and laid the foundations of its trade and industry. The closer study of the time, which they render possible, goes far to qualify the prevalent theory of the 'barbarism of our ancestors,' and to correct the one-sided social pictures of Buckle and Macaulay.

The student knows how much 'tonnage and poundage' did to alter the course of history in the seventeenth century. Customs, indeed, formed the main source of the royal revenues. In consequence, as the king felt more and more the need of money, he was not long in turning his attention to the customs revenue in the North. A commission was appointed to prepare a new book of rates and

valuation of merchandise, and this revised tariff came into force on the 1st of November, 1612. The items, on which a duty of five per cent. on rated value was to be levied, throw a flood of light on the social habits of the time. We have no reason to believe that all the articles of import were actually on demand in the booths of the guild brethren. Such as barilla for glass-making, cochineal dyes, elephants' teeth, elkis' hair for saddles, and printers' ink, would very rarely be seen. The great variety of buirdis—Norway spruce, Burgendorp, knappal of Norway, staves—show the poor condition of native forestry and the existence of a considerable Baltic trade in exchange for coal, salt, and coarse cloth. To the Ulster plantations and the Union must be due the beginnings of an Irish trade that made Dumbarton and Irvine the most flourishing Clyde ports. Craftsmen looked abroad for tools, which figure in the tariff as borrellis and plane-irons for wryghtes, eitches (adzes) for coopers, elsone (awl) haftis for soutars, emery stones for cutlers, smythis studeis (anvils), files and picks, cuttlebone for goldsmiths, this last finding its way to the tiny booths in the Parliament Close of Edinburgh, where George Heriot and his scarlet-coated guild did business. Farming was essentially a home industry then, and the preparation of wonderful apparatus of thongs, heather, and straw for sled and plough-

graith filled up the long winter *fore-nichts*. But this the tariff supplements with bits, stirrup-irons, scythes and sleik (whet) stones. The healing art has its screws for extracting bullets, incision shears, *turcusses* (tourniquets) and *tripans*. Surgery was the only doctoring much thought of in those wild times, when every one bore arms, and skulls, fractured in many a tulzie, would need trepanning. Gentler aspects of the art are shown in sponges (sole mention of the article) for chirurgeons, and a vast array of drugs, recondite, superstitious, and loathsome. Household economy has its 'beds of aik or walnut from France, carpets for hangings, feather beds and feathers, chairs of walnut and leather gilt, elaborate coffers, arks and buists, box-wood pieces for making combs, *cleiks* as hat pegs, bottles of earth' (earthenware). Brick-stones and tiles for floors, fire-dogs and hearths, and, as an approach to the modern grate, chimney-backs, with chandlers (candlesticks), candle shears, and warming-pans, show that the comforts of the Flemish and English burgesses were beginning to tell in Scotland. Further refinement is shown in the provision for women's work in the shape of beads (amber, crystal, glass, box, jasper), cruell yarn, sewing worsett, prenis (pins), thimbellis, buists or needle-cases, and desks to do embroidery on. For their use, too, came fans of ostrich feathers, real and counterfeit; kellis or cauls (hair-nets), furs of leopard, minx, and

miniver, and garters embroidered with fringes of silk and gold. Child life had its wants, witness the babeis or puppettis, daggers, rattles, whistles. That such items were actual imports is shown by the mixed cargo which a Hollander discharged at Carriden on Forth in 1620, containing, among other stuff, *of little drums for bairns, xij. pieces.* Canary seed would indicate the presence of child pets for some whose fathers mayhap had witnessed the bloody work of the Maiden on the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh, or were themselves in middle life to take part in the horrors of the Killing Time. For children of a larger growth, we have chess-boards and men, cartes, rackets, playing tables for backgammon, catchpol (fives), and golf balls. Falconry has its hawks, with hoods and lures, dog collars, birdlime. Musical instruments range from bells for morris-dancers, clappers for the town-crier, and Jew's harps to citterns, clavicordes, viols, and virginals. In many directions the tariff is significant of a change in national tastes and habits. Thus the only cereal imported is rye. Of fish there are eels of many kinds. In Flemish market-places to this day small kegs of live eels in damp sand form a curious feature. But Scotland has known nothing of either rye or eels as food for many generations. To the Flemish connection would also be due the presence of garlic on the list. Salt, caviare, and, in spite of the king's *Counterblast*,

tobacco, are imports. French barley *hurled* (rather *hoolcd*, *i.e.* unhusked) would seem to be pot barley, not of native manufacture till a century later, when Fletcher of Saltoun brought his mill from Holland, and so ousted the familiar knockin-stane and mallet from the cottage door. Many lost arts and customs figure on the list, such as querns, trenchers for dinner plates, chaffing dishes (braziers), tinder and touch boxes, horn for lanterns, whissills for tabernaris or taverners (instead of our bells), matches for guns, glasses for windows (then removable in their sashes), nycht mutches embroidered with silk and gold, the scholar's inkhorn, pennar, standish or inkstand, sand-buist for blotting (the German *sand-büchse*), and the preacher's hour-glass. James Melville's *Diary* shows us the professor going along the South Street of St. Andrews towards St. Leonards, hour-glass in hand.

Exports form a much smaller list. Many of the entries must be merely dues charged on imports moved again coastwise, such as Norway deals, madder, whaleshot (sperm oil), tows or ships' tackle. Specially home manufactures exported consist of the bonnets (thrum-caps) and hose of Leith Wynd, Stewarton plaiden, sayes (Fr. *saye*, Lat. *sagum*, a coarse woollen cloak or blanket), linen yarn, and grogram. Food materials are carefully guarded according to the spirit of the times which ever dreaded famine. Permission to export corn under licence

varied with good or bad years. Thus in 1619, with an abundant crop, importation was possible only under a high duty. This continued till 1621, when, the summer proving bad and the 'hairst most untymous, laite, and onseasonable,' exportation was totally prohibited, and the import duty lowered to a shilling a boll. Another check on exportation was the dread of withdrawing coin from circulation. In 1622 seven Fife burgesses were prosecuted and fined for exporting gold and silver. The Council held it to be 'against all good order and policie that the coin of the country sal be unnecessarily transportit and bestowit upon commodities whereof the country standis not in need.' This principle, and not the king's antipathies, must have dictated the severe measures against the sale of tobacco. It was admitted only under a prohibitive duty (20s. Scots per lb.), and repeatedly we find traders punished for dealing in it. In 1618 five Aberdonians were thus treated as *tobacconistes*, the first appearance of the word in the record. In Edinburgh, twenty burgesses are fined (1617) for 'dealing in and taking of that infective wead.' They get notice 'to clenge thair handis of all that thay haif.' Equally severe measures were taken against *ockerers* or usurers, traders who, in the absence of banks, took advantage of the great scarcity of coin to charge above the legal interest of ten per cent. Merchants were strictly enjoined to return to the Cunzie House, or

Mint in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, coin for the victual and stuffs they had exported. This condition of things was of course due to the fact that the people had few wants to be supplied by imports. Both their numbers and their wants must have greatly increased, however, as shown by the disappearance of wool as the ancient staple medium of exchange. The fish now exported consists of killing (cod), ling, salmon, and herring. The only fruit mentioned is codling apples. After this date (1612) there is an increasing export of linen yarn, coal, salt, hides, and oats. London and Flanders fairly divide the trade. The Border traffic was greatly stimulated by the Union, which introduced Free Trade between England and Scotland, a concession, however, soon afterwards withdrawn. Pedlars with backloads, in the style of Wordsworth's Wanderer in the *Excursion*, or long strings of pack-horses, carried on this trade, bringing north chiefly cloth in return for droves of live stock. These Scottish traders grew to be a very large body in course of the century, and at times assumed even political importance.

The working of the elaborate fiscal system of King James produced no little friction. These were the days when every interest carefully protected itself. Differential rates checked all natural intercourse, and even the free burgesses made the unfree pay dearly for a share of trade in burghs. The landed interest, too, protected itself against the merchants,

and both claimed the right at the expense of the King's revenue to sell their own produce or import goods for their own use custom-free. The Council found it hard to steer a safe course among these conflicting interests. It piously watched over 'sic commodities as our poor people could not goodly want, or myght gif occasion to merchants to raise the prices thereof.' Tallow was one of these commodities, and its export was denounced as not only impolitic but positively irreligious. The farmers of the Customs appointed searchers to check this and other offences, and among them was one William Cunningham, whose beat extended from Glasgow to Ayr. In 1618 he discovered Archibald Anderson, burgess in Glasgow, shipping for export twenty barrels of *tallouu* in a ship the *Yacht*. He seized four barrels for the king's use, and arrested the ship till the remainder should be sent ashore. But the bold skipper, Dennistoun, 'lowsit the ship and carried away the sixteen barrels.' On the next trip the skipper put the searcher out of the ship, 'lowsit and past out of the country.' The two offenders were fined each £20, half to go to the searcher. The Council had not only to guard the King's interest, but to interpose between rival interests. Thus a case that gave trouble in 1619 was that between the merchants and the shipowners in regard to the freighting of foreign ships. At the Union it was enacted that English trade should be carried only in

English vessels, which was a great blow to the Scots, especially as they shared largely in the carrying trade of France with the Mediterranean. The French retaliated by protection against England, but the Scots claimed and secured a favoured-nation treatment from France on the score of the 'auld alliance,' and their over-sea trade survived. They appear to have urged upon the Council further protection to native shipping, but that body found any restraint of foreign ships hurtful to the easterlyne trade with the Baltic countries, because 'their wairis are necessar, specially timber, pick [pitch], and tar, quhilkis being neirly nyne of the ten pairtis of that haile trade it is not able to bear the freights of this country's ships,' and is therefore brought by foreigners and sold at easy rates. Restraint would raise prices.

The rates thus detailed in the tariff of 1612 were rented by farmers or tacksmen. They formed a syndicate of twelve leading capitalists of the time, among them being Archibald Primrose (ancestor of both the Rosebery and Elgin families, and father of James, Clerk to the Privy Council); James Inglis, Provost of Glasgow; and Robert Hamilton, burgess there, along with *the Town Clerk of Crail*. Their tack ran out in 1616, and the King, who thought their rent of 115,000 merks not good enough, ordered an open roup in Edinburgh for the new lease. Primrose was bidder for the old tacksmen, while an Edinburgh and a Glasgow citizen represented new rivals. The

bids rose by 10,000 merks, and Primrose secured the new tack for 210,000 merks, equal to £120,000 Scots, a rise of nearly 100,000 merks on the old rent. Either material prosperity or the new trading spirit of competition had grown considerably. There is evidence, indeed, of quite a new life in the country. William Dick, the laird of Braid, was a noted merchant prince and farmer of the revenue, who, about 1640, was worth nearly £200,000 sterling. Of him Davie Deans said, 'My father saw them toom the sacks of dollars out o' Provost Dick's window in the Luckenbooths intil the carts that carried them to the army at Duns Law.' We hear of him in 1627, as yet but the small days of his prosperity, freighting the *Salutation* of Yarmouth for Leghorn and Venice with a cargo of herring (white and red), wheat, lead ore, salmon, and wax. That Scottish traders went far afield is witnessed by the frequent collections in churches to liberate those of their sailors from the prisons of Tunis and Algiers who had fallen into the hands of the Barbary pirates. To this period (1635) belongs the very first attempt to help navigation in Scotland by lighthouses. A Fife laird got authority to erect a tower forty feet high on May Island, whereon a coal fire burnt all the year nightly. For this service, shipping paid twopence a ton of dues. When Tullis edited Sibbald's *History of Fife* (1810) the coal-beacon on the May was still burning, using three hundred and eighty tons a year of coal, which

was brought from Wemyss, farther up the Firth. In 1791 a fire broke out among the ashes accumulated round the tower, burnt the woodwork, and suffocated the keeper, his wife, and five children.

A most interesting commentary on the Tariff of Custom Dues, first enforced in 1612, is preserved in the library of Glasgow University in the shape of a small and much puckered and shrivelled leather pocket-book, which belonged to James Bell, merchant burgess of the city, and used by him on two business journeys to Holland in 1621 and 1622. The writing is now sadly faded, and the contractions and spelling very *kittle* to decipher, but fortunately the late Robert Mitchell gave an account of its contents in a series of contributions to the *Glasgow Herald*. That was more than thirty years ago, however, and the map of the world has been reconstructed since then. The book came into Mr. Mitchell's hands somewhat oddly, having been found, dust-covered, lying on a cornice in a house somewhere in the east end of the city where demolition was in progress. The owner of the book was a guild brother of the favoured merchant class, and married a sister of the first Campbell of Blythswood, in whose stately mansion in the Saltmarket Cromwell was entertained. The book has notes of the maill (rent) of booths in Stockwell Street which James Bell owned. The rents varied from £18 to £30 Scots. He rose through all the civic degrees till

he became Provost in 1643, latterly doing a large money-lending business in the absence of banks, many of the great Barons of the West having sums entered in the pocket-book for interest paid in connection with wadsets (bonds) on their lands. He had two relatives, Patrick and John, who both attained high civic dignity in his time, and were both knighted after the Restoration. Robert Baillie, writing of the city in those days, says that nothing goes down but what the Bells and the Campbells have a hand in. The most interesting personal matter in the 1621-2 entries is the pious heading to the accounts, *Laus Deo semper*, like the *Jhesu* of Andrew Halyburton's *Ledger*, and his creed for a merchant—

> 'Giue thankis to god for a';
> Schaw not thy secretes,
> And suffer not his benefits
> To slip out of thy mynde.'

The merchant was born in 1572, so that he was not young when he voyaged to Holland in 1621, by no means for the first time, however. The book shows that his mode of doing business was little different from that of Andrew Halyburton, Scotch factor in Holland in the days of Columbus. Bell did not export goods, however, but took out the ready money of his customers for investment. These sums are noted to be *ware*d (spent) according to his instructions. Thus we read: 'Fra Jhone Barnes 10 double pieces out of ye qlk I suld tak als mikill

as suld by 3 quarters Scotts of welwet to his wyfe.' A commission from his brother-in-law has the usual heading, 'Item, to remimber.' He set out in the early spring, apparently from Dumbarton—there is the entry, 'payet to the skipper in Dumbarton, 1200 rixdollars,' for freight seemingly—and sailed in one of the smacks often called *pinks*, a term in Acts of Parliament of James I.'s time. The first business on arrival was to pay outstanding debts and then *take, on his brieff* or note of hand at six months, a fresh assortment of goods. At the end of a fortnight this is made up, and the return journey prepared for. What these preparations were may be inferred from a closing entry for 1622: 'A pint can and a chopin, waterpots, a chest, mes breid [a superior bread for his own table on the voyage], and a 4 noked creill,' or four-cornered basket to hold it in. He had also undertaken to have the weights and scales of three of his neighbours or customers at home repaired and adjusted, and these he now packs up. Scotch business in Holland was then, as it was for centuries, carried on at Middleburgh, in Zealand, and near to the great marts of Bruges, Antwerp, and Rotterdam. As it must not be transacted through aliens, all goods had to be passed by the factor or conservator for the Scotch staple trade.

The bookkeeping is quaint in the extreme. For ditto, not yet introduced, we have item and mair;

ciphers are used to give value by position in the absence of £ s d, and there is no contraction like cwt. or lb., for which last 14 is used. Quantities are roughly given in stiks (Ger. *Stücke*). The values in rixdollars, pistoles, guldens, and stivers have only a relative interest, as it would be hard indeed to give their equivalents in modern money. The Dutch traders appear under equally quaint names, worth something to a modern novelist. Thus we have Vantar de Keysart, Hubricht de Hasse (Hay, Hayes), Cornelius Siders, Verwake's widow, Marcus van Walkinburik, Michie Pillé, Jasper Vandraile, Gilliam van é. This may be due to an indifference to spelling, certainly a feature of the pocket-book throughout. It has not a few phonetic nuts, and probably such as cissills (? chisels) and philipengyn will have to remain for ever uncracked. James Bell had not enjoyed the benefits of our superior secondary education. His principles of orthography were not so reckless, however, as those of Mrs. B'foor in the Fifeshire town of Kin-yuchar. One evening the minister sent a maid for onion seed, to be put down to his account, at which the general merchant protested, 'Hoot awa, lassie! Wha i' the world could spell *ing-ens*? We 'll just ca 'd *butter*.'

James Bell's purchases formed a very miscellaneous cargo of small lots made up in barrels, kinkins, and hogsheads, all of much value at home

if in good order, for the cooper's art had not yet advanced much beyond the *mugger* stage of quaichs, cogs, bowls, and wooden cups generally. There is but one article of dress mentioned, *ane reid bonet.* Dress stuffs, however, show a curious variety of upright, sad, green, grey Waltons, Camerago (cambric from Cambray), slapit[1] or smooth and stamped camlots, taffeta, and rissil, formed from the Teutonic name for Lille. These were the days of legislative restraint of *wastry* in ornament, yet this, too, is represented for the smart burgesses of Rotten Row and the Saltmarket. Under quaint guises we can trace this female adornment. In those days of muddy *cawseys* the kirtles of the ladies showed the *gartens,* and thus offered points for decoration. These come, too, from Middleburgh, and with them *frenyes* (fringes) and *pearling* or lace made of silk or cambric to deck the loose ends of the garters. 'Wirset passments' play the part of the modern *passe-menterie,* while eight dozen *gairds* (gore, gaire a strip) and *tincler* (Fr. étincelle) wire represent the ribbons and *lingerie* of to-day. For the elaborate ruffs comes starch under the plain guise of *stiffing.* One belle of the time is noted in the 'Item, to by to Mairen Stewart ane pig [small jar]

[1] *Slapit* is akin to the *slype,* also of Dutch origin, or sled for moving hay in the fields. Burns's Auld Mare in her best days 'spread abreed her well-filled brisket' at a stiff part of the furrow,

'Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket
An' slypet owre.'

with *unguentum album*, ane pund cades [soft silk or linen waste, cp. caddis-worm], and sum chandlers [candlesticks] turnit.' Dainties come in small quantities under such disguises as reasinges, fegges, candies, almunts. One purchase is 12st. *punnet* (barley sugar), with 'ane buist [box] for ye same.' Five pounds of tobacco forms an exceptional purchase, for it was rarely used and costly. The household expense-book of Montrose's father, at this time frequently coming and going between Glasgow and his peel at Mugdock, bespeaks, in its frequent mention of tobacco, an unusually liberal indulgence in the weed. His excess would have shocked his contemporary Zachary Boyd, whose *Balm of Gilead* (1633) could not have been soothing to smokers. 'Tobacca-men, who goe about to smoke the soule out of the body, spending the tyme with pluffing of reeke which should be better imployed. This sinne, once a great streanger in the land, this taking of reeke, seemeth to be a graceless thing. If a man come into a house and take but a drinke, he will first pray to God for a blessing. But there is no grace for Tobacca, as if it were not a creature of God.' Household wants are supplied by a gritkin of preinis (pins), a paper neidillis, an inkhorn and sandbox, candle chyres (scissors), chandlers (chandelier), carwin yrnes, ane pepper mill, sidrons (sad irons), reid stulles (stools), and grein chyres. Here occurs the interesting item of half-a-dozen

kirk stools. For long after this period pews were unknown, the worshippers carrying their folding creepies to church with them, or, as in the case of the Marquis of Montrose when a student in Glasgow, velvet cushions. Often the stools remained in the charge of the beadle, from whom a stranger might obtain the use of one for a consideration. The mysterious entry, *Painted brods*, may bluntly indicate the Corporation's appreciation of the Dutch masters in the days of Rubens and Van Dyck. Akin to these household wants comes what would now figure in an ironmonger's stock. Weighing apparatus is selected in the form of trie balks (wooden beams) grit and small, yrne wechts, and scales under their French name *trébuchet* (a balance), and Dutch *schells* (Ger. schale). For the household there is an entry of '130lbs. frything pans as well as ane criell pannes, pewdar hewand [having] the rose [marked with the *rose of England*], and stoups wantan ye rose.' There was little earthenware made then, so that wood, leather, and horn were largely used for vessels of the household. Pewter was almost the only metal employed for such purposes. One is glad to find that there were then industries on the Clyde with their wants to be supplied. The *grey wark kittils* would be for brewing or dyeing, the *hammer and turkes* for the blacksmith, *kairds* for the heckler and wool-comber, ane *pook hoip* (a bag of hops) for the brewer. The

gabarts or *cappers* (Fr. gabarer, to scull), the lighters that brought the goods from Dumbarton up the shallow river, would use the *qt tawes* (unbarked ropes) and *the hanks of tar takill.* The dye-stuffs supplied show that there existed already the beginnings of a cloth industry in the west. Among the outlying debts of the deceased Bessie Pudzean (1610), spouse to Connell Kar, *walker* in Stewarton, are several items owing by burgesses in Glasgow, Perth, and Edinburgh, for *quhyt walkit Stewarton claith.* The bleachers of Lochwinnoch, too, had acquired reputation enough to be quoted in the Privy Council. For these dyers (walkers or litsters) come indigo, red brissil, ane tree (barrel) copras, and orchet-lit. In the last it is hard to recognise the costly *Archil,* a rich violet dye obtained from lichens growing on rocks in the Canary and Cape Verde Islands. It would be very sparingly used along with the well-known native dyes, crottle and corkir-lit, with which home-made tartans were prepared. Another puzzling entry is *annatts,* 150 *alecants annatts.* The *Imperial Dictionary* helps us to identify this with the West Indian nut, *Arnotto, annotto,* used to give a deep yellow to silken stuffs. After such recondite evidences of refinement we are on familiar ground with cannell (candle), graus (grease), hennie (honey), and suker, the last in trifling quantities, doubtless for the wine-possets of the time. That James Bell traded not only as

a commission merchant but apparently himself disposed of the goods may be inferred from the *item*, 'Giffin to Jhone Mortoun, *travelloure*, ane barl seap, gray wark kittils, rym gray paper.' It will be observed that Bell always follows the German usage with partitives ('a paper neidillis'). Even yet, 'Gie me a piece ham' would pass with ears not polite.

The year 1621, in which fell the first of the voyages commemorated in the pocket-book, was one of the most notable in Scottish history. It marked, indeed, an important step leading to the great Civil War. James Bell would be home again from Holland in time for the famous Parliament—the last of the King's reign—which ratified the Articles of Perth on that ominous Black Saturday amid the horrors of an unusually violent Lammas storm. He might have taken part with James Inglis, the Provost, in the Riding of the Parliament, as the Commissioners marched two-and-two from Holyrood to Parliament Close, 'arrayit in gownes of red scarlet and furreynis agreabil, as they sit in thair counseils.' The good town of Glasgow was as yet 'sair hadden doon.' It was but a burgh of barony under the Archbishop, at that time John Law, very active among the *kneelers*, as those were called who favoured the new-fangled and obnoxious mode of taking communion. Across Bishop Rae's bridge was the rival burgh of Gorbals. Here the laird, Sir George Elphinston, in great favour with the

King and the Privy Council, converted that part of St. Ninian's Croft which his father had helped himself to into a burgh of barony, and through his hold of the important market at the Brigend gave the town no little trouble. The bridge itself, not taken down till 1850, was then in a bad way, to judge from a petition of the Magistrates to the Privy Council (1618): 'Verie far decayit and at poynte of ruyne, the pilleris, pend and undir propis being so schaikin and brugille [bruckle = fragile] by fors of watter of Clyde, and divers partis of the watter undir being so overblawn wi' sand as to be unnavigabl for boites and veschells of small birth.' With the grant of a special impost for nineteen years the 'brig is helpit, the sands removed, and calsays bigit alongis the greene on the waterside.' The special tax was continued, for five years longer, of fourpence a horse load of goods for the *unfree*, and a half for the *free*. Other articles taxed, such as green herring sold in the town, boatload of timber boards and stangs (rods), or of killing (cod), show the trade of the Broomielaw at that time. Statistics of population in the olden time are unreliable. The order of size and importance among Scotch towns in the century was: Edinburgh far the first, next Dundee and Aberdeen about equal, next, perhaps Perth, with Glasgow only eighth or ninth, even below Irvine. The population of Glasgow would be under 10,000 at this time. In the list for the monthly

war cess in 1655, however, it comes after Edinburgh, contributing £1800 for the £3880 of the capital. Robert Baillie was proud of the part it played in 1638, when the famous General Assembly sat in the Cathedral, being glad to see such order and large provision above all men's expectations. Travellers were very favourably impressed with the regular, well-built appearance of the streets. The houses were mostly of wood, with many outside stairs encroaching on the causeway, and round boles closed by wooden shutters for windows. The thatch roofing often caused most disastrous fires. Not many years ago the last of such low-thatched houses were to be seen in the High Street, and some still stand of the ancient type in the Drygate, not far from what must be the sole survivor of those tanneries that graced the burn-side in most of the old burghs. Sir Nicholas Brereton, visiting Glasgow in 1636, greatly admired its Tolbooth at the Cross, 'very fair and lofty, with a leaded roof, affording a fine view.' The annual revenue of the town, he says, reached £1000.

The College was as yet but meanly housed in the High Street, and so unattractive in its government that the learned principal, Robert Boyd, when appointed to the office, desired 'to be exempt from personally putting to my hands in correcting the schollars.' Little wonder he retired in 1623 to a country charge, wearied of being 'angreit wi' bairns.'

Brereton found an attempt being made to build the new Pedagogium, for which the Corporation had voted a thousand merks in 1620, and to give the College a local habitation near the site gifted by Lord Hamilton as far back as 1460. 'The library,' he says, 'is not twice so long as my old closet. The students have gowns, red or grey, as they please.' He saw the Bishop's Palace, and the archbishop's daughter gave him excellent ale. Baillie obtained, through the Dutch traders, gazettes and books bought by his cousin and correspondent, William Spang. He wished the books to be in leather, and if that cannot be, then in parchment, rather than be 'fashed and extortionat with James Sanders,' Glasgow's bookseller and bookbinder.

III. THE DAYS OF PROTECTION

The Privy Council of King James VI. did its best to perform one of the first duties of a good Government—to oil the wheels of industry. The King was wise enough to see that a country must be poor indeed, which was content to produce only what sufficed for its own immediate wants, and had therefore little coin and less demand for outside trade. Accordingly, by writing royal letters, receiving petitions, appointing Commissions, granting patents, and encouraging adventurers, he did his best to foster native industries. The closing years of his

reign witnessed quite an outburst of activity in all these directions. The results, if not very striking at the time, must have had an important bearing on the trade of the country.

The natural resources of Scotland were but poorly developed. There was little or no timber. On the rocky scaurs hung birch, hazel, and rowan, and in the marshy haughs by the riversides willows and alders grew, out of the reach of the starved cattle; but all this served only to supply a few rods, a ryce (wattle) fence, gate or sled, and cabers sufficient to keep the lowly turf houses from collapsing. The worst possible land system, what with bad seasons and thriftless husbandry, left little or no corn for export. An old rhyme says that certain districts were early identified with special products—

> 'Kyle for a man, Carrick for a coo,
> Cunningham for butter and cheese,
> And Galloway for woo'.'

The cattle trade, doubtless from facility of transit, was one of the first to be developed between the two kingdoms. Its dimensions at this time may be judged from what Baillie says, speaking of General Leslie's southward movement in 1638, in describing an accident that might have proved a calamity. This was the arrest by the Mayor of Newcastle of all the horses bought by the Scottish dealers at Maton or Methven Fair in Northumberland, for that 'hindered all the drivers of neat and sheep

to go through England.' Coal and salt were now the staples to help the old limited course of exchange in hides, fish, and corn. At an early date[1] a wooden tramway conveyed the output from the open coal-heuchs at Tranent to the shore for salt making, and here Brereton found pans eighteen

[1] On this point a well-informed correspondent says: 'I have not been able to trace wooden railways to so early a date. George Sinclair, in his work published in 1683, makes no mention of them. I have always understood that wooden railways were introduced into Scotland by the York Buildings Company in 1723. The York Buildings Company bought a number of estates confiscated after the rebellion of 1715, and amongst others the Winton estate, near to Tranent. Coal had been worked at Tranent from an early period, but they opened it up on a larger scale, introducing the improvements in use in England. They made a new harbour at Port Seton, near Cockenzie, and from it they made a wooden railway (four feet eight and a half-inch gauge) up to the collieries in Tranent, through the Tranent Haugh, and up to Windygoul. This railway was relaid with iron rails in 1816 by the late Henry Cadell, of Cockenzie, and extended up by Tranent Mains into another part of the coalfield. My informant was Mr. Cadell himself. The seam of coal—the great seam—was nine feet thick, and the tubs of coal were drawn from the faces in carts to the bottom of the shaft, and afterwards raised by gins; indeed, it was not till 1832 that the first steam-engine was erected at Tranent for drawing coals up the shafts. The water was drained by a level. Mr. Sinclair, 1683, speaking of a whin gae, says it "hath been cut at Seton for serving the level of that coal now worked at Tranent." Mr. Sinclair also mentions the various arrangements for raising water from mines in Scotland. They appear to have been very primitive—"men draw with ordinary buckets"—"horse work, or water work, and that either by a chain with plates, and a pump, or with a chain and buckets, all of which are very common, especially those we have in Scotland, they being capable to draw but a very small draught." The Savery engine did not come into use till after 1700, and the now common engine till about 1720.'

feet by nine, and altogether a better equipment for the industry than at Shields. Owing to easy access to coal there were salt-pans all along the Forth almost to Stirling. Most of the salt, much praised for its whiteness, went to Holland. The trade was in the hands of the Dutch. A petition to the Council from Glasgow in 1617, to restrain the freighting of foreign ships, says 'the country is now empty of shipping, being sold to foreigners for lack of trade.' Bo'ness was the great port for coal and salt. At Culross, on the opposite shore of the Firth, Sir George Bruce had made one of the nine wonders of the day. Near the ruined abbey he sank a coalpit that ran out for about a mile under the sea, where he made a shaft, and surrounded the outlet of it among the rocks with a singular wharf, insulated at high water. Taylor, the Water Poet, visited it, as did also the King in 1617. At his own request the latter was taken down the pit, and on making his exit at the odd outlet of the shaft in the sea, he could not help raising his favourite alarm of 'Treason!' This shaft was destroyed in the great storm of 1625. From ninety to one hundred tons of salt were made here, supplying most of Scotland, and even reaching England and Germany.

The guilds of merchants and the crafts formed a great obstacle to the growth of industry and commerce. Thus a colony of Flemings settled in the

Canongate of Edinburgh about 1609, under favour of the King, and there diffused much skill in the making, dressing, and litting [dyeing] of stuffs among the country people; but they were much harassed by the craftsmen with the view of forcing them to become freemen of the burgh. In 1621, however, the Corporation itself obtained a patent to set up cloth-making in a decayed hospital, long known as Paul's Wark, and used in Madge Wildfire's time as a house of correction. Here five men from Delft taught the making of coarse woollen stuffs. A year later a committee inspected this weaving school, and their report speaks of such curious stuffs as 'cremiseyis, hairseyis, cairditseyis or perpetuana, bumbaseyis, rassis, cruikit ribbis, nine eyis, pyamonts, paragons, burrets, stand-afars, and overkeiks.' For the bleaching and dressing of cloth there was a great want of soap. Most of it was made abroad for the Scottish market, and reported to the Council in 1619 to be of 'pestiferous and filthie ingredients. Neither maisteris or servandis in the country where it is made will use it. Strangers cannot abide the smell of naiprie and lyning clothis waschin with this stuff.' Nicolas Udwart, son of the Provost of Edinburgh, offers to make better if he get a patent for twenty-one years. This being granted, he at once set up a goodly work at Leith. In 1621 the Council is assured that his green soap is as good as that of Flanders, while the white might be made so. The

kindred art of glassmaking, started under a patent of 1610 by Sir George Hay in a cave at Wemyss in Fife, is favourably reported on to the Council in 1620 to the effect that 'the braid glass is fully as good as Dansken, but should be thicker and tewch-air [tougher]; the drinking glasses inferior, but some English specimens should be kept in Edinburgh Castle as models.' About the same time Patrick Hamilton and two London merchants secured a patent for sugar-making, entitling them to import free all kinds of 'basse sugaris for refining, such as Panceles, Stomas [St. Thomas], and Muscavados.' At Cambuslang much clay is 'being found and, being taken to England, is good for making of pottis for glassmakers and tobacco pipes,' while Johnston of Elphinston gets a grant for 'inventing engines for drying of coal-pottis and drawing up of grit weychtes.' But the most interesting of all these efforts to foster industry is the story of what the Council did (1619-22) for the leather trade. The native tanning was very much that described by Andrew Symson as practised in the Galloway hamlets about 1688. After the hair is removed from the hide with lime, he says, it is soaked in a *woose*, or wash of bark and willow twigs. Next day the tops of young heather are placed between folds of the hide in the tub, and the woose poured over the whole. The hide was left some time in the tub weighted with stones, and, when tanned,

cobblers came to the house and made shoes of it. When the King was in Edinburgh in 1617 the cordwainers or shoemakers lodged a complaint in his presence anent the barking of hides. The complaint is afterwards made good in the Council to this effect: 'Never a hyde weill barkit from the sluggishness and unskilfulnes of the tanners, who suffer not the hydis to ly in the pottis til thay reisave the ful strenth of the bark bot takis the same out rawe.' The Edinburgh Corporation challenge the right of the Council to bring in strangers as tanners, but this is voted insolent, and twelve Englishmen from Durham, Hexham, and Morpeth appear and give satisfactory answers to a searching series of questions, of very great interest in the history of tanning. John, Lord Erskine, son to the King's whipping-boy, the Jock of Sclaitts of his youth, secures the patent for twenty-one years, and the strangers are distributed among the burghs with the authority of a Royal Proclamation. But they are nowhere very welcome. In 1621 there is a complaint, for opposition to the strangers, brought against forty-six named tanners, five from Glasgow, two of them Andersons. Strange to say, the cordwainers are now the most active opponents, and to stir up the people they raise their prices on the pretext of the patent charges. But the Council order the prices of 1619 to be restored. By 1622, however, the English tanners have been

found fairly successful, and, doubtless to their great satisfaction, are allowed to go home. For long, however, the King's justices of the peace and the sheriffs had to be very watchful in protecting Erskine's patent.

The Privy Council not only fostered industry by the cheap device of patents, but defied economics with the indifference of our modern benevolent legislators. In 1620 the people of Edinburgh and Haddington complained of the great Lothian coal lords, Winton, Elphinston, and Dame Janet Lawson, Lady Fawsyde, for having met and combined to raise the load of coals from 3s. to 4s., and to keep a uniform price. They made a *band*, as was said then, and dearth was threatened, aggravated by the severe season and by the Dutch ships waiting in scores in the Forth to carry off the coals. The remedy was very simple—the Council at once restored the old price. This was of no use, however, for the syndicate diminished the loads, and often kept horses waiting all day at the coal-hill. Customers had sometimes to go off empty after all, and return next day. For the *band* refused to serve any one coming from another *heuch*. The Council condemned the coal-owners, but they in turn complained of increasing expenses, and explained that the rascals of coal-caddies, on the way home, were in the habit of making two loads into three for their own profit. At last, by way of compromise,

the price was fixed at 3s. 4d. Scots. The fixing of prices by authority was not by any means confined to coals. Thus candles, 'gude and sufficient stuff in wark, weik and tallow without mixture of flott or uther fals stuff,' must be sold at 3s. a pound. Butcher meat was priced in three qualities, and the whole carcase only quoted, as the custom of salting or making a mart was universal. Hence for a supply of fresh meat, except for a short time at the *backend* of the year, the cook depended upon fowls and such 'small deer.' Prices, it must be remembered, have only a relative interest, and though the Scotch pint was a large one, equal to three English, their moneys equalled only one-twelfth of the corresponding English. Hence a satirist said of the Scots:—

> 'How can the rogues pretend to sense?
> Their pound is only twenty pence.'

Perhaps a useful idea of these food prices could be got by saying that a sheep carcase being 50s., the average ox was worth only two sheep, while one sheep would buy four tame geese, five capons, or six hens. For the price of a dozen larks (3s. 4d.) one could get a pair of blackcock, a grey hen, muirfowl, plover, paitrik, quhaup, snipe, or hors-cock (capercailzie). A dozen of eggs was 2s., a hare was little more than half the price of a rabbit, which again was almost worth a gryce or young pig. The rabbit

was all through the century a scarce dainty. The regulations for the price of liquors were equally thorough and more keenly felt. Whisky existed only in the Highlands, and wine required costly spices and confections to make it palatable, except when freshly imported. The native and universal drink was ale, of which there had been hitherto but one kind. The Council now (1620), seeing it is 'noways reasonable maisters and servants salbe served alyke,' decree that there shall be two qualities, double at 2s. and single at 1s. a pint, equal to 2d. and 1d. modern respectively for three English pints. This was by no means extravagant tipple. Lately, however, the fashion for drinking English beer had spread alarmingly, and this must be checked. The statutory price for it was to be 1s. 6d. In 1620 one Elspet Millar, burgess wife, is prosecuted, inasmuch as she 'sauld, ventit, and topit English beir at 3s. the pint'—£10 fine or fifteen days in the Tolbooth.

The commendable activity of the King's government in matters industrial yielded little fruit, owing to the ferment into which his interference with the Church threw all parties. His son, Charles I., and the country generally, suffered from all this. The Civil War gave a decided check to progress, and not till Scotland had again a firm hand over her in Oliver Cromwell did trade look up—only, however, to be thrown back into a worse state than ever by

the unhappy Restoration. To the proposals for an incorporating union with the Commonwealth we are indebted for a later view of Scottish trade in the report of Thomas Tucker (1656) for the settling of excise and customs. It is very fully detailed, but depreciatory in tone. The eight ports for customs were Leith, Burntisland, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Glasgow, Irvine, and Ayr. Each was a centre at which *waiters* supervised a few petty villages where goods might be landed on the open beach. Leith was still first, but its expansion was much hampered by the jealousy of Edinburgh. It had over a dozen vessels, two or three of which were of from two to three hundred tons, but the rest were very small. Its chief trade was with Holland and the Baltic. The Covenanting armies were entirely dependent on Holland for war material. Fife, one of the richest of the shires, had now been quite broken up among a crowd of petty lairds, who, Tucker says, drove to the shore all but their tenants and poor peasants. The ports were pitiful hamlets. St. Andrews had only the ruins of her former glory. Kirkcaldy and Burntisland alone made any show of trade. The former had a dozen ships, one of a hundred tons. The latter had attracted the attention of Cromwell, who, writing to Lenthal (1651), calls it well-seated, pretty strong, yet capable of improvement, with, at spring tides, a fathom deeper water than Leith, and not commanded by any high ground, saying very

little for the English guns when we look at the Binn Crags behind the town. Dundee had not yet recovered from Monk's drastic treatment, which Tucker complacently ascribes to the obstinacy and pride of the citizens having rendered her a prey to the soldiers, each of whom, by the way, made £6 out of the sack. Monk gets off for his cruelty even more easily than his master. At Perth, once so flourishing, were but few waiters in the citadel on the Inch, to build which Cromwell's men used the stones of the Greyfriars Church, and even the tombstones. All that these *waiters* had to do now was to prevent the poor Highlanders from disposing of their skins and wool to foreigners. Aberdeen suffered from the long, narrow winding entrance to the harbour, but had a brisk export trade in salmon and plaiden, and the beginnings of a considerable cloth trade. Tucker speaks approvingly of Glasgow's situation in a pleasant and fruitful soil, her four streets cross-form handsomely built, and her citizens all inspired with the spirit of trade. Of her twelve vessels four were over a hundred tons, though none of any size could come nearer to the town than fourteen miles owing to the shallows in the river. There was a brisk trade with Ireland, and some merchants had even gone to Barbadoes, but with discouraging results. Ayrshire's best ports, Irvine and Ayr, were fast silting up with sand.

The Galloway merchants were but pedlars, *trogging*[1] with the north of Ireland. The total revenue of Leith from duties on exports and imports was £2335, of Aberdeen £573, and of Glasgow £554. The progress, begun under the peaceful times of the Cromwellian usurpation, was sadly blighted by the Killing Times and the worst Government Scotland ever had. Her trade made one last effort to revive in the closing decade of the century when the nation dreamed of an Eldorado across the seas, but these hopes were rudely dashed to the ground by the disastrous failure at Darien.

[1] Burns in his Election Ballads refers to this:—

'Wha will buy my troggin'
. . . .
Buy braw troggin',
Frae the banks o' Dee?'

VI

A 'FAMILIAR AUTOCRAT'

I. AS A COERCIONIST

THE new volume of the series of Registers of the Privy Council which the Historiographer-Royal for Scotland is turning out with admirable regularity and thoroughness, should do something to make up for the neglect of Scottish business in Parliament. Apart from their value to the historian as the best contemporary picture we shall ever have of the Scot of those far-off times in public and private life, this latest volume almost completes the record of a king, whose system of government must be a refreshing study to latter-day politicians. King James VI. was a unique personality. He belonged to a regal type, of which the irrepressible Kaiser is a modified survival. R. L. Stevenson happily hit off his peculiarities when he dubbed him the 'familiar autocrat.' His antipathy to tobacco and witches was no whit keener than his detestation of democracy, disorder, and personal disrespect to that royal dignity with which he himself was at any time ready to play fast and loose. 'Set twal chairs for twal kings,' he said

on receiving a troublesome Puritan deputation. Prerogative had more elbow-room in the North. In a speech which he delivered at Whitehall in 1607, the king contrasted his stubborn Puritan House of Commons with the subservient Scottish Estates: 'This I must say for Scotland, and I may trewly vaunt it; here I sit and governe it with my pen. I write and it is done, and by a clearke of the Councell I governe Scotland now, which others could not do by the sword. For here must I note unto you the difference of the two Parliaments in these two kingdomes. For there, they must not speak without the Chancellor's leave; and if any man do propound or utter any seditious or uncomely speeches, he is straight interrupted and silenced by the Chancellor's authoritie. . . . If any man in Parliament speake of any other matter than is . . . first allowed by mee, the Chancellor tells him there is no such bill allowed by the King. . . . If (in any law) there be anything that I dislike, they rase it out.' A much-vexed Scottish Secretary might sleep better o' nights could he too say, 'If in any law there be anything I dislike they rase it.' But the King detested Home Rule, and gave his Scottish subjects as little of it as possible.

The Registers before us abundantly illustrate the strong personal and familiar features of the king's government of Scotland. The Secret Council was entirely under the thumb of the Chancellors, of

whom Dunfermline was most to his mind. It was not only a Cabinet, but a Police Court and a Chamber of Commerce. Everything came under its notice, from the dragooning of half-a-dozen counties to a stairhead brawl or the export of eggs and tallow. The King shows his keen interest in the proceedings in frequent and strongly-worded missives from Whitehall and Theobalds (well known to readers of the *Compleat Angler*), in which he passes from the great to the little as lightly as Sir Robert Walpole blended high politics with his keeper's report of the dogs and the partridges. His agents were much tried in their efforts to please him, and we can fancy the earnest communings between Secretary Melrose at Barnbogle, not yet eclipsed by stately Dalmeny near by, and that early Primrose, clerk of the Council and type of the canny Edinburgh lawyer that always has secured so much of the spoils of office. The stubborn anti-prelatic clergy still vexed the royal soul that hated disestablishment, and loved to see 'a stately, well-ordered Kirk in obedience to God and the King.' They would have none of his kneeling at communion, Christmas, or fish-eating Lent; nor would they hear of his Five Articles, which even the heavens frowned upon on that famous Black Saturday of the Parliament of 1621. But the King is not to be trifled with, so a strong letter comes: 'As we haif said in our *Basilikon Doron* that we will have reformation to

begin at *our awne elho* quhilk is our Council, the seatis of justice and members thairof, see that all conform to the Articles.' The clergy have still the courage of Knox and Melville. Alexander Simson in Greyfriars Kirk (1621) spoke 'against the King's personal vices, as namelie blasfemie and swearin, and tasked the bishops as not being careful watchmen and warners of his synis.' The Council, fearful of the consequences, sent Alexander off to Dumbarton Castle, where his neck was saved only by the *fasherie* of a sore-tried Royal son-in-law in Bohemia and a troublesome Spanish match for Baby Charles.

The King, through his council, pursued with a light heart that policy of economic and social interference with the subject which is so dear to many of our modern legislators. But in those days commerce was a puny thing. The working out of this economic policy, with its strenuous fostering of native industries, forms the most interesting feature of the volume. To improve the making of leather, then so bad that the shoemakers appeal to the council against it, tanners from the north of England are distributed among the burghs, but complaints are frequent of opposition from native *dourness* and corporate vested interests. Similarly we find the Edinburgh Corporation taking a great interest in cloth-making, set on foot by Dutch weavers (1619) at Paul's Wark; and in this connection we have a bewildering list of quaint names for fashionable

novelties. One Udwart, too, brings forward a taking plan for soap-making, not for the complexion, but for the more useful process of bleaching. There were already bleachers (walkers) at Stewarton and Lochwinnoch, doing business as far off as Edinburgh and Perth. Industries were then carefully nursed by patents for exclusive manufacture and royalties extending over a series of years. Through the registers we learn the names of several capitalists, chiefly enterprising lairds, doing business on these terms, but they generally drop their projects after a while as failures. To develop the resources of the country by export was to raise the bogies of scarcity and enhanced prices at home; to import luxuries was to deplete the country of coin and enrich neighbouring peoples at the consumers' expense. Local taxation, too, took the form of vexatious dues and customs. The government, on the other hand, depended largely on fines and forfeitures through the machinery of the law.

King James was the first Unionist and author of the Union Jack or combined St. George and St. Andrew flags, and the Imperial title Great Britain. Pleasing to him must have been the verbal pleasantry of a contemporary poet who discovered in the name Albion, *All-be-one*. He had a double-headed Irish Question in Scotland in the form of rampant disorder north and south. The cure for both was coercion. The border garrison, akin to the Irish constabulary,

soon pacified the south. The Highland chiefs again had to come under the *Band of Icolmkill*, which secured local reforms. A combination of neighbouring chiefs was let loose upon the refractory with fire and sword. At this time there was a commission against that 'auld subtil foxe' Allan MacEanduy, Cameron of Lochiel, who in Lochaber had long defied the Council. Huntly, Macintosh, and Kintail are to 'atak him as the onlie one lymmer in all the Highlands still in open rebellioun.' The Cabinet had still the great Magregor question on hand. The clan, nameless and landless, had long been, as Professor Masson puts it, 'wriggling like eels under the harrow.' They were gaining head again, and in defiance of the order 'to carry bot a pointless knife to cutt thair meat with,' going 'athorte the country in bowis, dorlochs, hagbuts, and pistolets.' A proclamation is issued to 'shoot them, hunt, follow, and pursew as theevis and traytouris to God, Prince, and country.' These were rough modes of settling the Highlands. For the sleepy burghs of the Lowlands the volume is full of the most curious and interesting police cases. The magistrates were not all immaculate, though the Council enjoins upon them the wearing of 'rid scarlett gownis with furreyniss agreabil' on public occasions. That forenoon of 1619 when James Stewart, Provost of Glasgow, met William Knok, the complainer, at the Cross, must have been a lively one. There was a difference of

opinion between them over the purchase of a house. The Provost, having 'pullit the complainer be the craig, straik, dang, and buffatitt him upoun the neck, mouth, and neis to the effusioun of blood.' Both parties had to appear personally before the Lords. Nor was Sir George Elphinstoun of Blythswood a pleasant man to deal with, though one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace. He and his followers *umbeset* a tenant of Lord Eglinton's on his way 'outwith the brigend' of Glasgow, carried him to his 'close of Gorbellis,' struck him 'especiallie with his nevis on the face, cast his haill armour in the stank (ditch for sewage), and thereafter put him in the thief's hole for the night.' The Council regard the striking on the face as a 'grite oversicht and neglect of duty,' and order the baronet to keep ward within Edinburgh till relieved. Altogether Scotland seems to have got no more of King James's strong government than was good for it.

II. AS AN OBSTINATE PRELATIST

The eleventh volume of the Scottish Privy Council Register sheds the very newest light on Old Edinburgh, and that, too, at a time when its feudal splendours had not yet faded under the grim reign of the Covenant, and those still grimmer scenes in which the saints 'glorified God in the Grassmarket.' James VI.'s last Parliament (1621), of which we

have the fresh record in this volume (1619-22) must have had on its benches barons and burgesses who, in their boyhood, mocked Queen Mary, when, baffled at Carberry, she was ignominiously *wardit* in the Black Turnpike in the High Street, or watched Kirkcaldy of Grange swing helplessly round on the fatal rope to face the sun setting over the Parliament Close. And when the king's salmon instinct brought him back to his good town (1617), many of the onlookers must have known him well in those early days, in which his shambling figure was as familiar on the plainstanes as the Provost's! Nay, was not his old friend the Rev. Robert Bruce even now in trouble over the hated Five Articles of Perth? When James went, thirty years ago, as knight-errant to woo his Danish Dulcinea, it was Mr. Robert he honoured with familiar epistles. That other friend, the Provost of those days, might still be living to remember the royal note from Copenhagen. 'Here we are drinkin and drivin in the auld way,' which way grew upon the good King, who took his *rouse* like a royal Dane. The marriage festivities long made the Danish *scole*,[1] a famous drinking pledge in

[1] The Norse *skal* is still the familiar drinking pledge at the social board in Scandinavia. Akin to the German *Schale*, a cup, and our *shell*, it came into use in Scotland as a result of the king's alliance with Anne of Denmark. The nobles in her train were entertained (1590) in an alcoved room in the house of Napier, the Master of the Mint, at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd. The provost supplied 'naprie and twa dozen greit veschell,' the goblets out of which the *rouses* of the time were pledged to the cry of Skol!

Scotland, and reminder of the homely ways and pawky humour of the good King, so alien, alas! to his successor of the rueful visage.

The capital was now (1621) in quite a pother over the outcome of the King's visit. The Perth Articles were peculiarly obnoxious to the citizens, who would have none of their Lenten fasts, Christmas and Beltane revels, and sacramental kneelings. For Prelacy was holding up its head again. There was a Bishop of Dunkeld lodged once more in the Cowgate, and, near by, where Cardinal Beaton once lived, Archbishop Spotswood was taking measures to ward the refractory clergy of the town in distant burghs. No wonder Calderwood bewails the frivolity of the English weavers at Paul's Wark in setting up a high Maypole, and 'the manie of the profaner sort drawen out to May games in Gilmerton and Roslin.' But worse was to come when, on that Black Saturday of Lammas Tide, Commissioner Hamilton touched the Articles with the sceptre and they became law, while thunder broke the silence, and lightning flashed across the hall, and torrents of rain cleared the streets. A train of disasters followed, 'the summer proving bad, and harvest most untymous and late.' The winter was still more memorable for such uncontrollable *spates* as that which swept away the bridge at Perth and flooded the town.

The proclamation in the Register, which sum-

moned this eventful Parliament, recalls the glories of the old Monarchy. Heralds at the Mercat Cross, restored from its *ruinat* condition for the King's visit (1617), ordered the Estates to assemble at Holyrood, and thereafter ride in stately procession, two and two, in order of rank from burgess to bishop, while servitors held up the foot-mantles that caparisoned the horses. Beneath Abbot Bellenden's porch, in front of the Palace, the procession passed, thence up the Canongate, lined with the new mansions that made of it a northern Strand. At the Netherbow, David Aikenhead, the Provost, in the glory of his 'scarlet gown furrit and his grite golden chayne,' handed over the city keys to the Commissioner, a custom still gracing the only Parliament, the General Assembly, which has been left to Edinburgh and last survival of the *awle ryale*. Now on the broad High Street, clear, let us hope, of the stacks of heather, broom, and sticks, and the noisome refuse of the candlemakers' and fleshers' shops that usually cumbered it, the procession moved more freely, only to be crowded again under the shadow of St. Giles' and the Luckenbooths, while gay groups looked out from the now open *yetts* that guarded the mouths of the side lanes, or leaned over the carpets that coloured the timber fronts, and rough apprentices and servitors clung to the fore-stairs or craned their necks from the round *boles* and wooden *shuts* that did duty

for the glazed casements of our day. Great efforts had been made to honour this occasion. We still read the orders devised to meet the ceremonial neglect that had crept in since 1603: commissioners from burghs to ride in scarlet gowns as they sit in council, those from meaner burghs in black gowns, and the Provost of Edinburgh to surpass them all. Where the Parliament met is not at all clear, for the literature of locality was not yet, and the Clerk of Council, James Primrose, little dreamt of our curiosity. The fine hall that we all know was not ready till Charles I.'s visit (1641), and the so-called Parliament Hall in the Castle goes back to the time of the older Monarchy. The Tolbooth proper, or Heart of Midlothian, had quite enough to do accommodating the constant stream of prisoners *wardit* with its goodman, Andrew White. We meet in the Register with the names Laigh Council-house, Over Council-house, Tolbooth, and New Tolbooth. It is to the vague use of the familiar term Tolbooth that much of the doubt is due. Mr. Patrick Millar, F.S.A., has shown[1] very clearly that the scene of so many notable Parliaments, assemblies, and criminal trials must have been the south-west part of the nave of St. Giles', known even in recent times as the Tolbooth Kirk.

On the ground that disorders had often broken

[1] *The Old Tolbooth*, privately printed, 1887. See also *Our Journall into Scotland*, Edinburgh, David Douglas, 1894.

out on such occasions from tavern brawlers, the proclamation forbids walking on the streets after the ten o'clock bell, and orders the citizens to address themselves to their lodgings before its toll. The King ruled with a strong hand, but his Council could not overtake all the work we now do for the pauper and criminal class. Swarms of halt, blind, and diseased, 'counterfeit bairdis and foolis, thievers and lymmaris callit Egipsianis,' unkempt caterans from the hills, the imbecile, the vagabond, and the masterless, infested kirk and market, burgh port and brig-end as persistent beggars. The burghs looked after their *ain seamaws* in a fashion, but were merciless to the unfree and the stranger. Bailies for the ports were strictly enjoined to keep the bounds clear of these, but they hung on the outskirts—Potterrow, Pleasance, Leith Wynd, St. Ninian's, and remoter Restalrig. There was ample licence in dealing with them—scourging, nailing of ears to the tron or public weigh-beam, branding on the cheek, and, in the event of all these failing, there were the *dookin-hole* in the Nor' Loch for women, and for men the gibbet at Bruntsfield *quarrell-holes.* But we are generally more merciful than our laws. Spite of severe penalties for giving *resett and awmous* to stranger poor, beggars flourished like thistles. War times relieved the pressure. Even now an unfortunate royal son-in-law has to defend his Palatinate. So, as Capitane Gray, another Dugald

Dalgetty, is getting ready Skipper Downie's ship at Leith for the King of Bohemia's wars, the Council orders all sturdy and masterless vagabonds under sentence of death for persistent begging, likewise incorrigible borderers and outlaws on the black list for hanging and transporting, to enlist forthwith, and a cargo of 1500 is secured, a cheap jail-delivery. The King himself, in far-off Whitehall, is ashamed of his needy countrymen, who 'daily importune and fash his Majesty with thair suitis and begging.' Edicts at cross and pierhead inhibit skippers from taking away those whose names and business have not been disclosed to the Council. Offenders must return their contraband cargo at their own charge. Hard, indeed, to have a good King treating his loving countrymen as destitute aliens!

The capital, with its mixed and crowded population of about 50,000, was well inured to sights and sounds of violence. Hither, too, came most of the serious crime of the country for punishment. The King had made the outlying districts peaceful to a wonderful degree through his Commissioners, Sheriffs, and Justices of the Peace, yearly chosen as 'godlie, wyse, and vertuous gentlemen of good quality, moyen, and repute.' The Border garrison dragooned the south, and even far distant Orkney and the Outer Isles felt the long arm of the King. Feuds, bands, and herships were promptly dealt

with, and the capital looked on at the process. In 1613, Maxwell, lord of Nithsdale, lost his head at the Cross for his conduct in a long-standing vendetta. Two years later the rebellion of the Stewarts in Kirkwall Castle was ended by the death in similar fashion of Earl Patrick, his son, and five others. The clergy found the old Earl ignorant even of the Lord's Prayer. In the same year there were terrible doings over the Macdonald revolt in the west. The old chief escaped from Edinburgh Castle, but six clansmen who aided and abetted were promptly hanged together. He belonged to the southern or Kintyre sept, and these drastic measures paved the way for the predominance of the Campbells in the peninsula. The founder of the branch was Reginald, a son of the renowned Somerled. Then the luckless Gregors, banned and presumably stamped out, were cropping up again like dragon's teeth. Every summer, too, came the dangerous Highland chiefs, with their fighting tail, to exhibit before the Council the *quasi* ticket-of-leave men and noted caterans for whom they were responsible. The burgess had no lack of colour and interest in his daily outlook.

The want of a proper police caused much friction in the execution of justice, and supplied a constant crop of curious cases for the Council. Both lairds and guild brethren would violently assert their assumed rights and privileges, or, obtaining decree

in their favour as litigants, proceed to enforce it in their own fashion. A quaint case in point is that of Margaret Baxter *v.* Bailie Brown of Leith. Complainant, making her way to St. Cuthbert's for afternoon sermon, *lippyning* no violence, is set upon by the Bailie and others a little east of *Boniton*, and carried off to his house, and there kept in close *chalmer*. To which respondent answers that, as his 'feeit servand and tapster for his haill wynes,' Margaret had intromitted with the cash, and then 'quietlie staw away to Edinburgh full handit.' Learning that she was hiding at Bonnington, Brown got a baron-bailie's warrant, and executed it as complained of. But she was 'intertenit as a free person, and lay nichtlie wi' his awne dochter.' As no count and reckoning could be got out of Margaret, the Council commit her to Leith Tolbooth. The lairds, again, used to masterful dealings with their tenants, often came in contact with the burgesses. In 1620 Sir Patrick Monypenny of Pilrig gets himself committed to the Castle for a violent and unjustifiable attack on the town's mill at Bonnington. But corporations could themselves be tyrannical; witness the hard case of John Green, of Linlithgow, who presumed to bring a cargo of wine into Leith and tried to dispose of it. He offered, as was customary, to treat with the Corporation first, but, being themselves mostly 'wine-handlers,' they dawdled over the business till John had to sell at a loss to others,

free citizens, for which he was forthwith fined and imprisoned. The Corporation, standing on its ancient privileges, insisted on having the case transferred from the Privy Council to the Court of Session.

The Union of 1603 brought in its train a wider acquaintance with the outer world. Great nobles went south, and still greater occasionally came north, as Surrey, Southampton, Pembroke, and Villiers along with the King (1617); and two years later another party on their own account, among them the same Pembroke, doubly interesting as Shakespeare's W. H. The Privy Council had to deal with their entertainment, lending the Royal silver plate to their hosts—Morton at Dalkeith, and Lennox at Holyrood. Among the items figure such humble kitchen stuff as a 'fyre schoole, gredirne and skimmer ladle.' The native nobles are now leaving their windy crane nests, amid the brown bogs and the desolation of the upland dales, for comfortable mansions in the capital. In Mary's time a few noble town-houses had clustered on the Castle Hill, around the palace of the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise; but now the Canongate, and the sunny slopes leading down to the Cowgate, became the fashionable quarters. The mass of the Estates, however, who assembled in 1621 would have to lodge themselves in the crowded lands of the High Street closes with lawyers and guild brethren. Hotels

existed only as grimy, dingy, taprooms. The only public provision for travellers was to be found with the stablers, who haunted the Canongate near to the Watergate, reported in 1617 to be at the point of downfalling. This was the great southwards exit, leading by the hamlet of Restalrig, thence across the Figgat Whins, and along the Portobello and Musselburgh sands. Sir William Seytoun, in virtue of his patent as postmaster, had his agents on this route at Canongate, Haddington, Cockburnspath, and Berwick for a horse-post between the capitals, but these were now reported to the Council as so deeply in debt that they were unable to keep horses even for the King's packet. Business in those days did not want for careful nursing. The Register tells us how stables must be furnished, and the prices of supplies fixed. Bread, ale, and flesh had all their fixed prices. Curious is it to see how scarce and dear rabbits were all through the century. The price of the best would buy five dozen eggs, almost two hares, and a whole gryce (pig). In Archbishop Sharp's time a pair cost more than a leg of mutton. They seem to have been almost domesticated. In 1618 a laird complains of a neighbour 'so hunting in his cunnyn-gairis and so damaging dowcates that he has now neither rabbits nor pigeons.' Commodities we now think little of were jealously watched. Proclamations spoke of the heinous sin of exporting eggs and tallow. The

great beverage and tea of the time was ale. As it is 'noways resonable maisters and servands salbe served alyke,' tapsters, licensed to show the alewand, were now to have two qualities, distinct in price. English beer was coming into vogue, and a great step was taken about this time when an English company established a brewery on a novel scale at the Bristo or Society Port.

VII

THE SCOTTISH TOUR IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES I.

THE Union of 1603, if we may judge by the popular literature of the day, was by no means well received in the South. England was now to be a happy hunting-ground for the Scot Abroad in search of bawbees. Said a wit of the time:—

> 'Bonny Scot, we all witness can,
> England hath made thee a gentleman,
> Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,
> Could scarce keep out the wind and weather,
> But now it is turned to hat and feather.'

The southward movement was thought to be now irresistible:—

> 'Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
> Not forced him wander, but compelled him home.'

The King himself, to judge by one of his characteristic speeches to Parliament, did not think very much of the Union on its social side. His countrymen, he said, 'had learnt of the English to drink healths, wear coches and gay clothes, tak tobacco, and speak neither Scottis nor English.'

The travelled Scot was too busy to record his views of this English Eldorado; but contemporaneous with this southward migration was a northern one, due to increasing interest on the part of the predominant partner; and of this we have evidence in the pilgrimages of Taylor the Water Poet, and of Ben Jonson (1619). The Historical MSS. Commission has unearthed, from the Lonsdale papers, the journal of a visit to Scotland in 1629 by a young member of the Lowther family.[1] The period chosen is wanting in the brilliant features due to the careers of such romantic figures as Mary Stuart, Montrose, Dundee, and Prince Charlie. Coming as it did after the Union, and being overshadowed by the interests of the great constitutional struggle in England, it passes for a period of dulness and gloom under those depressing influences of the Reformed Kirk of which Buckle has made so much. Macaulay, too, has sketched the manners and surroundings of the Scottish gentry of the time in mean, and even repulsive, colours. A transcript fresh from the note-book of an unbiassed visitor is therefore doubly welcome as a corrective of the philosophy of the one and the rhetoric of the other.

The period has a profound interest that has been much overlooked by the general historian. Scot-

[1] Separately published as *Our Journall into Scotland*: Edinburgh, David Douglas, 1894. The MS., now at Lowther Castle, has been admirably annotated by Mr. William Douglas, the son of its publisher.

land then entered upon the first stages of that social and economic reform which has done so much for the country. The King, after 1603, treated his calf-country as a crown colony under a system of coercion as strong as even Ireland ever knew. The Macleods, Macdonalds, and those *notour lymmaris*, the Gregors, baffled him, but his Border garrison dragooned the Middle Shires into pastoral peace. On the principle which led the Nevada preacher to select the boss bully of the place to lift the collection, he gave a free hand to the stoutest laird in the way of dragooning, with the additional reward of ample fines. Lowther profited by these rough measures, for, journeying from Carlisle to Edinburgh, he passed in safety and comparative comfort through a district that for centuries had been notorious for its lawlessness. This was the Debateable Land, a district three miles square, at the head of the Solway, where the Graemes, Johnstones, and Maxwells had so long played the game of Scots and English. The mosstroopers had now been broken up, and the mass of them driven to the wilds of Galloway, in due time to become the *cairds* and *losels* that figure so picturesquely in *The Raiders*. By this time a regular drovers' trade in black cattle had been established with England, the beginnings of commerce between the sister countries, and the first-fruits of the King's Coercion Acts. The traveller found the Graemes now outlawed or

deported to Ulster and Virginia, and 'the house of the Goodman of Netherby, one little stone tower, garreted, as all the lairds' houses in Scotland.' These were the bonnet or cock lairds of Scotch popular verse. At Langholm Lowther had hoped for a lodging at Lord Maxwell's, but he was now a broken baron, deep in wadsets (mortgages) to Buccleuch, who was busy quieting the country. Near by was where 'Buccleuch did wappe [cast] the outlaws into the dub,' evidently a pithy saying picked up on the spot. This broken baron, Lord Robert Maxwell, had long been in prison and under a cloud, the victim of a long-standing vendetta, that reached its acutest stage at Dryffe Sands in 1593, when the old grey-headed chief was 'stricken from his horse' and killed by the keys of the tower in the vigorous hands of Dame Johnstone of Kirkton, who had found him helpless under a fir-tree. In 1608 young John Maxwell paid off scores by murdering the head of the Johnstones, for which he was declared a rebel. The King was merciless to such offenders, and when John was at last caught in 1613 he was beheaded. His story is the subject of the ballad, 'Lord Maxwell's Good-Night.' The activity of the Border garrison was aided by the King's Guards, but both were, after 1612, superseded by the Justice of Peace courts, with all the powers of a rural police. Capital offences they had to report to the Privy Council. By 1629, however, it would seem

from Lowther, rural justice had reverted to the baronial courts.

The settlement of the middle shires gave to the southern uplands that sweetly pastoral aspect which is now so charming, a change which the Highlands have undergone only in comparatively recent times. The *Journall* gives the first glimpse of an interesting reform on lines very different from modern Crofter Commissions. Across the dreary moors of Upper Ewesdale went the party to Selkirk. On the riverside holms there was excellent ground, and the hills were very green. A sheep could be grazed here for 1s. 6d. a year, butter fetched 6s. (Scots) a stone. Sheep-grazing, that in time transformed the whole Southern Highlands, was then just beginning, after the troublous times preceding the Union. But the old economy still prevailed, and Lowther's report was then true of all the settled districts—'little or nothing enclosed, whether cornland, woods, or meadows, very little hay unless at a knight's or laird's house.' Staff-herding was then general, as it is still among the Highland crofters. 'Each man, though he have but one beast, takes it to grass night and day.' At the beginning of this century Dorothy Wordsworth, travelling from Dumfries to Glasgow, often passed women and children watching each a single cow feeding on the slips of grass between the corn. Wordsworth, sorry to see a strong woman so employed, asked her if the cow

would eat the corn when left to itself? '*She smiled at his simplicity.*' The smearing of sheep was then and for long after thought to be indispensable for their health. Lowther saw greasers using butter and tar for this purpose, one man getting through forty sheep a day. 'Some use gilly [jelly] of broom sod [boiled] in water instead of tar.' The sheep fells were hung up in fir-houses to dry. The old song, 'Tarry woo is ill to spin,' commemorates this bygone custom of sheep-greasing.

At Selkirk we are introduced to the life of a royal burgh such as had existed since the days of David I. The town itself was as large as Appleby, with many thatched buildings of hewn stone. The inn offered only a stifling, smoky chamber, into which a drunken, unruly company thrust themselves—drovers most likely—who 'called for wine and ale, and left it on our score.' Mrs. Murray when in Selkirk, near the close of last century, found no improvement, but got out of the difficulty by being served in her carriage. 'There is good victual throughout,' says Lowther, 'except in the south-west, but the people cannot dress it well.' A more favourable account is given of church affairs. The ritual differed little from English practice, with the exception of an audible humming that expressed the feelings of the congregation. The church was a fine pre-Reformation structure that lasted till 1747. The lofts or galleries struck Lowther as peculiar.

The transition from the open area of pre-Reformation times to the seats and galleries which the long Calvinistic sermons demanded was now taking effect. These were erected by the great lairds and the trade-guilds, while humbler folks accommodated themselves as best they might on what was in general but the earthen floor. Women brought their *creepies* or low-folding stools *à la* Jenny Geddes, seating themselves in the choir before service began as at Selkirk, or in front of the men as at Leith. They gave much trouble to kirk-sessions, who objected specially to the covering of the head with the plaid in church as a cloak for *giglot* conduct or for sleep. The Selkirk *sutors* had a gallery mounted above the rest of the seats, while, highest of all, sat the great Buccleuch[1] in a *loft* which had a private access. This custom of the county magnates setting apart a portion of the church for themselves, generally over the family vault, spread fast. A good example is still to be seen in the Rosebery and Craigiehall galleries of Dalmeny Church.

In Lowther's time, Presbyterian rule was suffering from the inroads of the Laudian prelacy, but discipline was in no wise relaxed. The bailies readily

[1] Lowther shows a not uncommon indifference in those days to the spelling of proper names. If it is phonetic, the great Border Scott, Buccleuch, was named very differently from now. He speaks of Bucplewes land, and my Lord Bucplewgh's seat in Selkrigge church. When in Fife he certainly picked up the local pronunciation of Colville, which he spells Colin.

supported the kirk in dealing with the female habitual offender as witch, randy, or frail penitent. For such there was the *branks*, fastened to the wall in a corner outside the choir, where offenders *thold the lauch o' the toon*. Lowther correctly describes this apparatus under the name of the *jougs*, but this was simply an iron collar, such as is still to be seen in its original position at Kilmaurs. At Galashiels House, farther on, the traveller found a *palmar* or tawse, kept for domestic use. Under the stern rule of the Kirk, each family had to provide itself with this carnal weapon.

From Selkirk the Lowther party crossed the Tweed at Innerleithen, passing, unnoticed, Traquair, the model of Scott's Tully-veolan, and so on by Clovenford to Galashiels, where an acquaintance with Sir James Pringle introduced them to the household economy of the gentry, whom Macaulay depicts as surrounded by semi-savage rudeness. Sir James had a very pretty park, with many natural walks in it, artificial ponds, and arbours. He grew the black cherry (*gean*), sycamores, firs, and 'trees he calleth silk trees,' which must be the Englishman's mishearing of the *sauch* or willow. These amenities were the most hopeful sign of the times, which saw comfortable mansions take the place of the grim old peels. Sir James was not alone as an improver. His neighbour, Murray of Elibank, we find complaining in 1617 of three men over night

breaking down his dykes. They not only 'staw and took ane grite number of the beste fruite of all kyndis, but also broke, cut, and destroyed many trees.' Buccleuch brought up a similar case, but his trees were only alders.

Sir James was hereditary Sheriff of the Forest, and a type of the Border chief dear to the heart of his successor—the *Shirra*. All up the dale were the hamlets where Pringles lived, while underneath the eye of Sir James was a burgh of barony on the site of the future home of the tweed industry. Here was a true Scottish lord of the manor, and vastly impressed were the visitors with all they saw—fore and afternoon a good sermon, the finest seats and the orderliest church, the kindly service at the hall table, the singing of the choir boys after the meal, and the graceful ceremonies of the night-cap and the stirrup-cup. Retainers served the table with hats on before their master, bringing in each dish covered with another and a basin to wash hands before sitting down. The cheer was bere or *big* broth —pot barley was then unknown—powdered or *mart* beef, roast and boiled mutton, long and bowe kale (*i.e.* open and close cabbage), and the *halesome parritch*, under the name of *brwh* (Gaelic, *prochan*) sopps. Cheese on a pewter platter followed, then apples, one cup of beer, and a glass of hot water (spirits). The cloth—a towel the whole breadth of the table and half the length—was then removed.

A basin and ewer to wash hands were next brought out, then a green carpet (table cover) put down, on which a beer-cup was placed. A long, narrow serviette, 'plaited up, a shilling or more broad,' was next laid over one corner of the table, and a glass of hot water set down. Three boys now said grace, including thanks, the Paternoster, and a prayer for blessing. The guests then drank hot waters (toddy). When they went to bed the collation was a doup (Boer *dop*, Ger. *Topf*) of ale. 'Also in the morning,' continues the stranger, 'and when one desireth to drink, one gives first beer, holding him the narrow serviter to dry his mouth, and a wheat loaf and a knife, and when he hath drunk cutteth him a little bread,' mindful of the motto, '*Incipe cum liquido, sicco finire memento.*' On a humbler scale was his entertainment at John o' Fordes at my Lord Maxfield's gate near Langham. He says he had good victuals, as mutton, midden fowl, oat cakes baked on a girdle and very thin wheat bread, ale, aquavitæ.

Edinburgh was approached, not in the romantic but impracticable fashion in which Marmion got his first look of it, but past St. Leonard's Craigs, crowned by the ghastly gibbet where ended the rogue's march from the city. Travellers from the south entered Edinburgh by the Cowgate Port, the eastern gate of what was then a fair open suburb, which covered the Kirk o' Field and the precincts of Blackfriars Monastery. Fine mansions

here looked on courts and gardens, approached from the High Street by narrow passes that burrowed a way amid meaner piles, long, steep, dark and noisome. A little within the port was the palace where lived Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and head of that prelatic system which cost Charles I. so much to establish. It had been Cardinal Beaton's in Reformation times. Lowther's party found none of the inns that at a later period gathered round the Cowgate Port, such as Boyd's, where Samuel Johnson put up. For long after this, there was no public accommodation for travellers. The universal use of horses secured provision for stabling, but lodging was more difficult to get. The party followed the Cowgate till they turned to the left towards the College Gate by the Wynd of the Blessed Virgin, where at a later date Goldsmith lodged when a student, and where Scott was born. Our travellers put up at James Robertson's stables. In Bell's Wynd, one of the numerous lanes leading up to the High Street, the three found a lodging with Mistress Russell, wife of a *writer*, at 5s. 10d. a week for rooms, fire, and bed.

Next day the visitors devoted to the Castle, the Law Courts, and the College. The College of King James remained till the present century in its original condition, though adorned by the great names of Robertson, Blair, Cullen, and Black. Lowther was made much of by the Principal,

Adamson, who had two fair daughters, and went about followed by a little dog of the *messan* or Messina breed. There were three hundred students in five classes—humanity, Greek, logic, natural philosophy, and mathematics. The students were known in their curriculum as scholars, bejans, semi-bejans, bachelors, and laureates. Great noise and confusion prevailed in the Court of Session; for the old feudal days, when a client won his case not by the justice of his plea, but by the number of supporters he could bring to Court, were not far off. Lowther says that in time of pleading a client will put into his advocate's hand a double piece or more by way of refresher, whispering at the same time, 'Thoom it, thoom it!' and the advocate will plead as he feels the coins weigh. Juries were as yet unreliable judges of fact. A borderer, blamed for giving a false verdict, excused himself by saying that he thought it better to trust God with his soul than his neighbour with his gear. The independence of the Court of Session was more nominal than real. After the Union of 1603, the Royal prerogative was substituted for the old constitutional forms, with the result of giving to Scotland about the worst form of government in Europe. The Lords of the Privy Council executed what the personal despotism of the king dictated, and were supreme over the Court of Session, the Estates, and the General Assembly. An attempt

had been made by King James to reform the old baronial Sheriff Courts, and appoint annual, in room of hereditary sheriffs. At this time Lowther's cousin, 'Sir Louis Lawder' (Lowther), was Sheriff of Lothian, and sat every Wednesday and Friday afternoon in the Outer Court of Session. The *Journall* gives, as its most interesting feature, a sketch-plan of the Courts of Law, which then sat in the south-west corner of St. Giles, famous as the Tolbooth Kirk of Allan Ramsay's days, and a great favourite with the Towbuith saints, or tinkler-billies o' the West Bow.

Little is said of the life of the capital. The traveller saw the heralds from the Old Mercat Cross proclaim a recent Act against Papists, and he had heard of the hanging of Sir Robert Stewart in 1615 for holding Kirkwall Castle against the King, and of the 'heading of the father, Earl Patrick, a month later. The meagre account of the college might have been spared for a look at the stately Heriot's Hospital, just begun (1628), or a peep at Andro Hart's shop in the High Street, where in this very year (1629) appeared the *Cherry and the Slae*, or a hint of the famous author, Drummond of Hawthornden, not far off, and then busy with some of his best work. Travelling out of the Borders and towards the north-east, that is, in the lands of the Papist Gordons, was safer than in England, and 'much civiller be they and plainer

English, yea, better than at Edinburgh.' The town drummer still marked the opening and closing day at 4 A.M. and 8 P.M., for church bells were as yet almost unknown. St. Giles had one great bell, which tolled only at ten o'clock. In Ramsay's time, convivial hours ran from 'the gill-bells (St. Giles) to the Drum,' or from 8-10 P.M. Gentlemen were courteous and affable hosts, though country clowns were careless and unconscionable to strangers. Patriarchal customs still survived. Servants were attached for life to their households—the Caleb Balderstones of the period. Gentlemen and knights rode about with trumpeters and a fighting tail, a custom handed down from the Celtic monarchy. Rents being still mainly paid in kind, there was abundance of food as long as the lairds were living at home upon their tenants. Abroad, hereditary pride had to do duty for a pitiful lack of coin. The crowd of servants had a set form of rations, consisting of three days' broth and salt meat, with *soupe maigre* on the other days. There was plenty of cakes and small beer. Wages were nominal, and housing *au naturel*. Lowther tells how at marriages the priest appoints what company are to come to church, while feasting for four or five days will follow the ceremony.

A vivid picture of Edinburgh, supplementing Lowther, is presented in the Privy Council Register for 1617. The king was expected, and mighty

preparations were in progress. The streets of the capital were notoriously disorderly and noisome. 'Masterful begars, counterfete bairdes and foollis, that rinnis athorte the cuntrey begyng, are to be wairdit in the stockis or irnis and detenit.' Those begging beyond their parish bounds are to be 'scurged, and their eares nailed to the trone for the first fault'; the next is to be death. That they may be known, 'the token of the parish is to be burnt in the cheeke with ane hett yrne.' None are to give *almous* to beggars not belonging to their own parish. Proclamations denounce 'the abuse given to baxters and brousters to big and keep stax of heder, broom, quhynis.' 'Candlemakers keep their choppis quhair they melt tallow and craklingis in the hart of the burgh. Fleshers' slauter chopis are all to be set besydis the portis, wallis, or North Loch syde, wher there are no housis and wher there is use of watter for away takin of filth.' Here is a companion picture of burgess life at the same time in Glasgow from a complaint laid before the Privy Council by Archibald Seller, 'how that Wm. Lang, maltman burgess, with otheris, armed wi swerdis, bandit staulfis and corneforkis, went to pursuer's lands of Cowcaldenis, where his servants were lading twa hors kerris of bere hame to the barnyard. They cut the eareledderis [plough-lines] of the kerris, and strak and dung the hors, wherby they left thair drauchtis.' Pursuer's servants fled

for safety, and defenders took away the bere and kept it. The Council and the King were always chary of meddling with the autonomy of the burghs, so the case was remitted to the provost and bailies.

Our visitors continued their tour as far as Perth, crossing the Firth from Leith. At this time there was a recent attempt at a public conveyance between the capital and its port, but it soon fell through, and was not renewed till near the close of last century. Leith seemed to Lowther fairer than Carlisle, with two churches, finer inside than any he had seen out of London. The harbour now engrossed the larger portion of the trade of the kingdom, and this almost entirely with England. Some houses, however, burnt by the English in Elizabeth's time and not yet rebuilt, showed a sleepy condition of things. Oysters, dredged in the Firth, formed a notable export, being carried by packhorses as far as Carlisle and Newcastle. The journey to Perth introduces us to Lochleven by the way, and its wonderful stock of fish and vast flocks of wild geese and swans. Even in quiet Kinross the far-travelled Scot was in evidence. 'My host, an elder of the kirk, told me he had sailed in the Indian trade for thirty years, and on ships' bottoms had found shells with the forms of fowls in them.' It was long after Lowther's day before this genesis of the Barnacle goose was recognised to be fabulous.

Perth had by this time vastly decayed. It had long been a stirring port, the only walled burgh after the capital, and second town in the kingdom for population. The wooden bridge over the Tay had been swept off in a flood eight years before this, and boatmen worked the ferry till the present handsome structure was completed in 1771. The old burghal life was well preserved in Perth. The nine crafts had their allotted quarters in the town, each ruled by its deacon, called lord, and chosen yearly. The chimes on the church of St. John were the finest in Scotland. The interiors of the two charges were adorned with many candlesticks, the gifts of the craftsmen and representatives of the well-endowed altars and shrines in burghs of pre-Reformation days.

The author of the *Journall*, though occasionally credulous, and sometimes even silly, has given a far more instructive picture of social Scotland at that time than either Fynes Morison (1598) or the Water Poet (1619). He was evidently a young man preparing for public life, and not fully alive to the momentous issues of the time. The very year of the visit was memorable for Charles I.'s attempt at a compromise with the nobles on the teinds question. The Presbyterians suspected that this was only a move to endow Prelacy and secure devoted adherents to the King. The nobles, again, saw in it a demand for the restoration of the

abbey lands. Both immediately threw their weight on to the side of the English Parliamentary opposition, and this speedily brought on the National Covenant, Duns Law, and the Bishops' War, all alike disastrous to the Crown.

VIII

SCOTLAND UNDER THE ROUNDHEADS

In the last issue of the Scottish History Society's publications is included a volume of much and varied interest—*Scotland under the Commonweatth*, 1651-3. If a statue to the Lord-General should again become a question of the hour, even to the imminent peril of an English ministry, this volume ought to recommend the tardy honour, for it goes far to justify the favourable judgment on his usurpation of Scotland as 'tolerant, wise, and just.' It entirely wants the commanding personality of Cromwell himself, who finally turned his back on the Kirk and her cantankerous leaders in the early autumn of 1651, to close with Leslie and the Royalists at Worcester. But it deals with questions of considerable moment at the time, and of constitutional interest now, such as the incorporating Union of the two kingdoms, the reduction of the Highlands, and the settlement of difficult ecclesiastical, judicial, and economic problems.

The sources of the narrative are the Oxford MSS. of William Clarke in Scotland, acting as secretary to Cromwell, and thereafter to his right-hand man, Monk. That office he continued to hold, till the Restoration, under the officers that succeeded Monk. The *lacunæ* in Clarke's Journal have been supplied from the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian, consisting of the letters of Bishop Tanner to the Speakers of the Long Parliament, supplemented by news-letters[1] of the day and intercepted Royalist correspondence.

The narrative opens with Monk's march in the beginning of August 1651, through Fife to the reduction of Stirling Castle. He crossed the Forth, not by the bridge but by the Ford of Frew, a few miles farther up, where in the '45 Prince Charlie's men passed southward. William Cunningham, *anciente of the Castle*, gave in after a week's feeble pounding at the ramparts from the kirk steeple. The mortars proved too much for the nerves of his Highlandmen, among whom they produced a panic and mutiny. These would appear to have been the most advanced type of ordnance, worked only by Mr. Joachim Hane, the Dutch Engineer, of whom, on a later occasion, Lilburne says, writing to Cromwell, 'we have an exceeding great want. Should we have any occasion to use a morter peece

[1] Such as *Mercurius Scoticus*, published at Leith during the winter of 1651, and probably edited by Clarke.

without him, there is nobody to undertake that business that is fitt for itt.' Among the spoils we find, '4 *leather* guns, 2 coaches and a sedan, the Earl of Murris coronet and Parliament roabes.' Monk lived in the interesting old Stirling mansion, Mar's Wark, from which the Countess of Argyll had to retire during the siege, *being sik*, and there terms of capitulation were signed. The siege of Dundee, which Monk reached from Stirling by Perth, has made a profounder mark in history, proving, in truth, a Scottish sack of Drogheda, for which the General gets off much more lightly in history than his master over the Irish affair. Hither most of the portable wealth of the country had been transported. With two wide firths between it and the Sectaries it was deemed safe. The townspeople were very confident, remembering their success in beating off Montrose, but Engineer Hane *plaid* again *with his morter peece*, the troopers poured through the breaches on the east and west, 'divers of the enemy retreated to the church and steeple, and among the rest the Governour, whoe was kild with between foure and five hundred souldyers and townsmen. The souldyers had the plunder of the town for all that day and night, and had very large prize, many inhabitantes of Edinburgh and other places having sent their ware and geere thither. Captain Eely led on the Pioneers, whoe made way for the horse, and the Lt.-Generall went in person.

Our word was, God with us, and the signe a white cloathe or shirt hanging out behind.' The minister of the town was among the slain. Such is the brief contemporary narrative of a massacre which great historians, like Burton and Gardiner, have disbelieved. Two days before had been enacted the Crowning Mercy of Worcester, of which Monk heard 'the happy news' here, September 9. Shortly before this (August 27) Colonel Alured accomplished his smart feat, the Raid of Alyth, and curtly tells in due course, 'From my Tent at the Leagure before Dundee,' how 'It hath pleased the Lord to give a great mercy to us,' no less indeed than the capture of the whole committee of the Scots Estates, barring two. He rode with his dragoons 'on a darke rainey night in rough and tedious way to a Towne called Ellit,' where lay the Scots Parliament, at the foot of the Sidlaws, in full security of its Highland supports. The Earls of Leven (General Leslie) and Marischal were among the batch of captives that Monk shipped off to a long captivity in the Tower, from which the old Captain of the Covenant was ultimately liberated to die in peace at his beautiful Fifeshire retreat of Balgonie. Another of the caged Scots was the notorious Lauderdale, and him we can fancy having a crack over the adventure, after the Restoration, with his companion renegade, the now glorified Duke of Albemarle. Thus was the curtain rung down on

that Covenanted Republic, Carlyle's 'theocracy without the inspiration,' which Jenny Geddes and Duns Law had brought into being.

Scotland was now left to the tender mercies of that 'very precious instrument,' General Monk, unfortunately seized with a very desperate sickness after the fall of Dundee. Clarke gives him a high character in writing to Speaker Lenthal: 'The most properly fitted for the management of affairs here His temper every way fits him, and none could order the Scots so handsomely as himself, he carries things with such a grace and *rigid gentlenesse*.' The Secretary has a pretty style, it must be admitted. Monk certainly lost no time in getting his men well in hand again after the sack, proclamations following, on the next day, to 'forbeare further plundering or rifling of the houses in Dundee.' Court-martials severely punished offenders who had been scourging the district for plunder. For robbing two countrymen, a brace of dragoons are led with ropes about their necks to the gallows, tied up, flogged with thirty stripes a piece; then on their knees they have to beg forgiveness of their victims, and restore the plunder four-fold. Others have to ride the *tree mare* for similar offences—'so severe,' says Clarke, 'is the Lt.-General and officers against injuring the countrey, to whom we endeavour to show as much favour as may be (especially to the poorer sort) to convince them of the slavery they have

been under and freedom they may now enjoy under the English.'

To judge by a news-letter from Dundee, 1st January 1652, the officers had to deal with the crowds of 'randy beggars' that formed a social feature of the olden times. 'One hundred here of several nations [clans] called heere Egyptians, which doe at this day ramble uppe and downe the northern Highlands, chiefest of which are Hause and Browne. They cheate and cosen the country like the English gypsies.' Lilburne's plan for such 'ill neebors' was that of Duncan Forbes and the Duke of Argyll at a later date—'engage the rascality for foreign service in Spain or the Empire.' The burghs were constantly taking pains to keep these unfortunates outside. Stirling Town Council selects (December 1652) Thomas Bennie 'to keip beggaris furthe,' and engages to *cleid* him and give him thirteen shillings and fourpence (Scots) weekly and a load of coals monthly.

Monk followed up his success with the reduction of the coast towns and the establishment of small garrisons.[1] A good footing was gained as far north as Aberdeen, 'one of the richest and chiefest cities,' where the officers were handsomely entertained. No doubt both parties were anxious as to the attitude of that great scourge of the north, the Marquis of Huntly, but he proved powerless both in health and

[1] Two companies were sent to Arbroath 'to fortify an ancient abbey there which will make a considerable strength.'

purse to interfere in the struggle. Before the renewal of active operations in the spring of 1652, Monk's weak health compelled him to retire to Bath for the waters, and Deane assumed command for a few months, but the really active officer was Lilburne. To him fell the hardest task of all, to reduce the Highlands and keep the active royalists at bay, all the more active owing to the recent successes of Van Tromp. The situation reached its acute stage in the summer of 1653, when the Roundhead Government was put to the severest strain. The Dutch war absorbed its whole energies, and Lilburne was in despair for men and means. One cannot but sympathise with his efforts to be honest and faithful. In a letter to Cromwell he speaks his mind: 'Our want of money seemes to be an incouragement to our enimies, who conceives we are not able to subsist long at the vast charge the Commonwealth is at; the foote eate biskett and cheese on Pentland hills, and hath not money to buy them other refreshments, being now 2 months and above in arreare and our fortifications readie to stand still, nor do I know where to gett 100*l.* in the treasury; this hath bene often represented above and hinted to your Excellencie.' In the early days of the occupation the troopers had lived at free quarters on a rough system of local billeting, but latterly about £8000 a month had been uniformly levied, which sum, however, had to be largely supplemented from

England. The assessments for the different shires and burghs are detailed in the volume before us, and give a valuable indication of the economic situation. Fife and Perth head the list of the shires by a long way, then follow Aberdeen, Ayr, Midlothian, and Lanark. Of the burghs, Edinburgh pays more than five times Dundee—the second on the list—closely followed by Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Perth. Rutherglen has to contribute £3 less than Rothesay, and only half the cess from the ancient burgh of Culross. From Argyllshire, Lilburne had to accept the cess in kind, cows at 26s.-28s. if fat, and trees at 4s. each if from 20-24 feet long and a foot square. Here he had an eye to the substantial forts he was constructing, at Ayr for example—*sconces* (Ger. *schanzen*) as these were called after the Dutch masters in gunnery. The term is still used in South African warfare, and is heard, in modified form, in *ensconced*. The flint-and-steel muskets of the time, *snaphances*, were also of Dutch origin. This volume corroborates the tradition that the Cromwellian rule pressed hard on the few native woods as well as on the historic churches. Thus Lilburne tells Cromwell that the broken men under Glencairn and Kenmuir had come down from the hills as far as Falkland and secured four or five men in charge of the timber in the park at Falkland, designed for the citadel at Perth. The meat-supply was an even greater difficulty, the country was so poor. The ships had to go often to Newcastle and

Hull for beef and pork; hay and meal the country provided, but in the hills the men had to subsist on the biscuits and cheese they carried with them. In the Lowlands, trade flowed on in the usual channels. Thus we find Lilburne telling Cromwell that it 'was strange that the Treasurer should hinder the return of money and put the State and the soldiers to the trouble of bringing it out from London and York in waggons when it might be almost every groat received here upon bills.'

The untiring energy displayed gives one a high idea of the splendid stuff developed by the army of the New Model. In all directions there is the greatest activity. The mosstroopers of the Border were dragooned into decent dalesmen. The coast towns were made ready to meet the Dutchmen. Arbroath Abbey, for example, was turned into what was deemed a very tenable fort; while the Scots navy, taken in Dundee—sixty sail of ten, six, and four guns—along with one that had escaped to Aberdeen, having 'six peeces, and stoare of wines and other good commodityes,' were pressed into the service. To checkmate the Dutch, who set the greatest store upon the Orkneys and Shetland for their Great Fishing, Overton fortified Kirkwall, making tenable the Cathedral Kirk of St. *Maans* (Magnus) and the Earl of Morton's house, *where a regiment can lodge.* Lilburne, writing to Cromwell, tells how the Dutch have especially an eye upon Shetland. 'There have

bin sometimes 1800 saile in and about Birssie [Bressay] Sound,' the narrowest part of which he proposes to secure with a strong fort. For a time the Lews had been thought well worth securing, and here Cobbett worked hard at making a *strength* in Stornoway. It was found, however, that the course of trade did not at all lie in that direction. Montrose's destructive raid had taught the lesson that there was a real danger from Ireland through the West Highlands, where another Colkitto might any day appear; and so Ayr and Brodick, Dunstaffnage and Dunolly were strongly held. Inverness was relied upon as the chief defence for the central Highlands, and in an interesting letter we read the story of the building of a citadel and particularly of the great feat of dragging a forty-ton pinnace across six miles of dry land for service on Loch Ness, 'to the admiration of the spectators. The men broke three cables, seven inches about, with hawling of her. . . . The west end of the Lough is near unto the Irish Sea, it wanting not above six mile of ground to be cut to make the shires north of it an entire island of itself.' Inverlochy, at the western side of the Great Glen, was held strongly to keep down what was the mainstay of the Royalists, the cattle-lifting caterans of Lochaber, the Macdonalds and the Camerons. The attitude of Argyll, the great leader of the Covenant and the rival of Montrose, was a constant source of

anxiety. With a caution characteristic of these old times, when the head of the clan remained in one camp while a son or brother stuck by its rival, the Marquis had frequent friendly correspondences with the Roundheads, doing them valuable service, while his son, Lorn, was a leading spirit among the Royalists. In consequence Argyllshire required constant watchfulness, and was often the scene of really plucky marchings and counter-marchings. It would be something even in these days to take, as Colonel Read did, 700 horse, dragoons and foot, from Tarbert to Dunstaffnage 'after four hard dayes march,' find no provisions there nor in Dunolly, and after a stay of two nights, 'be forced to act the King of France's part,' to face about 'and by a nearer cut return to his base.' A still more toilsome undertaking was the marching and the dragging of guns from Atholl over the stiffest part of the Highlands to Inverlochy in Lochaber. Nor again was that a small feat of which we read in a letter from Paisley, August 1652. Here we can follow the handful of surly Roundheads as they marched from Inveraray across 'an impregnable Passe, called Glen Crow [Croe], where onely one could but file over,' for not till a century later did Lascelles' regiment make the present road. The jagged cliffs that frown upon the gloomy tarn at Rest-and-be-Thankful were dotted over with crowds of excited clansmen, 'to know if the

E. of Argyle were our prisoner; yet God, who restrains the fury of the most savage beasts, doth also muzzle the mouthes of bloody-minded men. Wee drew up our men under their noses until our rear-guard was got over. I doubt whether these things are in order, to war with these base and beggerly wild beasts, a thing to be avoided for many reasons, especially their poverty and unaccessiblenesse of every passe and place, where each hill is no less than an invincible garrison.'

Worcester had proved a heavy blow to the Royalist. For some time the exiles suffered the greatest straits. But the Dutch War revived their hopes, absorbing as it did all Cromwell's energies and resources. The difficulty, however, was to find money for an expedition. Late in 1652 we have the King, *young Charles*, or *the lad* of the Roundhead letters, writing from Paris to Middleton, 'I have scarce received 200 pistoles since you went.' By the spring of 1653 everything seemed favourable for action, all the more urgent that the fall of Dunnottar, the last of the Covenanting strengths to succumb, was imminent. Here were stored the royal plenishing and the regalia, the preservation of which forms a well-known romantic incident of the time. Agents scoured the Baltic provinces to raise money from the Scottish merchants there. Rochester was 'at the Dyett,' young Wentworth in Denmark, Ballantyne in Sweden. One letter

from a General Douglas at Stockholm breathes the most touching loyalty. In answer to His Sacred Majesty's own letter, he says that all he can do 'must be in a private way; however, your goodness will not reject the harte affections of your subjects abroad, quhairoff a few with my selfe have maide boulde to send your Majeste a somme of 5200 rixdollars' through William Davidson, merchant in Amsterdam. The King himself writes, asking a loan of £300 from the Earls of Southesk and Panmure. Hyde entreats Middleton, appointed General in Scotland, 'not to be angry at the sum' he sends, 'being but £100, God knowes the King had rather give you £1000.' Middleton, originally a Fifeshire trooper in Hepburn's regiment, rose to be the King's Viceroy in Scotland, with an evil reputation for rough measures and manners and drunken habits. He was taken prisoner at Worcester, but escaped from the Tower. The cruel agents of the Secret Council during the Killing Times all appear in this correspondence as working for the King—Strachan, Turner, Ballantyne, and that truculent trooper, Dalzel. Great efforts were made to secure the co-operation of the Dutch, the Royalists offering them fishing stations in the isles 'to be possessed by them for ever.' All this activity resulted in the Glencairn Rising of 1653, which we can now study here in most interesting detail. There were high hopes of the Highland chiefs

with Glengarry at their head. Charles took great pains to reduce the friction of jealousy by giving the chief command to Middleton, but with little success. Lorn and Glengarry one day drew their claymores on each another. Glencairn, one of the most active leaders, was a Cunningham, an Ayrshire laird, and his henchman, that energetic raider, Kenmore, was the head of the Galloway Gordons, who took to the hills with but a hundred followers. Scott's 'Lochinvar' and that stirring Jacobite march of the Fifteen, 'Kenmure 's on and awa!' will for ever preserve the memory of the grim fortalice at the head of Loch Ken. There was no Montrose now among these leaders, and, if there had been, the Roundhead troopers would have made his tactics impracticable. The King cheered on his followers with the sham hope of joining them, but he secretly had no wish to be up a tree again. Nothing more serious than horse-stealing was done. A slight skirmish at Aberfoyle, a Roundhead raid into Atholl in which the Laird of Macnab got killed, Kenmore's futile landing in Cantire and attack on Campbelton, then known only as Lochhead—these summed up the exploits of the Royalists; and, when Cromwell assumed the Protectorate and dismissed the Long Parliament, his officers in the north could assure him of the support of Scotland.

Lilburne's reports prove him an admirable administrator. The backbone of the rising he rightly

conceives to be the bankrupt position of the gentry, impoverished by civil war and a vicious land system. To Cromwell he more than once strongly represents the situation. The creditors of the lairds were using the increased strictness and despatch of the reformed Court of Session to harass their debtors, and again and again we find Lilburne pressing them to leniency, their action driving many to the hills. To this the scarcity of money contributed. All this bears out the gloomy picture of the economic situation drawn by Baillie in his *Letters*, 'Our nobility weel near all are wracked,' and accounts for the exaggerated strain of Glencairn's appeal to the United Provinces, how 'the cry of our blood hath reached to Heaven, soe we doe not at all doubt but the extremities of the Earth are acquainted with the horrid actings of those men of blood,' the Roundheads. Lilburne tells Cromwell that there are (December, 1653) '35,000 *captions* [arrest-warrants for debt] out against men. Huntly being one of that number sent this day to me for protection.' About the same date Lord Cardross was writing to the Stirling bailies to allow the Earl of Mar to come south without fear of arrest, the revenue of the town's hospital depending upon moneys that had been lent to him. Lilburne also strongly urged the policy which President Forbes and Argyll pressed upon the Hanoverian Government after the Fifteen. This was, 'that libertie may

bee given to any Scotchman to transport regiments to Forraine princes in amity with us.' Forbes's plan contemplated service under the British flag, and this was left to Chatham to carry out. Had it been adopted earlier, we should probably never have heard of the Forty-five.

Cromwell, finding the country at his feet, lost no time in promoting an Incorporating Union. A commission of eight, on which sat such famous Roundhead officers as Vane, Lambert, Monk, and St. John, arrived in Scotland early in 1652 to confer with the local leaders with a view to union. Argyll held out in the hope of resuscitating the old Scots Estates, and even summoned them to a futile meeting at Finlarig, on Loch Tay, but after a conference with Monk at Dumbarton he gave in, and rendered valuable assistance in reducing the Highlands. Cromwell evidently looked upon Scotland as won by his sword, and was disposed towards annexation pure and simple. Convinced that the advantages of union were all on the side of the poor Scots, he and his officers were astonished that they were so little grateful for the boon. It offered a mild form of Home Rule in place of a military occupation, Parliamentary representation by thirty members, most of them drawn from the officers of the English, and three peers, among them Argyll and Johnston of Warristoun. This was the outcome of the instrument of Government, or declara-

tion for Union, 'proclaymed with much solemnity att the Markett Crosse in Edinburgh by beate of drum and sound of trumpett, and the Crosse adorned with hangings,' all which can be read in this volume in a letter from Leith, April 1652. There was a great concourse of people, and after the reading the soldiers shouted their approbation with the 'free conferring of liberty upon a conquered people, but soe sencelesse are this generation of theire owne goods, that scarce a man of them shew'd any signe of rejoycing.' The citizens evidently thought this a poor substitute for the riding of the Parliament, the glories of which made Miss Damahoy wax so eloquent to her neighbour, Peter Plumdamas.

Of greater moment than this abortive Union, on which the volume throws but little light, was the creation of a new bench of judges (installed May 1652) in place of the corrupt Court of Session. They were seven in number, four English and three Scots—James Dalrymple, better known as Viscount Stair, Johnston of Warristoun, and Lockhart of Lee. They were no longer paper *lords*, but designated Judge Smith and the like, in colonial fashion. Henceforth, too, all legal documents were to be in English. This Southron justice proved popular, for it was pure and expeditious. A *laudator temporis acti* of a later date, who admired the old style of 'tholing an assize with a formidable *tail* of supporters,' disposed of the new-fangled lords sneeringly with a 'Deil

thank them! a wheen kinless loons.' They appear to have valued their salaries, regularly paid them, better than the gifts and favour of kinsmen. Nicoll, the diarist, an Edinburgh writer who acted as agent for the city of Glasgow at this time, laments that the old legal officials dare not show themselves for fear of the English. To his disgust, people had to seek justice from the English governors and officers. There was no magistrate or council for Edinburgh, and petitioners had to go to the Castle and Leith, 'whose officers (to speak truly) proceeded more equitably and conscientiously nor our own magistrates.' The Commissioners sat at Dalkeith, in what had been the castle of the Regent Morton in Queen Mary's time, and thither had many a deputation from the burghs to trudge and make a poor face over the paying of the cess and the quartering of soldiers, or take their commands as to the ordering of burghal affairs. They contrived, however, to *thole* their troubles. In the burgh accounts of Stirling at this date appear the items: 'Spent with Tammas Bruce the nicht befor going to Dalkeith, on wine, succar, tabacco, and *other necessaris*; on return with Tammas, in John Cahouns, 9 muchkins [quarts] canary, tobacco, and pypes; *mair*, when Tammas gaed to his awn hoose, 1 muchkin canary.' Nor did these hard-driven bailies deny themselves the compensation of the *deid chack*, as witness the item (1651): 'Spent wi' the auld

provist and bailyeis in Jas. Swordis efter the execution of the man quha murderit his chylde, on wyn, aill, and tibac., £3, 11s. 6d.'

The wars for Covenant and Crown had proved the ruin of Scottish feudalism, and prepared the way for that degradation of public spirit and character among the governing classes which made the Restoration period the most scandalous in our annals. Robert Baillie pithily sketches the condition of the peers: 'Hamilton execute and the estates forfault,[1] one part gifted to English sojours, rest not fit to pay the debt, Argyll amost drowned in debt, Douglas and his son Angus quyet men of no respect, Loudoun ane outlaw about Athole, Balmerino suddenly deid and his son for *captions* [warrants] keips not the causey, Eglinton and Glencairn on the brink of bankruptcy.' Lilburne's letters amply corroborate Baillie. He shows how this state of matters was feeding the flames of disaffection, 'many broken men of desperate fortunes running to the Hills daily, and from thence fall downe in parties in the night-time into the Lowlands, and steal horses,' thus putting the garrisons to much trouble and expense. Of course one cannot expect sympathy with broken barons from such militant republicans, whose leanings were all towards the *poore commonis*. The news-letters seem

[1] Out of such confiscations rewards were found for officers and officials. Thus Colonel Ingoldsby got 'the manor and park of Hamilton.'

to delight in showing these royalist barons at a disadvantage. Thus the *Mercurius Politicus*, of October 1653, tells, with a chuckle, how Kenmore 'marches with a rundlet [keg] of strong waters before him which they call Kenmore's Drum.' On the other hand the peasantry are cordially supported as the victims of their feudal masters, whose ruin proved in fact to them a genuine relief from rent and harassing exactions. The raising of the royal standard at Killin, July 1653, was virtually a No Rent manifesto. The burghers were more to be pitied, for they had to contribute heavily to support the military occupation in spite of disorganised trade and great scarcity of money. There are frequent petitions for abatements. Lilburne, ever considerate, presses the Committee for the Army to be lenient and not charge any more than £8500 a month, with abatements to *depopulate* places. Perth, Dundee, Glasgow, and other great burghs, he adds, pay little or nothing, Argyll and most of the Highlands nothing at all. Especially sad was the case of Glasgow, 'fair and beautiful, the flower of Scotland,' of which the fourth part was burnt down in 1652. It took forty-eight hours to quench the fire in spite of the help of the garrison. 'Yesterday, when we went to view it, it drew tears from my eyes, and not mine alone, but many,' says a contemporary letter. The burghers wofully petition that 'the poore widowis and orphaunts wha hes no

scheildis to creipe in may be timeously supportet.' The times had wrought sad reverses among even the well-to-do burgess class. Sir William Dick, who had been a great merchant in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh and architect of his own fortune, died a pauper in Westminster, December 1655, and without a decent funeral, yet his advances in hard cash, the sacks of dollars that Davie Deans describes, really gained the victory of Duns Law and turned the tide of history. Lilburne, in November 1653, pleads with the judges to grant a suspension to his sons from personal execution, 'being very sensible of the sufferings of the old gentleman, their father, at London agitating for some public satisfaction for his great sacrifices.'

The poverty of the country, unable as it was to bear the military burdens, and the disaffection of the chiefs, formed not the only rocks on which Cromwellian rule split. The real rock was the clergy. The divisions among them were more political and more bitter than those among the Sectaries, whom they detested. There were a few Malignants, professed Royalists with no great love for Presbytery. They pretended to be most ready to submit to Cromwell, but, in reality, merely from hostility to the Kirk. A letter from Hyde to Middleton in this volume is a curious commentary on Church politics and royalist tactics. For some years after 1660 he ruled Scotland, and, himself a

cavalier toper, presided over that Drunken Parliament at Glasgow, 1662, which sent so many of the westland clergy to the moors and the mosshags. Hyde tells him, 'I fear you are *not Prisbiterian enough*, for I do not find any of that trybe who are ther [in Scotland] have any confidence in you.' At the other extreme were the Remonstrants, the true-blues of the west, who protested against certain resolutions of recent assemblies in favour of the King, passed by a party that they dubbed in consequence Resolutioners. These Resolutioners were the Moderates of the time, who clung to their *simulacrum of a Covenant*, and hoped to *purge* and *plant the church* and bring in their covenanted king. Chief of these were Robert Baillie, and 'that very worthy, pious, wise, and diligent young man, James Sharp.' Cromwell upon the whole preferred the Remonstrants as more thorough-going Puritans. In truth the Moderates had an intense hatred of that Brownism or Independency which had neutralised the victory of Presbyterianism in the Westminster Assembly. The Roundhead officers were diligent apostles and exemplars of Brownism, trying their best among the common people with a fervour worthy of rivals such as that John Menzies who used to change his shirt always after preaching, and to wet two or three napkins with his tears during every sermon. Under their example the devotional aspect of the old service of Knox and Melville deteriorated.

The Brownists made great ado about their hats during sermons, sitting covered during the preaching. A Crossmichael minister objected to this among his own people. 'I see a man,' he said from the pulpit one day, 'aneath that laft wi' a hat on. I 'm sure ye 're clear o' the sooch o' the door. Keep aff your bannet, Tammas, and if your bare pow be cauld ye maun just get a grey worsit wig like mysel'.' Lilburne believed that 'there is an increase of good people who daily some way or other are sweetened towards us, only there wants some meanes to lead many into a clearer light that are waiting for it.' He expects some favourable movement among 'the people in the west, who have bin always accounted most precise.' There were a few *gathered churches* or meetings of converts to Brownism here and there. Lilburne soon comes to see, however, that even the Remonstrants detested the Cromwellian subordination of the Church to the State and its lax toleration of Anabaptists, Quakers, Papists, and even Atheists. That dour precisian, Andrew Cant, who was watching so sedulously over Aberdeen for the Covenant, rejected the advances of Colonel Overton when apologising for some incivilities offered by his men to one 'who he heard was a friend to us; to which Mr. Cant replied in plain Scottish that he was a lying knave who told him so, for he neither respected him nor his party.' At Cupar there was a conference between the Puritan

and the Presbyterian preachers, where were discussed, with much cry and little wool, such *kittle pints* as Adam's sin, infant baptism, and universalism. Among the benighted Highlanders progress was made, it was believed, 'some having heard our preaching with great attention and groanings. They are very simple, and ignorant in the things of God, and some live even as brutish as the heathen.' In 1651 Lambert had received overtures from Warristoun, Rutherford, and others of the rigid sect, 'in name of those who would be called the godly party,' but he sees their drift, which is to 'exalt their government in the Kirk.' By the summer of 1653 Lilburne has become convinced that the disaffected clergy are secretly encouraging the rebel Malignants in the Highlands, and on his own responsibility orders Colonel Cotterell to treat that popular and godly Parliament, the General Assembly, to his master's stern *Get thee gone!* He 'besett the church [St. Giles] with some rattes of musketers and a troop of horse,' marched the members ignominiously out at the West Port, and so on to the quarry holes on Bruntsfield Links, and there at the foot of the thieves' gallows set them about their business. The two prelatic Stuart kings had never dared to do so much.

The divided state of public opinion on church matters showed what a loss the country sustained in the death of a real statesman like Alexander

Henderson. King-made Prelacy and drumhead Independency had both been tried, and Scotland would have none of them. The position of parties made compromise impossible, and so a great opportunity was lost. And while the Kirk learned little or nothing of 'sweet reasonableness' from the piety of the Independents, their example destroyed much of that 'beauty of holiness' in ritual which Knox and Melville had left untouched.

By vehement harangues in sermon and prayer the clergy sought to show forth the power of grace, resulting only in an incongruous blend of secular and sacred. Thus, in Edinburgh, there was a daily service in the kirks every afternoon at four, in which the officers were wont to play the part of the Church Militant. Nicoll sarcastically extracts good out of the practice, 'which benefited soul and body, the soul being edified and fed by the Word, the body withhalden from unnecessar *bibing*, whilk at that hour of the day was in use and custom'—an early authority for that time-honoured institution, the *meridian*. The diarist tells us that in its social aspects the Usurpation was still more aggressive. The Independents 'proclamit the day called Christmas to cease, demolished the King's seat in the High Church, pulled down the King's arms and dang down the unicorn, hanging up the crown on the gallows,' which stood at the cross on the High Street. They struck too at the Kirk's police control

over public morals, for the dragoons took out and burned the repentance stool wherever they went, making fun of it as a Popish relic of penance. No doubt the Church had shown the absurdity of giving legislative importance to trifles. They had found the most scandalous offenders among self-accused demented creatures. Thus in October 1652 the English judges sat for three days on a long list of arrears, cases under the seventh commandment, all more or less shocking. Above sixty offenders were libelled, most for deeds done years before, the chief proof being found to be their own confession. With all this the Sectaries had little sympathy, though in a practical way they studied public decency. The garrison at Leith was made the nucleus of a sort of model community; and here the governor tried (January 1652) to put down immorality with a strong hand, forbidding the employment of women and maid-servants as tapsters, and the marriage of any soldier with a Scots woman without official sanction. Military discipline was admirably maintained, and there are here many proclamations against the breaking into 'orchards, gardens, yards, to plunder fruits, cabbage, roots, also green pease or beanes in fields, or killing rabbits belonging to warrens, and house-pigeons,' the object being to conciliate the people. 'Free the poor commoners, and make as little use as can be either

of the great men or clergy,' sums up well the policy of the Usurpation.

Cromwell's officers followed on the lines of the old Privy Council in interfering, for a social good, with the liberty of the subject. They fixed the price of hay and stabling charges, restrained the extortions of the boatmen and ferrymen of Burntisland and Leith, inspected and regulated the quality and price of bread. Bakers must expose their bread for sale only on Fridays and Tuesdays at the brig-end of Leith, and not run from house to house with it. Moderns will have more sympathy with the efforts to improve the comforts of the capital. The order that householders must hang out lanterns and candles at their doors and windows—6 p.m. to 9 p.m. —almost turned, according to a contemporary, night into day. The provost, too, was to give present order to clean wynds and closes, and that none throw water from their windows, or be fined 4s. Scots, half to the informer, half to the poor. Not till 1731 did the Edinburgh Corporation make any real headway in repressing the *throwin owre* practices. In Cromwell's time the thrifty magistrates complained of the enormous expense of the enforced scavenging (£50 Scots a week), landing the city, as it did, in debt.

Scotland suffered badly from the witch mania that disgraced so many countries and centuries. These poor creatures had reason to bless the

Roundhead officers, under whom they enjoyed something of a respite. Thus Clarke, in reporting to Lenthall the doings of the judges on that notable three days' assize in 1652, mentions a witch case of several years' standing. On their own confession, the unhappy wretches had been turned over to the civil magistrate, and this is how they had been proved witches: 'By tying their thumbs behind them and then hanging them up by them, when they were whipped, after which lighted candles were set to the soles of their feet and between their toes, then they burnt them by putting candles into their mouths.' Of the six so treated, four died of the torture. The judges appointed the sheriffs, ministers, and tormentors to be found out, and to give an account of the ground of the cruelty. Another suspect was 'kept on bread and water twenty days, stript naked and laid upon a cold stone, with only a hair-cloth over her. Others had hair-shirts dipt in vinegar put on them to fetch off their skin. Here is enough for reasonable men to comment upon.' The humanity of Puritanism was never more conspicuous than at this time.

The editorial introduction to this curious volume is excellent, but the annotation of the text, and especially the indexing, leave much to be desired. As the material of the volume has been deciphered and pieced together with great difficulty, often from

rough notes and jottings in shorthand, we ought to be thankful that it has been made so intelligible. The numerous topographical references on every page, a matter of very great and lasting interest, have been perfunctorily handled. This may be one of the disadvantages accruing to Scottish history made or edited in England. The Roundhead officers seem to have had more than the national indifference to foreign names. Thus it would be hard to recognise Loch Stornoway in *Lougsternay.* Many of the place-names are almost hopelessly disguised. As the index offers no help here, ingenuity might be directed to such as Bohanty, 'the best of the three ways out of the Highlands,' Bonnywher, 'neere Ruthven Castle' in Badenoch, Canygeles, 'Huntly's house,' Carversa Castle, '20 miles from Inveraray' (?) Tarbert, Gillogaer somewhere on the northern bounds of Atholl. These are only a few of the unexplained. They include such very obvious ones as Dagettee in Fife, Finlarge at the west-end of Loch Tay, Logyerate, Envernes, Rowborough, and Bigtoune, indexed as Biscoptoune (Bishopton). The editor queries 'Knapdrale betweene Swin Castle and Rosse,' suggesting Knapdale, and leaving the other tempting bits of topography unexplained. And yet the ordnance maps are not difficult of access. Baginoth is Badenoch in the index, but Badinoth in Ruthven and Baggon are never mentioned though obviously the same

place. When Kenmore went from Busse to the head of Loch Long to meet Colonel Macnaughten we are left to conjecture that Luss on Loch Lomond is meant. 'Ran-throw (?)' is obviously Renfrew. Another passage surely calling for explanation is, 'The Marquess of Huntley died last week at his house at Bogy-geith.' This place is not even indexed, so it may be well to say it is on p. 289. It is the famous Bog o' Gight, that gives its name to Strathbogie. Slezer in his *Theatrum Scotiæ* blunders strangely over this name. He gives a view of Heriot's Hospital, which he labels *Boghen-gieght.* Now and again the Roundhead officers preserve the local pronunciation very correctly, as in 'our new garrisons att *Buhannon* and Cardrus,' and again in '*Kirkmichill*' (near Blair Atholl). The index affords no help, though we have obviously here Buchanan Castle, Cardross, and Kirkmichael. One would never guess, again, from text or index, where Lochheid is. In this connection falls to be noted the strangest bit of editorial obscurity. 'For the Major General who went by sea from Inverary to Ayre, came to us by boat (to Peasly, *i.e.* Paisley), and wee heard by him of the surprizall of our garrisons of Lough, Kincairn, and Turbet.' The comma after *Lough* is in the text. Kincairn stands in the index with a reference only. Now we have here Kenmore's famous dash at Kintyre and a very pretty bit of topographical lore. The fort on the beautiful loch at Campbelton had the honour of first appearing

in history as Dalruadhain, the capital of Fergus, King of Scotia. When Kiaran, the black-visaged, settled here in his cell as an Irish saint, the spot became the holy Kil-cerran and in Gaelic to this day *Ceann locha chille Chiaran*, head of the loch of Kiaran, or, in this Roundhead officer's letter, Lough Kincairn. During the early Protectorate Argyll induced many westland Whigs to settle here from Ayrshire, and they Saxonised the spot as Loch-head. On the site of the old castle that Kenmore stormed, at the head of Main Street of Campbelton, a church was built in 1780. In the *Expedition of Argyll*, 1661, the town is called Cean Loch or Loch-heid, and in a church register of 1671 it appears for the first time as Campbelton in honour of the Argyll family. After these faults of omission it is venial to find the editor telling in his preface that Monk's soldiers learned at Dundee, *Aug. 9th*, of the victory at Worcester at the beginning of September.

The personal names in the text offer most tempting bits of family history. Not to speak of the crowd of Macs, disguised by outrageous spelling, we have such members of noted historical families as Hope of Craighall, Sir John Chiesly, Sir James Stewart, Lord Dundas of Arniston. Most of the King's agents in the Persecution (1662-87) are here—Middleton, Turner, Ballantyne, Dalzel—all active in stirring up opposition among the Tories, as Lilburne calls his Highland enemies, 'people who speak Irish, and go only with plaids about their

middle, both men and women. Scarce any have houses of stone, only earth and turfs.' It may be observed here that all through our literature Scottish Gaelic generally appears as *Erse* or *Irish*, and this even so late as the poetry of Burns, a fact not always recognised by his editors. Of the clergy, Lilburne was much pleased with Mr. Galeaspe, honest Robert Baillie's *bête noir*, Patrick Gillespie, whom Cromwell made Principal of Glasgow University, paying also Charles I.'s subscription to the building fund, to which the King had signed his name. Lilburne's name for him is that which Milton thought as inharmonious as his own Tetrachordon: 'Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon, Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?' Here, too, is Master Robert Leighton, as yet minister of Newbattle, and going to London to help the poor clergy whom Captain Alured had captured in the Raid of Alyth. But the most curious personal name occurs in a letter of Hyde to Middleton, who had wished 'the King should write to Mr. Junius of Amsterdam in Latine,' probably that he might be another Salmasius and catch the ear of academic Europe for the woes of royalty in exile. Junius was among the first to draw attention to Old English, publishing Cædmon's *Paraphrase*, and the Mœso-Gothic *Gospels* of Wulfila (Ulfilas), two of the most notable finds in the whole range of English philology.

IX

THE COVENANTER ABROAD

I. HOLLAND

THE venerable Scots Church at Rotterdam is renewing its youth. In 1893 its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated with great *éclat*, to which a delegate from the Church at home and from the Free Church contributed. On that occasion a renovating fund was set agoing, which has now proved true to its name. Among other improvements, the old windows have been replaced by Gothic ones set in cathedral glass. And now a fine organ, which the old-time hearers would have called innovating rather than renovating, gives the ancient fabric a pleasant note of progress. The instrument was used for the first time in public worship at this anniversary, when special services were conducted by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland. The occasion was not only graceful in itself, but, from the historic point of view, both notable and interesting. The Scots Church in Rotterdam dates from the beginning of the Civil War, when Alex-

ander Petrie came hither from his Perthshire manse of Rhynd to be its first minister. He was introduced by William Spang, of the much older church of Campvere, seat of the Scottish staple since the middle of the fifteenth century, and thriving port of that Zealand which Philip and Alva were afterwards to trouble so terribly. Petrie's church was but a modest hired house in Wijn Straat, fitted up by the Magistrates for the purpose; there the good man observed the pure ritual of the days of Knox and the Melvilles, retained in Scotland till the embittered days of Dissent. The Scriptures were read by the precentor, without comment, for an hour before the preacher entered the pulpit, followed by psalm-singing before sermon, the recital of the Lord's Prayer, and the closing doxology. To this Petrie added frequent readings of the Covenant, days of fasting and humiliation *for the sins of others*, and constant watchfulness against the inroads of Brownists or Independents. In those days the pulpit required much physical vigour, for sermons were *mandated* and then repeated from memory, so that the afflatus of the Spirit might be more apparent; and the preacher, like the Methodist parson at a Tyneside revival meeting, often lost a *poo'er o' swat*. The custom of *manding* a set discourse still lives in the U.P. Church. The Seceders thought that reading detracted from that divine afflatus which inspired the sermon. In the Tolbooth Kirk of

Edinburgh, the blind Blacklock, friend of Burns, was one day doing duty. Old bodies, hard of hearing, sat on the pulpit stairs. One of them, struck with the coherency and beauty of the stranger preacher's style, opened the following colloquy with her neighbour: 'Surely he maun be readin'?' 'Od, Jenny, ye 're daft. Do ye no ken the man 's blin'?' 'My certe! but I wuss oor man wuz blin'.'

The second period of the congregation's life is the most interesting of its whole career, for Holland then became the asylum of the persecuted. The congregation having now outgrown the room in Wine Street, removed in 1658 (year of Cromwell's death) to the Huguenot Chapel,[1] once the hall of the Society of Cross-bowmen, and by them appropriately dedicated to St. Sebastian. The old chapel still stands, hallowed by many memories of the living that found in the city of Erasmus freedom denied them even in the moss-hags of Clydesdale and Galloway; and now they sleep here untroubled, under the blue flagstones that pave the sanctuary. Middleton's drunken Parliament at Glasgow, 1662, ousted over three hundred of the westland Whig ministers, and many sought refuge in Holland. Among them came

[1] From the Low Countries as a centre, the sturdy freedom of the Italian Republics leavened western Europe. Antwerp took up the torch of trade from Venice. It was the Dutch merchants of Rochelle and Bordeaux that kept alive the Huguenot spirit, as much political as religious; and it was the same Dutch stream that directed Huguenot artisans to a friendly England under Dutch William, and, later on, to South Africa.

MacWard, exiled for a sermon preached in the Tron Kirk of Glasgow, and thereafter chosen minister of the second charge at Rotterdam. The odour of the Covenant was around him. A native of Glenluce, and born in that vale of light where Prophet Peden abode — now so possessed with modernity that Stevenson found even the beadle's wife ignorant of the saint's name—MacWard was brought up under the wing of the saintly Samuel Rutherford himself as favourite student, amanuensis, and publisher of his *Letters*. The incidents of the Killing Time have their associations here. Wallace, leader of the hapless Pentland rising, was a ruling elder, and so also was Hamilton, of *Old Mortality* fame, that cantankerous and ill-conditioned saint who so bungled the defence of Bothwell Brig. Here, too, John Brown, of Wamphray, ordained Richard Cameron in 1679, to fall desperately afterwards at Airdsmoss in 1681, year of that defiant answer of the Whigamores, the Sanquhar Declaration. Then began the Killing Time, and as tests, thumbkins, and forfeitures grew more searching, many a true-blue westland laird had to live thriftily here on such poor rents as his friends at home could safely scrape together for him. For such gentlefolk the municipality discreetly and quietly intrusted the kirk-session with timely relief. And as the day of deliverance drew nearer, William's Scottish Privy Council of exiles at the Hague near

by gave increased importance to St. Sebastian's. Under its roof doubtless forgathered James Dalrymple, first Viscount Stair; his son John, of Glencoe odium; James Stewart, sagacious Whig of the Advocate's Close in the Lawnmarket, and friend of Wodrow; Patrick Hume of Polwarth, heroically preserved in the family vault by his brave daughter, Lady Grizell Baillie; Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, who brought over from Holland the first pot-barley mill that in time superseded the knockin-stane; that noted second founder of the Kirk, Cardinal Carstares; and the unfortunate Argyll, who was such a noble martyr of the Revolution.

In comparison with the stirring times of the Persecution, the third period of the Rotterdam Church shows tamely. It was in 1695 that the congregation resolved to move to better quarters than St. Sebastian's. There was now much social and trading activity between Scotland and Holland. The Darien Company got ships and stores here for their ill-fated expedition. But the Union gave ascendency to English monopolists, and the Dutch trade rapidly fell off. Many a Dirk Hatteraick, however, continued to run his contraband cargo, and hither came gentle George, that illustrious smuggler of the *Heart of Midlothian*, who fled out of the Tolbooth Kirk down the Parliament stairs, leaving his *confrère* Wilson to the tender mercies of

Captain Porteous. But the debt of Scotland to the Dutch was not all so disreputable. The exiles on their return brought with them the Flemish mansion architecture we now call Scottish castellated, the taste for policies, hanging gardens and wildernesses that did duty for nature in those days of patches and pomatum, and the new fruits, flowers, vegetables, and agricultural notions that soon transformed social life in the Lothians. And of still greater note was the Dutch training of Scottish youth as lawyers, doctors, and divines. In the schools of Leyden and Utrecht the founders of the Edinburgh School of Medicine learned their art. It was in Holland that Sibbald studied anatomy and botany, and Alexander Pitcairne taught the illustrious Boerhaave.

The Moderator preached the anniversary sermon, not in the old Covenanting sanctuary of St. Sebastian, but in the more commodious structure built in 1697. From the quay of the Boompjes, on the Maas, one crosses the Leuve Haven, where from time immemorial the headquarters of the Scottish trade had been settled, and there, at the south end of the long Scottish or Schiedam Dyke, the good burghers, who remembered how much Scottish swords had helped to build up their civic liberties, gave a site in what was then the Vasteland. Under Burgomaster Steenlack[1] the good work proceeded.

[1] To this day Loch Fyne fishermen call the huge saithe they catch *stenlack*, name learned, doubtless, from the crews of Dutch busses.

The stones for the front were brought from Scottish quarries at Bo'ness, Queensferry, Elie, and Pittenweem, and willingly shipped free by the Scottish traders along with their cargoes of coal and salt. As in most of our old kirks, the pulpit stands out from the south wall, but here there is more artistic feeling. No ugly 'lafts' disfigure the interior, but to the right of the pulpit stands a stately gallery, its open front adorned with massive oaken pillars, while the ceiling is borne aloft on Tuscan pillars. In front is a raised seat for the Magistrates, distinction dearly prized in pre-Disruption days. A group of free seats, labelled captains, mates, sailors, long commemorated the privilege which MacWard secured for seamen in return for the poor-box carried by all the Scottish ships that traded with the port. The kirk-session of 1695 that built the church had many Scottish names on its lists—Brown, Fleming, Christie, Gordon, Storie, Scott, Crawford, Allan, Naughten—and their descendants, even though Dutch-born, are still proud of their fathers and their fathers' church. Its very stones to them are dear. The venerable Thomas Hoog, minister here in 1792, pressing his hands to his heart, said he was a Scotsman *door en door* (through and through). The most noted minister in recent times was William Steven, historian of the church, and of the Edinburgh High School, and afterwards minister of Trinity College, Edinburgh—closed in May 1848 to give an eastern

access to the railway, and to the capital a peck of troubles. The congregation not infrequently had a difficulty in the past in finding pastors equal to their ambitious desires, and, like the sanguine angler, have had to console themselves in default of big fish with grand nibbles. William Carstairs was called in 1688, but declined, as he was about to embark with Prince William in the *Briel*[1] to keep priests and wooden shoes out of England. After him David Blair preferred a call to Edinburgh. Though not himself a celebrity, he was the father of Robert Blair, minister of Athelstaneford, a quiet parish on the slopes of the Lammermuirs, where he wrote the *Grave*. Still another connection, such as it is, has the church here with Scottish literature. Alexander Scot was called from Rotterdam to the New Church in Dumfries in 1794. Though Burns had a seat in St. Michael's, at the other end of the town, Scot must have known the poet well enough. In Puritan times, at the other extreme from the associations of the Globe Tavern in Dumfries, we have a visit from Robert Baillie, the most delightful letter-writer in the Scottish language. He was on his way with George Gillespie to the Westminster Assembly, to help to give Scottish prelacy its quietus, when a westerly gale drove his ship to seek shelter in the Maas.

[1] Named from Briel, at the mouth of the Maas, the unexpected capture of which by the Water Beggars led to the rise of the Dutch Republic.

In a short walk the curious visitor to Rotterdam might see the sites associated with the Scots Church. The city forms an equilateral triangle, with base to the Maas and apex to the Delft gate. The older quarter is towards the eastern side, and here the Wijn Straat, site of Alexander Petrie's chapel, adjoins the Wijn Haven. Across the middle of the triangle runs the Hoogstraat, and leaving it by the narrow Lamsteeg,[1] and crossing the Kaasmarkt (Cheese-market), we find the old chapel of St. Sebastian about the centre of Lombard Street. Continuing the walk towards the south-west, we have the Schiedam Dyke abutting on the end of the Hoogstraat, and at the corner of it the present church. In the Leuve Haven, near by, are located both the Grangemouth—successor in the old Bo'ness trade—and the Leith steamers. In the city there are still firms trading under Scottish names, such as Fraser & Co. and Allan & Co.; and on the session-books there are still many Scottish names.

The city of Erasmus has always cherished the Scots Church and its traditions. With rare sanity and good sense the original stipend of 1700 gilders was regularly paid, even when wars for naval supremacy were raging, and the meanest of the Stuarts intriguing against Holland with the foes of freedom. The worst enemies of the Scots Church

[1] Steeg is used in Dutch and Low German towns as commonly as brae in old Scotland. These synonyms come together in the proverb, 'Put a stiff heart to a stey brae.'

were the French Republicans of the Convention, who swept away the old staple privileges and ruined Campvere,[1] silenced the handsome bell of Rotterdam church, the gift of a Scottish merchant, and even forbade the minister to wear gown and bands. The French defaced, too, the shields on the church front bearing the arms of the city fathers. The Scottish traders had as good reason to remember for evil the brand-new French Republic as their ancestors at home had the Puritan Republic and its arch-iconoclast, Oliver Cromwell. It put an end to the ancient church of Campvere and its minister's place therewith on the roll of the Assembly. A majority of the Assembly of 1894 voted against restoring this privilege, which dated from 1641, but by a subsequent vote this action was reversed, and its Commissioners were nominally left to Campvere. And now the Moderator courteously joins hands again with the venerable yet vigorous daughter of the Kirk in Rotterdam. The last Father of the Church who visited it was Norman Macleod, when in 1865 the minister of the Barony preached in the Scots Church. It had been a busy summer at home, for Norman had had on his hands

[1] The Von Borselen, who founded the Scottish connection at Campvere, was created Earl of Buchan, to which his successor added Lauderdale, afterwards owned by the Maitlands. There is still a Lauderdale House in Campvere. In 1587 the Assembly ordained Andrew Ramsay to be 'ane minister at Vere,' but he preferred an Edinburgh professorship. A start, however, with an ordained minister was made in 1613.

the spiritual peace of the murderer Pritchard, and the Assembly had had to wrestle with the alarming innovations of Dr. Robert Lee. But times are changed, and the storms which raged around the minister of Greyfriars and his *human hymns* and *hunkered prayers* have long sunk to rest.

II. IN THE TRANSVAAL

Racial affinities count for much less in national development than environment. No sentiment of kinship thrills us now as we read of the fortunes of Hollander or Transvaal Boer. Yet the evidences of Scottish cousinship with both are very striking. The German overseer in Olive Schreiner's[1] *Story of an African Farm*, in introducing the knave, Blenkins, to the Boerwoman, Tant' Sannie, advises him to call himself a Scotsman. The English she hates. Dutchmen and Scots, all through their trading, religious, and political troubles, have felt drawn closely together. Now, the Transvaal Boer is a Dutchman of the antique type that fraternised with the seventeenth century Scots. He is an anachronism amid the rush of modern change. In speech and habits he preserves the characteristics of the Lowland Scots before steam and modern husbandry

[1] This *nom-de-plume* is itself both Dutch and old Scots. Lowther found (1629) in St. John's Church, at Perth, among the craftsmen's *lafts*, one for the skriners. 'Schrijn-werker' is still good Dutch for a joiner or cabinetmaker.

transformed our whole social life. His most pronounced characteristic—a prevailing flavour of uncoguidness—carries us back to the age that gave shape to the Westminster Confession. 'I beseech you,' wrote Cromwell to the pragmatical leaders of the Kirk, 'think it possible that you may be mistaken.' Even Robert Baillie, good worthy man and far from fanatical, wrote to Johnston of Warristoun in terms worthy of President Krüger: 'On no point expect we so much difficulty as Independency, wherewith we propose not to meddle till it please God to advance our army, which we expect will much assist our arguments.' To ascribe to John Knox and the Melvilles all that is distinctively Presbyterian, save in church polity, is to misread the story of the Scottish Reformation. The Calvinism that has left its mark so profoundly on our national life is Dutch of the 17th far more than Genevan of the 16th century. And all this the Boer still keeps fresh on the *veldt* across the Vaal. We have kindly recollections of it all in our own annals, revealing itself, as it did, in the fervid endurance of Cargill and Cameron, the heroism of the poet-soldier Cleland, the holy rapture of Prophet Peden, and the dourness of the Auld Licht seceders. Their strength in weakness is that of the Transvaaler of to-day. The pertinacity with which he clings to his ancestral ways and thoughts is akin to 'contermashousness.' A Seceder, having objections to a minister placed

over him, refused to have his child baptized, and insisted on calling her always 'the body.' Another, a farmer, carted his hens one day to a stubble field to feast on the wind-shaken oats, but they were as dour as himself, and at once made for home. Even so does the Boer turn from the mines of the Rand to his ancestral muttons. Like the genuine old Scot who loved ordinances, the Boer venerates his 'predikant.' The sight of shining black cloth made Tant' Sannie for the time a better woman. She thought of the predikant and the elders in the top pew with hair so nicely oiled, and all so holy and respectable, of heaven where everything is holy and respectable, and nobody wears tan-cord, and the *littlest* angel has a black tail-coat. The pilot that boards a Leith steamer in the Maas looks like a Scottish elder at the plate in his 'weel-hained stan' o' blacks.' The Boer enjoys his Nacht-maal as thoroughly as ever the upland farmers loved the flagon and the white bread at the preachings. He dreads uncanny spooks as profoundly as Tam o' Shanter in his cups.

After all, it is circumstances that mould national, as they all always do individual, character. The position of an old Scottish farmer was not unlike that of a Boer. There is the same self-containedness of life on the lonely homestead, whether set amid the boundless veldt and the scraggy greenery of the kopjes, or on the dreary treeless northern

moor, where the 'beastly browns' on heath and peat-hag lose themselves in the gathering grey mist of the bens. The big ha' house is surrounded by Kaffir kraals and sheep camps instead of the turf fanks and the thatched hovels of the cot-toon. Here reign the rustic virtues of rude hospitality, the 'confused feeding' of the sheep's head, and the through-itherness of Mrs. MacLarty. The very name Boer sounds kindly in Scottish ears, for he is still in many districts the dairy farmer—the bower. When the Teuton savage ceased to live like a hunted beast he settled down in his *bau*, the homestead which he had built or *biggit*, for all these words are akin. Our farmer is merely one who paid his *ferme* or rent in kind to a feudal lord, but the true *bauer* was his own laird, and his shanty the castle he hewed for himself out of the primeval forest. As a burgher he was still more a builder—witness the Nether, Over, and West Bows of old towns. The full-flavoured Transvaaler, however, is the Dapper Boer, an epithet that has sadly fallen in English, suggestive as it is of that Simon Tapper-tit who was the redoubtable hero of *Barnaby Rudge*. In Dutch it still retains all the dignity of the German *tapfer*, brave and valiant. And, if slang is worthy of philologic notice, the word may have come back to us from Dutch New York in the very modern *tuff*, to keep company with the equally modern but old-time Dutch, *loafer* and *boss*. It is, in fact, very

old, if we can see its root in the Gothic *ga-daban*—to happen, be fit—which Wulfila, the good Bulgarian bishop, used in the fourth century in his version of the Gospels, the oldest bit of non-classical European literature in existence. The prefix *ga* is a favourite one in Gothic, and can still be traced in some modern words such as glove, a *galofa*, or thing for the loof, the 'waukit loof' that Burns in the Vision held aloft, like the 'dyer's hand subdued to that it wrought in.'

When we compare the Dapper Boer to an old Scottish big farmer, we must not think of the poor tenant of a crofter township, but rather of the 'cock laird fou cadgie,' 'yon birkie ca'd a lord,' the Prussian junker, or the Irish squireen. He is of the Chaucerian Franklin and French *roturier* class. He lasted longest in the Highlands as the tacksman, the Norse bondsman imposed upon Celtic communistic life, and owning only a sentimental allegiance to a clan chief. He was the *duine-wassel* whom the letters of the missionary Buchanan, towards the end of last century, show in all his glory in Harris ere yet he had to emigrate before the Lowland sheep-farmer. Here he was as much the petty tyrant of the miserable *scallags* or squatter serfs as Dapper Boer over his Kaffir and Hottentot boys. Such a position fostered family pride, the obstinacy of isolation and unbridled power, and an impatience of advancing civilisation. Similar conditions of life produced similar social customs. At

the big ha' house a rough but lavish hospitality was dispensed. (The house of Chaucer's Franklin 'snewed with meat and drink.') Oat-cakes did the duty of the African mealies, while the mart took the place of the Boer-woman's brine-tub in the loft. The coarse tongue of the hussy (housewife) accompanied too often the blow from a handy *rung*, just as the broomstick is said to play a tattoo on occasion on the Kaffir boy's head. Vagrants were hunted off to their own parish, for Boer and cock laird hated *sorners*. Every gentleman must ride his nag. To go afoot is to be a thief and a liar, as are all gangrel bodies. Before the farmhouse stood the loupin'-on stane, the counterpart of the Boer stoep.

On St. Michael's Day in Norse Scotland every one in the township must mount and enjoy a mad gallop. Riding the marches is still a great holiday, and the broose[1] is not long extinct, in which the wild stampede of the bridal party from the kirk to the home earned for the first comer his bottle. The gear-gathering and grippiness of such narrow rural existences came out strongly over the weddings. 'Dinna marry for siller, but gang whaur siller is,' formed a respected maxim. 'Gie me a lass wi' a

[1] Burns's Auld Mare, Maggie, distinguished herself on such occasions:—

'At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith and speed;
But every tail thou pay'd them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.'

lump o' land' is translated in the Transvaal into a tocher of twelve to twenty thousand sheep. Next to being weel-mairrit is being weel-left. A minor, but still notable, function was a lying-in. In Old Edinburgh the mistress of a bonny land in Advocate's Close, when the christening came on, sat up in bed in high dress and received her acquaintances, who came to congratulate her and taste her sweetcakes. This is in the Dutch *kraam-be-zuk*, or lying-in visit (the Cummer's—Fr. *commère*—feast of Old Edinburgh). In the Transvaal the bed on such occasions is the *kraam*, a booth or screen, also the name of those stalls—the krames—that were hidden away between St. Giles and the Luckenbooths. They were borrowed from the picturesque shops that surround the cathedrals of the Netherlands.

The social life of old Scotland is reproduced in the speech of the Transvaal. A Boer *kreets* (greets, cries), *gaans* (goes), mends the fire with *tangs* (tongs), *hoests* (coughs), calls hooping-cough a *kinkhoest*, *snotters* or snivels, knows what a *steek* (stitch) in time means, taps his beer with a *kraan*, *loups* when he runs, admires a *breed shouder* and sound limbs (Scottish, *lith*, Dutch, *lid*), and prides himself in being *kluk* or gleg i' the uptak like the Scot. A telescope is with him a *far-keeker*, for, like any Scottish bairn, he *kreks* when he looks. The very tones of Wulfila's converts live in the Dutch wan, dan, nu, uit, een, and the Scottish whan, than, noo, oot, ain. In his

version the thieves twitted (*id-weitjan*, Dutch *ver-witjan*) Jesus on the Cross, just as any Lowland Scot puts the *wite* or blame on another. The hireling shepherd in the parable is betrayed by his *framuth* voice, the Dutch *vremmd* and Scottish *fremd*. The disciples take of the fragments twelve baskets full of *brock* (*ga-brucko*, Dutch, *brok*). Calvary is the *hwairnei-staths* or harnstead (Dutch, *hersen-pan*) for 'the place of a skull' in the English version. In the domestic series the Boer comes equally close to the Scot. His *huis* (house) has a *gevel* (Gothic, *gibla*, pinnacle of the Temple). The loft is reached by a *trap* (stair). The window, as in old Edinburgh when glass was scarce, closes with a *schut* or wooden screen. Amid the *reek* (Dutch, *rook*, smoke) hangs the pot on the fire by the *lum-cleek* (Dutch, *klik*, a hook, the *cleek* of the golfer), while the guidwife plies her canny *trokes* (Dutch, *drok*, busy) about the kitchen in home-made *vel-schoen*, the bauchles or revlins of the days before machine-made slippers. Rural occupations supply an equally familiar series. A Boer would know what it is to sned neeps, for with him *snijden* is to cut. A Nithsdale shepherd, urged to find a helpmate in wedlock, growled out that a wife needed 'a hantle o' snod meat,' an expression instinct with a pawky humour that smacks of the soil. Similarly the Boer would recognise the sheep-flake or hurdle, and the thoroughly Scottish saying, 'Let the tow [rope] gang wi' the bucket,' for the folly of crying over spilt milk. He can

make a *kink* on his tow. His horse's halter is a *monk*, a pole is a *stang*, and to smother is to *smore*. The gutter in the Scotch cow-byre, the *grupe*, is the Dutchman's *groep*, a ditch. When the auld mare came to a stey brae, Burns reminds her,

> 'Just thy step a wee thing hastet,
> Thou snoov't awa,'

which is the Boer *snoove*, to walk smoothly. The big-house of a Boer is a square red-brick structure, thatched, with a ladder to the loft, which, barring the brick, would describe the Mossgiel ha' house. The *bultongs* hanging from the rafters correspond to the Scotch *brawn*.

A translation of 'Tam o' Shanter' into Cape Dutch makes the belated carl (Boer, *kerel*) keek into Alloway churchyard. In the village his comrades give him *nog een dop* (Ger. *Topf*), yet another glass. This is the *doup* of ale which Lowther got as a night-cap at Sir John Pringle's. Klaas's wife, again, Elsie, scolds him like Kate and calls him a *skellem*, a scoundrel. Here modern Dutch, schelm, corresponds to the German. The Boer woman's scolding is stronger than Kate's:

> 'She tauld thee weel, thou was a skellum.'

This has been borrowed in the Gaelic *sgeilm*, boasting, prattling, but it is really Dutch. When we are told that to-day Oom Paul delights to apply it to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, we can realise how bygone Scotland lives in the Transvaal.

A far older Scots than that of Allan Ramsay or even of Dunbar is heard in the everyday speech of the Burghers. Their *oom* and *tante* take the place of the homely Scottish goodman and goodwife. The familiar title of President Krüger, *Oom* Paul, preserves a word little known in Scotland since it was used in the form *eme* (Ger. *Oheim*) in Barbour's *Bruce*. Similarly, the *vee*, or cattle, of the Boers have one of the oldest of Indo-European names, but one that has for centuries dropped out of sight among us. It also is in Barbour. William Bunnock, who cleverly took Lithgow Castle from the English, was 'a husband, and with his *fe*' often led hay to the peel. Henryson's charming fifteenth century pastoral of Robin and Makyn opens with the lines :—

> 'Robin sat on gude green hill,
> Kepand a flock of *fe*.'

The humble *kitchen-fee* and the professional guinea are all that remain of this venerable term. Another singular survival, both of Teutonic social customs and names, is a Boer up-sitting. A well-tochered *meisje* (missie) or widow is courted by the eligible Dappers, and, if graciously received, they off-saddle and prepare to improve the occasion with the bucolic reserve of the Laird of Dumbiedykes. The dame takes the long candles from the cupboard, and together wooer and wooed sit up till the grey dawn breaks, a custom which, in one form or another, rural Scotland long looked on kindly. The envied fair

one, who has many of such *crijers*, or braw wooers, may have to sit up four or five nights a week till the eventful choice is made. The name *vrijer* is explained by the Goth. *frijon*, to love, and the trusty *frecn* of 'Auld Langsyne.' It has its cognate in the Freja (Fri-day) or Venus of Norse mythology.

The troubles of the seventeenth century drew Scot and Hollander closely together, so that when Brownist troopers and truculent dragoons made rough times for the upholders of the blue flag of the Covenant, it was natural for them to seek shelter in Holland, and there fill the ranks of the Scotch Brigade, or fence the tables as minor prophets in the Scottish churches of Campvere and Rotterdam. There they learned to part with the intolerance of Rutherford and Cant. Only honest Robert Baillie, who got all his theology through cousin Spang of Campvere, remained kindly withal, calling his wife 'My Heart' in his letters as the Boer of to-day does. A still mellower tolerance was learned in Holland by refugee statesmen like Stair, Lord Advocate Stewart and Carstares, precursors of the Moderates and the Whigs. The *bonhomie* of Dr. Pitcairne and Allan Ramsay's days, which is superficially credited to Jacobitism, came of Dutch experience. Then followed the Moderatism of the eighteenth century, which inspired the satire of Burns, and did more than anything else to separate us from the old-fashioned Dutch type of Calvinism.

X

A NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND

HAS the time come when we should, taking the *fin de siècle* tide before it ebbs, have a new Statistical Account of Scotland? The last Statistical Account appeared half a century ago, before the era of railways and the great ecclesiastical schism of 1843 had begun to take effect. The publication of this work extended over about ten years, 1835-44. It had been suggested by Sir Henry Jardine, and was carried out by the Church of Scotland, then in the throes of the Ten Years' Conflict. The accounts of nine hundred parishes are grouped in counties, and cover fifteen volumes. The work was designed primarily to benefit the Society for the Sons and Daughters of the Clergy, to whom the first Statistical Account had been conveyed by its 'benevolent and public-spirited projector'—the only acknowledgment, by the way, the later work makes of what Scotland owes to the pioneer in these inquiries. We owe the old Statistical Account to Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster,

considered by his contemporaries to be 'the most indefatigable man in Europe, and the man of the largest acquaintance.' This young Caithness laird was born in 1754, just as Johnson was bringing to a close his great Dictionary, and Diderot, the epoch-making *Encyclopédie*. He had Logan, of 'Cuckoo' fame, as his tutor. Turning, as he did, to practical account the economic teaching of Adam Smith and the benevolent Turgot, his work might justly be considered the firstfruit of the *Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776. He belonged to that land-holding class whose self-denying labours, as pioneers of the great industrial awakening in Scotland, are ignored by our modern land reformers and would-be confiscators. Save in the Lothians, most of the tenant-farmers did little but ignorantly oppose that band of improvers, many of whom had to see their lands, with the fortunes they had sunk in them, pass into other hands ere Scottish farming became, what in its palmy days it was, the admiration of Europe. The names of these pioneers—men like Argyll, Loudon, Stair, Eglinton, Tweeddale, Findlater, Barclay, Kames, Drummond, Monboddo—deserve to be gratefully remembered as those who made many blades grow where few had ever been seen before.

While Parish Councils and village lawyers in France were compiling those *cahiers* in which we hear the bitter cry premonitory of the impending Revolution, Sir John Sinclair was meditating an

inquiry into the social condition of his native country in which there should be no note of violence. When a representative at the General Assembly in 1790, he first thought of getting, through the Established clergy, such information as he required, without regard to parochial districts. Fortunately he soon hit upon a plan much more extensive and minute, no less indeed than the compiling of a Scottish Doomsday Book on a scale such as had never hitherto been attempted. About the middle of the century an Edinburgh minister, Dr. Webster, famous as a Bacchanal and founder of the Widows' Fund, had made attempts at a census, which now seem miserably inadequate. But they gave Sir John the lead he wanted. From every parish the minister was to send a report on its social, industrial, and spiritual condition, not forgetting its antiquities, folk-lore, and natural history. He circulated a long list of printed queries, and, successful in getting at once four excellent returns — Jedburgh, Holywood, Portpatrick, and Hownam—he published them as volume one, on 25th May 1791. Considering them to be good models, he sent a specimen to every minister. At the end of the first year only four hundred and thirteen accounts were wanting, but with the filling up of the gap Sir John's troubles began. Some parishioners thought the whole thing a device of the tax-gatherer. The inquiry was specially blessed by the

General Assembly, then and for long after the only popular Parliament vouchsafed to a poor Dundas-driven Scotland. It was commended also by the great names of Robertson, Moncreiff, and Blair, while nobles like Argyll, Leven, and Fife wrote as patrons to their presentees. Statistical missionaries recovered reports from old and infirm clergymen, vacant charges, and from the Outer Isles. Not till the beginning of 1798 were all the reports in hand. Delays connected with those from the last fifty of the nine hundred and odd parishes had hindered completion for three years. A fire in the printing-office destroyed a whole volume, and it had to be re-written. Sir John gave, in the penultimate of the twenty-five volumes, a very meagre and altogether inadequate analysis of the work. He promised to teach the lessons of his Account at length some day, but the promise was never fulfilled, His life was indeed a busy one. He procured the Board of Agriculture, recommending the famous Arthur Young as its secretary, a Board that by 1793 had added over two million acres to the cultivated area of the United Kingdom. He worked with Macadam in road reform. To him we owe a valuable series of County Reports to the Board of Agriculture (1707-1818), an extension of work begun twenty years before by the Commissioners for the Jacobite Forfeited Estates, of whom Lord Kames was an

indefatigable worker. It was he who selected Wight, an intelligent farmer at Ormiston, in East Lothian, in 1773, to prepare a survey of the annexed estates for the Commissioners. Wight extended his inquiry to all the counties, and presented an admirable and thoroughly business-like view of the condition of husbandry. No private man could have carried out the inquiry which made Sir John Sinclair famous. During the progress of the work he received about twenty thousand letters, but these were the days of franking. 'Had I,' he says, 'been confined to sending only seventy letters a week free from postage, I should scarcely have undertaken, far less carried through, the work. I received the other day an account which cost nine shillings, because ministers forget that franking for an M.P. covers only one ounce.'

Sir John Sinclair understood by *statistical*, an inquiry into the *state* of a country to ascertain the quantum of human happiness enjoyed by its people, and the means of its future improvement. One could scarcely better describe the pursuit that of all others is characteristic of the most hopeful aspect of social progress. The dismal science, which the French Court physician, De Quesnay, not very happily, christened Political Economy so far back as 1755, little deserved the implied reproach, for no study is so fraught with a practical human interest. As a thoughtful economist, Sir John was quick enough to perceive that his country was passing

through a period of transition from mediæval feudalism, and stood on the threshold of an era of industrial progress and social reform hitherto undreamt of. The facts he collected had an immediate bearing on long-delayed legislation for pauperism, crime, roads, education, sanitation, and burgh reform. But to us the enduring interest of his work lies in the picture it presents of the social aspect before the improver began to modernise the scene. Those, too, who are quick to discover movements in the times will see in these parish reports the beginnings of what has been called a localising tendency in contemporary literature and art. The *Statistical Account* was not only the pioneer of our parish histories, but of the literature of locality generally. In sympathetic accord with it are *Johnny Gibb* and the *Window in Thrums*, and the author of *The Raiders* must have diligently studied its pages.

The writers of these reports reveal many personal peculiarities. They are often discursive, specially when on their pet hobby, be it natural history, botany, sheep-farming and the like. Most are keen antiquaries, but the Druids and Ossian trouble them, as Charles First's head was always upsetting Mr. Dick. They are largely tainted with that moderatism in its larger sense, which made the eighteenth the most snobbish of centuries. They dread being vulgar, and are little in sympathy with reform, or

with the sectaries, as the evangelical dissenters were called. At these latter gentry they enjoy a *gird*. The minister of Symington has preserved a gem of the *ben trovato* order in the prayer of 'a green preacher' for his brother of the Establishment: 'Thou knowest that the silly, snivelling body is not worthy even to keep a door in Thy house. Cut him down as a cumberer of the ground, tear him up, and cast the rotten stump out of the vineyard. Thresh him tichtly with the flail of Thy wrath and mak' a strae wisp o' him to stap the mouth o' Hell.' Few express dissatisfaction with the miserable lot of the rural labourer. The excesses of the French Revolution excite the pious horror of the very few who refer to that stirring contemporary event, and this always in the tone of 'We thank Thee that we are not as those Jacobins are.' The excessive number of tippling-houses and the horrible excise laws are condemned, while the alarming rush of the rural population to the towns is everywhere deplored.

So many men of leisure and education could not discharge this congenial commission without opening up a rich vein of historical reminiscence. They take pleasure in associating with their parishes such names as the Admirable Crichton, Fletcher of Saltoun, Barclay of Ury, George Buchanan, George Heriot, John Hunter, Cullen, Napier, Drummond, Blair of *The Grave*, Home, Thomson, and many more equally well known to fame.

Some of the contributors are themselves notable. Mauchline is treated by 'Daddy' Auld. The notorious Lapslie does Campsie. Sir David Wilkie's father describes his parish of Cults, near Cupar. 'Jupiter' Carlyle gives an account of Inveresk, which is as valuable to the historian as his autobiography. From distant Morven we have a report by the Rev. Norman Macleod, settled in that famous Highland parish in 1775. What passes for the modern love of nature is not overlooked. From Luss comes a delightful account of Loch Lomond-side *flora* and *fauna*; the minister of Aberfoyle makes a shrewd guess at the glacial influence on scenery, while Robertson of Callander proves himself the real discoverer of the Trossachs. Add to all this the legends that lingered in Highland parishes, and the survivals of mediæval husbandry side by side with the story of the industries growing up in Carron, New Lanark, and the Vale of Leven. Of the three greatest of modern Scotsmen of genius mention is scarcely to be expected. The minister of Ecclefechan gives, indeed, an interesting sketch of its great horse and swine fairs, but Thomas the Silent was not then born. There is one glimpse of the greatest illustrator of Scottish manners in an account of Hermitage Castle. A mason had penetrated into the vault where Ramsay of Dalhousie was starved to death by Sir William Douglas (1341). He found human bones, riding gear, and a sword.

The curb and the bit, a very large one, were secured by a stranger present, Walter Scott, a young advocate, then on one of his Liddesdale raids, but as yet only a modest dabbler in tales of German *diablerie*. From Dumfries there is not a word of Burns, though his residence there, 1791-6, must have made some stir. The minister of Ayr, indeed, notes him as a distinguished native of the parish. Colonel Fullarton, in his Report for the County, quotes the opinion of Mr. Robert Burns as favourable to the dishorning of cattle. When he was in Ellisland, parish of Dunscore, Mrs. Burns took up the plan of dairying, and, with this view, she brought maids with her from Ayrshire. It is in this connection that the minister introduces Burns into his Report, thus: 'The cattle here are in general of the Galloway breed; but Mr. Robert Burns, a gentleman well known by his poetical productions, who rents a farm in this parish, is of opinion that west-country cows give a bigger quantity of milk.'

Burns left his mark on the *Statistical Account* in a more notable connection. A commendable attempt was being made about this time to form parish libraries. The earliest is that of Leadhills, dating from before the middle of the century. Burns's friend, Captain Riddell, started one in Dunscore, of which Burns was himself, as he says, factotum. His letter in the *Account*, signed 'A Peasant,' describes the collection, amounting to one hundred

volumes, and embracing examples of Blair, Robertson, and Hume, along with the *Spectator*, *Idler*, *Mirror*, *Lounger*, *Man of Feeling*, *Don Quixote*, and *Joseph Andrews*. This shows reading much beyond the capacity of parochial intelligence, for elementary education was then at a very low ebb. The eulogisers of Scottish parish schools must ignore these pages, for they tell a pitiful tale. The clergy, almost to a man, denounced the starved and degraded condition of rural schoolmasters. To their credit be it said, they grumble little at their own poor lot, only now and again exposing the hovels in which they had to worship. Pennant said that the Scots not only believe that our Lord was born in a stable, but act on the assumption that He is to be fitly worshipped in one. Burns indignantly exclaims, 'What a poor pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow, squalid, stuck in a corner of old Popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, or much more Melrose!' The heritors were grudging and unsympathetic. Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, said, 'A poor clergy was ever a pure clergy. Formerly we had timmer communion cups and silver ministers, now we are getting silver cups and timmer ministers.' The lairds were often absentees —Edinburgh lawyers and merchants who had found an investment in land, the best going at the time, and were indifferent or hostile to church matters. The areas of Dunkeld and Dornoch Cathedrals were

graveyards; that of St. Andrews was filled up with rubbish. The minister of Fala, on the Lammermoors, is severely sarcastic on the condition of his church. It is small and indifferently seated, but, as no *great ones* attend, it does not much signify. The stipend, from the high price of provisions, he finds inadequate, unless one were to live and dress like the Baptist. A still poorer charge in the same district was in the gift of St. Andrews University. Sir David Brewster, at one time Principal, told how, when the parish was vacant, the living was offered to a needy clergyman, who replied that he would accept only if allowed to steal sheep.

Burns read Sinclair's *Statistical Account* as it appeared, and in his correspondence criticised the claims, put forth in one of its reports, for a particular locality as the scene of 'The Lass o' Patie's Mill.' The Statistical Account of Balmaghie in Galloway quotes the lines engraved on the tombstones of Covenanters belonging to the parish who suffered in the Killing Times, and alongside of them Burns has written these lines:—

> 'The Solemn League and Covenant
> Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
> But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
> If thou 'rt a slave indulge thy sneer.'

This book is still preserved in the Dumfries Mechanics' Library, but these lines have now become almost illegible. Strange to say, the poet's bio-

graphers have, almost without exception, overlooked the facts here collected bearing on his connection with the *Statistical Account.*

We shall never again see a Statistical Account like the old one. We have travelled too far from that, be it on the down grade or the up. That of fifty years ago was a very respectable, sober, and valuable compendium of facts, but altogether of the *versh*, dry-as-dust order when compared with the ingenuous frankness, the personal colour, and the freshness of minds entering upon a new domain, that distinguish its predecessor. If we are to have another it must not be a blend of *Whitaker's Almanac* and a guide-book. It were well if we could have a luminous but concentrated view of the social condition in its economic, sanitary, intellectual, and spiritual aspects. Meanwhile we have 'Oliver and Boyd,' the press, and those blessed aids to taxation, County and Parish Councils. Could the local lights in antiquarian and scientific societies, in the school, the manse, the workshop, and the farm, put their heads together, and, eschewing the political and ecclesiastical, not to speak of such bores as the Druid, the Roman, and the Ossianic, gather up the fragments that remain of dialect, legend, popular sayings, and everything national and characteristic in manners and customs drawn from a careful gleaning of kirk-session, burgh, and Sheriff-Court records, old estate books, and family histories, then we

should have indeed the materials for a monumental work on which the shade of Sir John Sinclair would look kindly. But whence the sinews of war? 'Will siller do't?' Where is the initiative to come from, and the guiding hand? Meanwhile Scotland can boast that she has in the old *Statistical Account* an unrivalled handmaiden to social history and the completest contribution to the literature of locality.

XI

TOWN LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

I. AFTER THE UNION

We are gradually forgetting to sneer at the eighteenth century. There was much in it that made for real merit, under the artificiality of glorified Bourbons and the leather and prunella of London and Paris coteries. Methodism alone was enough to make a social revolution as profound and far-reaching in its own way as that which emanated from the States-General at Versailles. Coincident with the rise of industry and the age of steam, it helped to bring the humble but potentially mighty army of workers within the sweep of the inflowing tide of social, political, and intellectual progress. The expansion of the empire furnished a world-wide shop as outlet for manufacturing enterprise and skill. Chatham's triumph over France gave new fields to till in India and Canada; the pertinacity of the British trader covered the seas which the Dutch for centuries

had ploughed with slower sail. All this was reflected in the mushroom growth of provincial towns. The squire and the rector had to give place to the burgess and the bailie.

A volume would fail to exhaust the interest in eighteenth century town life—the stirrings within of freshly found powers in Church and State affairs, the new roads and canals that knit town to town and workshop to counter, the bigger argosies that carried brother to brother over wider seas. The canvas is too small for a picture that is really a gallery in itself. A bit must be taken, and even then only enough to work up into a minor study. Nor could a more significant subject be found to illustrate the sudden rise and spread of town life, amid purely rustic limitations, than the story of northern trade as centred in the eighteenth-century growth of Glasgow. Little more than a village at the Union, it was a first-rate city before the century closed. First to regain its strength after the collapse that followed Darien, its merchants became the pioneers of the over-sea trade with America. For the greater part of the century the bulk of the tobacco supply of Europe passed through its counting-houses. Around tobacco the course of exchange gathered a cluster of home industries whose products were eagerly pushed everywhere in the colonies by crowds of brothers and cousins, acting as factors and clerks. And when the tobacco trade collapsed under the

stress of the American War, cotton came to the rescue. Cheap labour and cheaper water-power bade fair to make Lanark and not Lancashire the home of the cotton trade. The attempt depleted the rural districts of their population, and put to the severest strain the simple institutions of old burghal life, imparting to them many of the worst features of a spurious civilisation.

Glasgow has had many historians, but a chapter has still to be written upon the untrodden paths of research that illustrate her growth. How did the marvellous growth of the city strike the stranger, 'the chield amang ye takin' notes'? This is a study which has never been done. To keep up the unique character of such a study let us carefully screen off all side-lights, and concentrate the attention on what intelligent visitors have to tell of what they saw. Apart from its historical interest it presents some novelty of view in the literary aspects. No one has yet sufficiently emphasised the effect on Elizabethan literature of those travellers' tales which flooded England with the new sensations, new interests, new knowledge of men who had caught infection from Columbus and the sea dogs. Nothing did so much to make the new learning part company completely with the old. Similarly, this new literature of travel, in the East, Switzerland, France, Scotland, formed an admirable corrective—for which no credit is ever given—to that

affectedly precise, freezingly classical character which Pope did so much to impart to the eighteenth century. Such humble literature as we are now to notice did more than is usually suspected to prepare the way for the return to Nature and the realism which, in turn, have marked the influence ascribed to Wordsworth.

The Union of 1707 served to excite a warm interest on the part of England in her northern neighbour, an interest which, in course of the century, was still further heightened by the Jacobite episodes, the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian*, the poetry of Burns, and the rise of that romantic feeling for the picturesque so characteristic of its closing decades. The effect of all this was to send a stream of travellers northwards, most of whom found their way to Glasgow. The first of these was a certain John Macky, who calls himself a political agent, though he was really a spy on those foreign Jacobites who so disturbed politicians during the reigns of William, Anne, and George I. Among other exploits in this capacity he caught a Mrs. Aldridge travelling from St. Germains with seventy letters concealed in the false bottom of a box of soiled linen. He fell out of favour during the Tory reaction by discovering Matthew Prior, poet and politician, travelling, as Matthews, to Paris and back in the service of Bolingbroke. For these were the Esmond days when Bishop Atterbury

was plotting to undermine the work of the Revolution, and Swift was revelling, in sardonic glee, over the discomfiture of the Whigs. Walpole afterwards befriended the humble Hanoverian spy, and he died comfortably at Rotterdam in 1726. He has left, however, a very curious *catalogue raisonnée* of the Scottish nobility—while the Fifteen was in the air—with their political leanings and position carefully detailed. Historians have quite overlooked this singularly instructive document. He published his tour in 1723, so that he must have been in Scotland shortly after the Fifteen, though he nowhere alludes to it. He reached Glasgow from Hamilton and Bothwell 'through a fine country.' His praise is unstinted. 'Glasgow is the beautifullest little city I have seen in Britain. It stands deliciously on the banks of the Clyde, over which there is a fair stone bridge of eight arches.' The city had in 1712 a population of 13,832. The total rental was close on £8000, and the house rent of a countess was £9, while in the same building the wives of two lairds paid rents of £6, 13s. 4d. and £5, 10s. respectively. The highest shop rent was £5, the least 12s., and the average £3. The bridge, of course, that Macky saw was Bishop Rae's, built in the fourteenth century, and at this time only twelve feet wide. It finally disappeared in 1850. He goes on to note the cruciform plan of the streets of the new town, 'where as you walk you see the whole town at

once,' with town-house and market-place in the middle. 'The houses are of freestone, of an equal height, and supported with pillars (forming piazzas). The streets are spacious and well paved.' Near the Cathedral stands 'the Palace of the Duke of Montrose, which, when finished according to the Disposition of the Offices already built, will be very noble, having a commanding Prospect of the whole City and adjacent Country; and, on the Declension of the Hill to the River-side, *Room enough for what Gardens he pleases.*' Before the close of the century this palace was removed to make way for the prison, and the only mementoes of this family's connection with Glasgow, long and intimate as it had been, are Duke Street and Montrose Street. Glasgow was then embarked on the full tide of the Virginia trade. Macky declares it 'a Place of the greatest Trade in the Kingdom, especially to the Plantations; from whence they have 20 or 30 Sail of Ships every year, laden with Tobacco and Sugar; an advantage which this Kingdom never enjoyed till the Union. They are purchasing a Harbour on the Frith near Alloway (Alloa), to which they have but *twelve Miles* by Land, and then they can reship their Sugars and Tobacco for Holland, Germany, and the Baltic without being at the Trouble of sailing round England or Scotland.' Wodrow mentions that in 1709 Bo'ness and Glasgow suffered much by the merchant fleet and its convoy being

taken by the French when on the way to Holland. Glasgow lost by this mishap £10,000. It was in 1718 that the first vessel belonging to Glasgow crossed the Atlantic. Shortly after the Union the merchants began by chartering vessels from Whitehaven. Their success roused the opposition of the English traders, who petitioned Parliament in 1721 on the subject. New officers were sent to Greenock and Port-Glasgow to ruin the trade if possible. This was of a piece with the whole fiscal treatment of Scotland by her big neighbour down to the close of the century. It should never be forgotten that the founders of Glasgow trade were four young men, whose combined capital when they started business was not £10,000. They were Cunningham of Lainshaw, Spiers of Elderslie, Glassford of Dougaldston, and Ritchie of Busby. These estates were bought out of the wealth they acquired. Glasgow, which the Episcopal chaplain, Morer, at the close of the seventeenth century, had called a hotbed of fanaticism, is pronounced by Macky, the friend of William III. and Walpole, to be 'strictly Presbyterian, and the best affected to this Government of any in Scotland.'

Scarcely had Macky finished his *Tours* when a rival publication appeared. This was also the work of a political agent, no other than Daniel Defoe. As Macky published his book anonymously, we need not wonder that it has often been ascribed to this

indefatigable pamphleteer and book-maker. His interest in Scotland began in 1706 under the patronage of Godolphin, one of the Commissioners to treat for Union, and for years afterwards, off and on, he was to be found in the North pursuing a vigorous Unionist propaganda. His mission was also convenient in keeping him more than once out of the reach of his creditors. All the while he edited his *Review*, despatching copy from Edinburgh and the various stages on the tedious ride. Sir Richard Steele, who got, soon after the Fifteen, a well-paid job as a Commissioner to settle the annexed estates, engaged a tutor, one M. Majon, to accompany him and teach him French as he travelled north. The whole journey took up a fortnight. Defoe found materials in Scotland for two very creditable pieces of work, the *History of the Union* (1709) and the *Tour in Scotland* (1726). The latter, he tells us, was the result of 'a tedious and very expensive five years' travel.' With the help of Samuel Richardson and others it reached many editions, much extended and altered, but these greatly disguised the original work, which, by the way, is now scarce. His observations in Glasgow deal with the topics touched upon by Macky, such as the regularly-built and substantial appearance of the chief streets, the stately Tolbooth 'with a very lofty tower and melodious hourly chimes,' the College front of hewn stone and excel-

lent architecture, the magnificent Cathedral. He sums up his general impression thus: 'Glasgow is one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain.' Similarly does he expatiate on the trade of the city. 'Glasgow is a city of business, and has the Face of foreign as well as of domestic Trade; nay, I may say, it is the only city in Scotland that apparently increases in both. The Union has, indeed, answered its end to them more than to any other port of the kingdom, for as the Union opened the door to the Scots into our American colonies, the Glasgow merchants presently embraced the opportunity, and though, at its first concerting, the Rabble made a formidable Attempt to prevent it, yet afterwards they knew better when they found the great Increase of their Trade by it.' Defoe had an account of these Union riots from several of the chief people when on a visit to Glasgow, 'in all ages,' he says, 'famous for honesty, zeal, and bravery in opposition to the enemies of religion and the liberties of the country.' Matters became so serious at one point as to compel the Provost to seek shelter in a convenient *close*. The mob searched every room to the top of the *land*. The Provost hid in a bed which folded up against the wall, for in old Scotland closed beds in sitting-rooms were almost universal. The mob, luckily, never thought of taking down this cupboard bed, and next day the Provost was quietly conveyed to

Edinburgh by his friends. All the while the mob paraded the streets, challenging every one they met with the query, 'Are you for the Union?' Defoe had great hopes always of the prosperity that would flow to Scotland from the Union. Thus, in his *Caledonia* (published 1706), he says:—

'Here Fruitful Hills and there the Flowery Plain
Deep undiscovered Funds of Wealth contain.
The Silver Vein and vast Metallic Store
Forbid to call her Wildest Mountains poor.
The Mines of Lead, of Copper, and of Coal
Enrich the several Parts, those Parts the Whole.
Nothing remains to make her Wealth compleat
But that her Right Hand and her Left may meet.'

Meanwhile her most flourishing foreign trade was soldiering.

'The forward Nations court the very race;
Not Europe ventures to commence a War
But Caledonian Blood demands her share.'

Scotland, however, had then a troublesome land question to settle: its acute stage is not even yet passed. ''Tis impossible the Farmer in Scotland can ever grow rich when rent amounts within a small matter to the extent of the product, and while, if a scarce year, he is entirely ruined; whereas if a good year, he either enjoys not the benefit or does not enjoy it long, it being in his landlord's power on all occasions to raise his demands.' There were no leases, security of tenure, or dual ownership in those days. It must be remembered, too, that

the country had passed through a fierce trial during the scarce years of King William's reign, when incredible privations were endured. Fletcher of Saltoun, describing these times, gives a deplorable picture of the swarms of famished vagrants filling the land, and proposes slavery for them.

The most interesting account of Scotland, especially its northern parts, before the Forty-five is found in *Letters from the Highlands*, generally ascribed to Captain Burt, though official records are silent as to his military rank. He was engaged under Wade in opening up the Highlands by great roads (1726). He deals mainly with life in Inverness and its neighbourhood, but he gives his correspondent a short account of his journey to the north, in the course of which he spent a few days in Glasgow before proceeding to the mountains. 'Glasgow,' he says, 'is, to outward appearance, the prettiest and most uniform town that I ever saw, and I believe there is nothing like it in Britain. It has a spacious *Carrifour* [four streets meeting at a point], where stands the Cross; and going round it you have by turns the view of four streets, that in regular angles proceed from thence. The houses of these streets are faced with ashler stone; they are well sashed, all of one model, and piazzas run through them on either side, which give a good air to the buildings. There are some other handsome streets, but the extreme parts of the town are mean and

disagreeable to the eye.' All travellers were favourably impressed with the regularity of this comparatively new part of Glasgow, which attracted attention much more than it would do now. For it must be remembered that Glasgow had a new town as well as Edinburgh. The distinction, however, was not so recent nor so well-marked. The old town stood upon the brae, under the wing of the Bishop's Castle and the Cathedral. As the town flourished new streets were laid out regularly on the flat land down nearer the river, where little streamlets gave facilities for such small industries as were then practicable. As early as the end of the seventeenth century, Morer, a chaplain in one of Mackay's regiments, declares Glasgow to be the finest city in Scotland, not excepting Edinburgh. The population would then number about 12,000, and the trade was in fish, particularly salt herring, the familiar 'Glasgow Magistrate.' Defoe says, 'A Glasgow herring is esteemed as good as a Dutch one,' then the highest commendation.

An interesting figure, the evangelist Whitefield, terminated a long connection with Scotland when, in 1762, he embarked at Greenock for Virginia. The voyage lasted twelve weeks. He was then within eight years of the end of a singularly busy life. In twenty years he had paid nigh a dozen visits, coming first at the instigation of the brothers Erskine, the leaders of the Original Secession. But the Seceders

found the English dissenter too broad for them, and always opposed him. In 1742 he took part in the famous Cambuslang Wark. The scene was a broad, flat holm or haugh by the river-side, on which stood the pulpit for the preacher. The high bank before him formed a natural gallery on which, tier above tier, was sitting-room for thousands of listeners. The Wark was the first and most notable of religious revivals. The first day, after a morning service in Glasgow, he preached thrice at Cambuslang, beginning at nine o'clock, and ending near midnight. M'Culloch, the minister, followed till after 1 A.M., and even then the people could hardly be persuaded to go home. Severe bodily agonies and outcryings accompanied the services. When in Glasgow Whitefield always lodged with James Niven above the Cross, but latterly the town air was against his asthma, and then he stayed with his friend, the minister of Cambuslang. He always preached in the High Church Yard, and when in 1753 he was attacking the playhouse for its pernicious influence on religion and morality, especially in a populous city, the scene must have been strikingly picturesque. There was no riot, for the proprietor ordered his men to take down the building, which was merely a temporary booth supported by the old walls of the Bishop's Castle near by.

During the third quarter of the century Scotland was visited by two of the most intelligent travellers

of the day—Pococke (1747 and 1760) and Pennant (1769 and 1772). Pococke (b. 1704, d. 1765) was Bishop of Meath, and came to Scotland with quite a reputation as an Oriental traveller. During his early and brief visit of 1747 he was made a citizen of Glasgow (population then 20,000), and wore his burgess ticket in his hat when on the streets, as Dr. Johnson did at a later date in Aberdeen. The second visit took him literally from Maidenkirk to John o' Groats. Landing from Ireland at Portpatrick, where horses were shipped and unshipped from no better a pier than the rocks, he crossed the southern Highlands, where, as the rhyme has it,

> 'Annan, Tweed, and Clyde
> A' rise oot o' ae hill side.
> Tweed ran, Annan wan.
> Clyde fell and brack 's neck
> Owre Cora Linn.'

Pococke found Glasgow very interesting. 'The old town stands on the hill,' he says, 'at some distance from the river, and bounded to the east by a rivulet (Molendinar) in a rocky glen. The Cathedral is at the east end, and the rest of the hill, formed into gardens (very few fruit-trees in them) to the south, has a pretty effect. The new town has two streets nearly a mile long, with several cross streets, finely built of hewn stone, most of the houses four, and some five, storeys high. The streets are extremely well paved, and in the

middle of some of them a stone a foot broad (the croon o' the causey), and some also on each side on which the people walk, but mostly in the middle. Several merchants have grand houses [residences of the Virginia dons, doubtless]. There is a fine old town-house (Tolbooth), and a beautiful new one near. Fine markets face each other, fronted with hewn stone, and having three pediments over the three doors and false windows between. There is a singular conveniency here, a sort of portico built round a court for washing, with a large furnace in each corner. This is the public laundry on the Green, farmed out by the city. Every one pays for boiling water by measure, and they lay the clothes on the Green, which grazes 100 cattle at 20s. a head.' No wonder that the golfer's caddie in those days, when golf was played on the Green, was always a fore-caddie, who would have to encounter irate wives and *raised kye*. The good Bishop has naturally something to say about Church and College affairs. 'The new English Licensed Episcopal (significant title) place of worship was a handsome oblong church near the Green,' no other than St. Andrews, Willow Acre, Low Green Street, said to be the oldest of the denomination in Scotland. This is one of the historic curiosities of the city, and here is preserved the last remnant of the altar-stone of Iona Cathedral. The pastor's stipend then was £60 a year, derived from collections. The church,

built in 1750, cost £1100, and the mason was excommunicated by his Anti-Burgher friends for 'the sinful and scandalous work of building an Episcopal Meeting-House.' The Bishop preached twice here, and therefore speaks with authority when he says, 'The service is decent; they chant hymns and sing psalms extremely well. I think I never saw offices performed with so much edification. Here and at Paisley the Sabbath is very strict; all must attend, and are not allowed to walk about.' At this time 'compurgators' apprehended Sabbath-breakers, and this continued till one Blackburn, taken up for walking on the Green during service, raised an action in the Court of Session against the Magistrates for unwarrantable exercise of authority, and gained the plea. The West India trade in tobacco, indigo, and sugar was then in full swing. 'The citizens send [by strings of packhorses],' says Pococke, 'tobacco by land as far as Hopton (on Forth) in war times, and supply France.' Most of the article then used in France came through Glasgow. Very little was consumed in Scotland except in the form of 'sneeshin,' the Irish *blackguard* of Burns, and even that to no great extent. Smoking was but little practised. Glasgow was also noted for its *inkle* manufacture. Of this one reads a good deal during the latter half of the century. Inkle was linen tape-making, brought surreptitiously from Holland in 1732 by one Alexander Harvey. There

is still an Incle Street in Paisley. The Bishop also notes the old narrow bridge at Stockwell as failing, and the proposal to build a new one lower down. Before leaving the neighbourhood he takes an excursion about two miles down the river to Govan, and remarks upon the fine open country round the city, with trees about the houses, hamlets, and villages, the whole having a fine effect. Some are still living who remember taking summer houses at Govan, and seeing the salmon-fishers busy with seine-net and coble where now great warships are built and launched.

II. AFTER THE '45

We need not look in Bishop Pococke's pages for the quite modern appreciation of the picturesque. He thinks, indeed, the Falls of Clyde beautifully embowered in foliage. Some time he spends at Luss, but never mentions Ben Lomond, and admires the falls at Inversnaid, as extremely beautiful with rocks and trees, without discovering the Trossachs near by. The first note of admiration of Scottish scenery is struck by the poet Gray, who came north in 1764 and again in 1765. He visited Glasgow on the first occasion, and there was introduced to the Scottish Elzevirs, the famous brothers Foulis. The introduction was the work of Dr. Beattie, Gray's enthusiastic Scottish admirer; and an interesting

memento of the visit takes the form of a large thin quarto of 64 pages, entitled '*Poems by Mr. Gray.* Glasgow: Printed by Robert & Andrew Foulis, Printers to the University, 1768.' As Gray was extremely sensitive about the publication of his poems, this issue is curious. It contains his best work: 'The Eton Ode,' 'Adversity,' 'Poesy,' 'The Bard,' 'The Elegy,' and some minor pieces—and was issued at the same time by Dodsley in London. Beattie had obtained the author's consent for a Scottish edition, and transcribed the whole. 'As an expression of high esteem and gratitude the Foulises endeavoured to print it in the best manner,' he says, and George Wilson, Professor of Astronomy, and the best typefounder of the time, had prepared a special fount, 'the first,' the brothers explain, 'in Roman character that they have printed in so large a type.' The book is one of the most beautiful specimens, not alone of Glasgow but, of Scottish typography.

Of Gray's visits there was till lately no account except in a long letter to his friend Wharton, describing a journey in September 1765 to Edinburgh, Glamis Castle, and Loch Tay. In 1890 the Cambridge University Press gave to the world, from an unpublished MS., brief notes of the first tour (1764). These are extremely interesting to all admirers of the poet to whom we owe the first introduction to literature—through his letters—of Swiss, Welsh, Cumberland, and Scottish scenery.

In August he crossed the Sark and reached Annan by a good road through an ugly country. He followed the usual westerly route by Nithsdale and Clyde to Glasgow, noting by the way the Falls, amid a landscape of woods and rocks worthy of the hand of Poussin, a beautiful, quiet, pastoral scene above Bonnington, and the great ill-contrived edifice, Hamilton Palace. He thinks Glasgow an elegant city, and examines the Roman inscriptions preserved in the College, and Mr. Foulis's picture-gallery. 'The kirk or ancient Cathedral is a noble Gothic building, miserably spoiled with galleries and out of repair.' He made a day's excursion to Loch Lomond, where he admired the exquisite landscape, and had a view of the Ben, 'the second mountain in Scotland for height.'

An interesting account of a fictitious visit to Glasgow is to be found in Smollett's masterpiece, his inimitable *Humphrey Clinker*. It was published in 1771, and must have been written shortly after the Peace of 1763, to which the author refers in his narrative. It recounts, in a series of letters, a tour in Scotland by a group of odd characters straight from the fashionable watering-place, Bath. They reach Glasgow from Edinburgh by way of Stirling, and have 'the good fortune to be received into the house of Mr. Moore, the eminent surgeon (to whom they had been recommended by an Edinburgh friend), a merry, facetious companion,

sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour.' His wife they found to be 'agreeable, well-bred, kind, and obliging, for kindness is the distinguishing characteristic of Scottish ladies in their own country.' He calls Glasgow one of the prettiest towns in Europe, and a perfect bee-hive of industry, but much hampered by the shallowness of the river, which could not admit vessels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the harbour. He was here on familiar ground, yet devotes much less space to Glasgow than to Edinburgh. His sagacity and humour could have supplied a unique picture of burgess life in what was then a city of 30,000 inhabitants and expanding daily, though still content with hard and brackish water, he says, from pump wells. Smollett was almost a native of the city, and had served as an apprentice to an apothecary in the High Street. This eminent surgeon, Dr. Moore, father of the hero of Corunna, he must have known well. He introduces his Matthew Bramble to Provost Cochran, 'one of the sages of the kingdom; Dr. John Gordon, father of the linen manufacturer here, and a great promoter of the city workhouse. In ancient Rome he would have been honoured with a statue.' Bramble also talked with Glassford, one of the greatest merchants in Europe. 'In the last war (Seven Years' War) he had at one time 25 ships with cargoes, and traded to above half a million in a year. His ships escaped the

privateers in the Channel by taking the North of Ireland route.' These were the Virginia Dons who walked on 'Change in bushy wigs and clad in long scarlet cloaks.

To Pennant, a Welshman, who came with a great repute as a scientist, we owe by far the most complete account of Scotland from an outside point of view of which last century could boast. His first visit was in 1769, but it was during his second, in 1772, that he took most account of Glasgow, 'the best built of any second-rate city I have seen. The houses are of stone, in good taste. The chief street runs east and west for near a mile and a half, but unfortunately is not straight. The Tolbooth is large and handsome, and near it is the Exchange. Before it is a statue of King William. This is the broadest and finest part of the street. Many of the houses are built over piazzas, but these too narrow to be of much use to walkers. The guard-house in the great street is kept by the citizens, who regularly do duty in turn. An excellent police is observed here. The Cathedral has two kirks in it and one underneath, where the congregation may truly say, *Clamavi de profundis*, "Out of the depths I cried." The Barony Church, to serve the country parish, with which the town has nothing to do, is neatly finished inside and prettily stuccoed. It forms one of the very few exceptions to the slovenly and indecent manner in which Presbytery keeps the

House of God. In many parts of Scotland Our Lord seems still to be worshipped in a stable, and often a very wretched one.' He notices the old bridge of eight arches, and remarks that another is now being built lower down. The Act of Parliament for its erection, passed in 1759, notices that the bridge (Stockwell) leading to the village of Gorbells is so narrow that there is not room for one carriage to pass another; and, by reason of its weakness, no heavy carriages are permitted to pass over it. Power is therefore given to the magistrates to erect a bridge of stone at or near the place, to be thirty feet broad, and sufficient for wheel carriages of all kinds. The foundation-stone of this, Milne's or the first Broomielaw Bridge, was laid in 1768. 'Near it are an almshouse, a vast nailery, a stoneware factory, and a great porter brewery, supplying the North of Ireland. Collieries are within sight on the south side of the river. The tide goes three miles higher up, but the river is fordable at low water. There is a plan for deepening the channel, as the tide brings up now only small vessels.' He is shown the primitive dredging process by his old friend John Golburn, of Chester, then engaged by the Clyde Trustees to conduct these early attempts at deepening the river. Taken four miles down the river to the house of Golburn on the north side, he watches operations. A rude sort of box-plough is conveyed across empty and then dragged by capstans

fixed on the north shore, with the iron-shod mouth down. Half a ton of gravel is brought over at a time, and in this fashion Golburn was lifting 1200 tons a day from the channel. As showing the growing inland trade of the city, Pennant says there were 100 carts engaged then in a traffic with Falkirk, where not twenty years before three carts could not be found.

Pennant was closely followed by Johnson and Boswell (1773). Both give an account of the tour, Johnson in one of the most readable of his books, Boswell in his *Journal*. They may be said to be the only last-century travellers known to the general reader. Neither was fitted to play the part chosen, from the modern point of view. Johnson indeed, very properly said, 'I came not to Scotland to see fine places (enough of them in England), but wild objects, mountains, waterfalls, and peculiar manners.' So far good, but all he says in appreciation of the mountains, when Boswell praises their noble prospects, is that 'the noblest prospect for a Scot is the road to London.' As for the waterfalls, the only one he looked at, Foyers, disappointed him. His observation of peculiar manners was too much dominated by the preconception of *wild objects*. Boswell more truly says: 'I think he had at no time taste for rural beauties; I have myself very little.' They arrived in Glasgow, on the return journey from the Highlands, by a post-

chaise which Boswell had had to get sent on to meet them as far as Cameron. In this they traversed the whole length of the town, for they put up at the Saracen's Head in the Gallowgate, the eastern exit from the city. Here Johnson found what might fairly be called the sum of the pleasures gained from the visit—viz., the perusal of his letters, the first he had received since leaving Aberdeen. He was sarcastic on the comforts at command now. 'I remember he put a leg upon each side of the grate, and said, with a mock solemnity, by way of soliloquy, but loud enough for me to hear it, "Here am I, an Englishman, sitting by a coal fire."' A Scottish university was as much beneath his contempt as a Presbyterian place of worship, so that on this score Glasgow had no attractions for him. Three of the professors, among them the distinguished metaphysician Reid, breakfasted with them. 'Mr. Anderson accompanied us over this beautiful city. He (Johnson) had told me that one day in London, when Dr. Adam Smith was boasting of it, he turned to him and said, "Pray, sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" This was surely a strong instance of his impatience and spirit of contradiction' (Johnsonese for unmannerly impertinence). 'I put him in mind of it to-day, while he expressed his admiration of the elegant buildings, and whispered him, "Don't you feel some remorse?"' Reid and Anderson dined (hour about

two at this time) with the great man, along with the brothers Foulis. The professors departed after tea, but the Elzevirs of Glasgow remained, and, as Boswell withdrew to write, the testy sage had a bad quarter of an hour with them. 'Instead of listening, they teased him with questions and doubtful disputations. He came in a flutter to me and desired I might come back again, for he could not bear these men.' He was good enough to explain that in so doing he was choosing 'the least of two evils.' Boswell, delighted with this *jeu d'esprit* bursting from the cloud which hung upon the sage's mind, at once complied. Anderson made a supper for the distinguished strangers. 'The general impression upon my memory,' says Boswell, 'is that we had not much conversation at Glasgow, where the professors, like their brethren at Aberdeen, did not venture to expose themselves much to the battery of cannon which they knew might play upon them.' It was indeed wonderful condescension on the part of the Dictator of Fleet Street to take a whole day's meals in such company. Johnson's own account of the visit is not so entertaining as Boswell's, being written in that big bow-wow style in which he succeeds so well in keeping his subject at arm's-length. As for the city, 'so frequented,' he says, 'as not to require description, the prosperity of its commerce appears by the greatness of its many private houses and the general appearance of

wealth.' The College seemed thinly attended, but the session had not long begun. He thinks the long, unbroken session (October 10 — June 10) superior to the English system of terms, but such a rational distribution of time is all that the Scottish universities can claim. The students go in boys, taking little knowledge with them: they depart before they are men, and therefore the structure cannot be lofty. His pithy and too true saying, that in Scotland 'all get a mouthful of learning, but few a bellyful,' is here rendered into Johnsonese. The students 'obtain a mediocrity of knowledge between learning and ignorance, but not inadequate to the purposes of common life.'

Gilpin, an English curate and schoolmaster, afterwards prebendary of Salisbury, engaged as early as 1776 in the novel diversion of a Highland sketching tour during the long vacation. In matters of taste he is a very superior person, and, like Iago, nothing if not critical. 'Glasgow is a beautiful town of elegant houses; if they were more connected the chief street, Argyle Street, ample in its dimensions, would in all respects be noble. The separation of the houses breaks the perspective. The great church (Cathedral) is a vast pile that accords ill with the modern splendour of the city.' This gentleman was too clever to notice such trifles as manners and customs. He quotes, however, a bit of *Hallowe'en* and *The Cotters* with manifest appreciation.

III. AFTER THE REVOLUTION

An inquisitive foreigner, Faujas St. Fond, appeared on the scene about the year 1785, but publication of his travels was delayed by the troubles of the French Revolution. He was much interested in mineralogy, for our hills were then supposed to be rich in the rarer metals. He thoroughly examined the rocks, where exposed, in and around Glasgow, descended a coal-pit close by, and sought in the shale for fossil ferns and the like. He was told of a cabinet formed by Mr. Anderson (founder of the Andersonian Institute) in the University, and went to see it, but found only a collection of the most commonplace philosophical instruments and a few minerals. His notes gathered on the streets are curious. He is surprised that 'in a climate so cold and humid so many females of the lower orders should have head and feet bare, their bodies covered only with a *jump* and a gown and coat of red stuff reaching to the knee. They have fine long hair, without anything but a crooked comb to keep it back from the face. They are easy in gait, in general tall and well made, and of charming figure, have clear complexions, very white teeth, and wash often their feet and hands.'

In this year also (1785) a scholar of Oxford, Thomas Newte, did the Northern Tour, following the western route by Glasgow, Inveraray, Oban, Staffa, then on

to Inverness and south by Edinburgh. As his tour lasted only a fortnight, it shows what progress the art had made, and how expert travellers had become in their observations, often, as in this case, shrewd and well informed. Some of the scenery greatly depressed him. Thus he says that 'the northern end of Loch Lomond, being narrow, and bounded and overshadowed by most tremendous precipices, tends to fill the mind only with horror, and leads us to lament the unhappy lot of those whose destiny it is to live within its confines.' Glasgow at this time had a population of 46,000. The American War had greatly crippled her merchants, ruining many, for there was not only the loss of the trade for a time, but it had been customary to grant very long credits, and thus outstanding debts were hard to realise. But new paths, Newte found, were being struck out, especially in the home manufactures. Cotton was now attracting capital, and the Clyde was spanned by 'two handsome bridges.' 'One church in the Cathedral occupied a spot formerly appointed for the burial of the dead—a most gloomy place, and well adapted to the genius of the Presbyterian religion. In many of the houses the window-shutters and doors were of unpainted deal.' He had evidently failed to appreciate the hidden beauties of the Laigh Kirk, often by a misnomer called the *crypt*. A report of about this date on the dim condition of the church said

that 'very little light comes from the pulpit.' The principal hotel, the Tontine, had a large coffee-room and a ball-room, but only six bedrooms. Newte thinks that so large and rich a city might have water conveyed to it and a system of drainage. 'The country round has but little corn, much of the ground being given up to vegetables, which the people do not take the trouble to water, though the season is dry.'

Newte brought with him the usual southern notions of Scottish unco-guidness, and gives his readers a whimsical illustration of 'the fanaticism, grimace, and hypocrisy to be found in a city in which so great a proportion of the people are shut in from the open air and face of nature, and confined to sedentary, and often solitary, employment. It is not many years since the magistrates, humouring the austerity of certain of their clergy and the general prejudices of the people, enforced a judicial observance of the Sabbath. The elders, a combination of curate, constable, and churchwarden, used to search, on the Sunday evenings, the public-houses.' Means were found of evading these laws of sobriety. 'A call was made at an elder's house on pretence of seeking the benefit of his prayers or family worship. This duty being over, the elder put up his Bible on an adjoining shelf and took down the punch-bowl, presenting at the same time something to eat, which they call a *relish*. The

elder's bowl being soon exhausted, each of the guests in his turn insisted on having also *his* bowl. The landlord took care to keep a supply of rum and other ingredients, which he retailed in this private manner, chiding his guests, at the same time that he drank glass for glass, for their intemperance. The company parted at a late hour sufficiently replenished, it is to be hoped, with the spirit.' This sort of thing still does duty for humour in certain English comic papers.

In the year 1791, when Burns had been forced to give up farming at Ellisland, his friend Robert Heron was beginning his rambles over Scotland. He set out again the following year on a wider course. Heron raised himself from peasant surroundings. Born at New Galloway, the son of a weaver, we hear of him acting as a parish schoolmaster at fourteen in the intervals of study at Edinburgh for the Church. In the autumn of 1789, as he was proceeding to college, he saw Burns at Ellisland, and was intrusted by the poet with a letter to Dr. Blacklock, which he failed to deliver. Heron's subsequent career was sad, for he drifted into hackwork and journalism, being often in prison for lack of cash. He published one of the earliest of the lives of Burns, containing many valuable features wanting in the better known work of Currie. Strange to say, though his account of Dumfries is full of detail, neither he nor the parish minister contributing at the same time to the

Statistical Account has a word to say of Burns, its greatest townsman. As he approached Glasgow, he found the roads exceedingly crowded with passengers on foot and horseback, and with carriages of every description, in striking contrast to Arthur Young's experiences of two or three years earlier in France, where, even within ten miles of Paris, there was an almost total absence of traffic. Heron's pages reflect the spirit of the times in which they were written. While fond of desultory reflection, he has learned something from the novel economics of the *Wealth of Nations*, and has everywhere a keen eye to the rising industrial progress. But he fears the growth of large towns as imperilling the best features of the national life. The Revolution was then in full progress, and, suffering from Jacobin fright, he dreads the spread of what he calls the French disease. In Glasgow many associations of friends of the people had recently been formed. Tom Paine was universally read, and abridgments of his book diligently circulated. 'A young man who had studied law and had some years before begun to practise, but with little success, at the Scottish bar, had taken it upon him to act as a great apostle of reform,' which must refer to Thomas Muir, transported to Botany Bay in the following year for sedition. His trial was a foul blot on the Scotch judicial bench. As an admirer of Bute and Dundas, and a Whig of the old school of Sir Robert Walpole, Heron had no sympathy with the burghers,

just awakening from their long sleep and preparing to hurry on reform. He entered the city by Anderston, and found the houses in this suburb spacious and elegant above the condition of the present inhabitants, chiefly weavers and petty shopkeepers. The streets were thronged with decent people in Sunday clothes. He put up at Hemming's Inn. Leaving on the east side of the city, he traversed one of the most picturesque tracts of level country he had surveyed. The surface was dotted with belts and clumps of trees, and coal-pits and lime-kilns were smoking in the distance.

John Lettice, as a poet and divine but little known to fame, spent a short time in Scotland in the autumn of 1792. He was an Oxford scholar who took an intelligent interest in University and scientific matters generally. Entering the country by Annandale, he gives an interesting sketch of Ecclefechan as it appeared two years before the birth of Carlyle and at the height of its prosperity, when it was the scene of noted horse and cattle fairs. He proceeds to Glasgow by Moffat and Hamilton, where the sight of decent churchgoers suggests a long quotation from the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' The spectacle of the fine lofty houses of the city, wide and beautifully paved streets, public buildings rising lightly and gracefully into the air, the throng and movement of the busy inhabitants, moves him to quote from Vergil's animated description of Carthage

in Dido's time. Passing under the lofty tower of the Tolbooth and alighting at the Piazza which adjoins it, he enters the Tontine Hotel behind them—'a house worthy of this magnificent city.' The rooms are nearly full, or else previously engaged, and only an unexpected departure or two towards the evening makes places for his party. Next morning, from the dining-room window, he notes a novel sight on the opposite side of the court. 'A grand bow, lighted by five lofty sashes, projects into the court of the hotel; all we could see was a number of figures sitting, standing, or walking about. On entering we found a room of seventy or eighty feet in length, having another vast window on one of its sides.' This was no other than the great subscription coffee-room (opened 1781), 'supported by more than six hundred of the principal citizens and members of the university. Half the newspapers of London, the gazettes from Ireland, Holland, and France, and a number of provincial journals at home, besides reviews, magazines, and other periodicals, are objects of the subscription. At the daily arrival of the post, a more stirring, lively, and anxious scene can hardly be imagined. But no part of the day passes without some concourse of subscribers, or of strangers at the hotel, whom their liberality permits freely to partake the benefit of the room.' Immediately after breakfast he hastens to the

College, where he has letters for Wilson, the Professor of Astronomy and noted typefounder, who introduces him to a star of the first magnitude in the person of Reid, of moral sense renown, then eighty, and a little hard of hearing, but famous as the antagonist of Locke, Hume, and Berkeley. Another professor, Cummins, shows him the monumental stones from the Roman wall, found on the line of the canal. Unlike St. Fond, he thinks 'he has seen no university at home or abroad more abundantly furnished with mathematical, mechanical, and optical instruments, and every sort of machinery or model requisite for the illustration of science.' The fine perspective of the Cathedral interior, he observes, is almost destroyed by a partition dividing the old church into two. 'The seats and galleries in each help also to conceal or deform the original design. To carry this parsimony of space as far as it would go, and that, whatever sacrifices be offered in this temple, there may be none to the pride of the eye, its ancient vaults have been converted into a third church (the Laigh Kirk). The crowd of pews below and galleries hanging from the sepulchral arches above aid the native gloom of the place. Into this lower region the young clergy of Glasgow often modestly descend to make, not the first display, but the first trial of their talents. Here they need have no fear of facing a congregation whom they cannot see and who cannot see them.

It is odd indeed to find both parties here so much in the dark.'

Near by he sees workmen busy demolishing the remains of the Bishop's Palace to make way for the Royal Infirmary. The magistrates allowed the stones to be carted away across the Gallow Muir by the Drygate to rebuild the Saracen's Head in the Gallowgate, long Glasgow's best inn. The new town at the foot of the hill, dating soon after the Union, has by this time spread so far as to take in the village of Anderston, and to extend in all upwards of two miles in the line of the river. The show church of that time, but now little known to the great bulk of the citizens, St. Andrew's, he thinks no discredit to the city, admiring its Corinthian portico, ornamental urns, and neatly-stuccoed interior, supported by elegant columns. 'But the steeple is ill designed, and the edifice would lose no beauty by its removal.' Would his verdict have been otherwise had he known that this church was designed on the model of St. Martin's-in-the-Field in London? One is surprised to find him saying that no town possesses more truly than Glasgow the spirit of religious toleration, so different from earlier reports on this point. Like Heron, he suffers from Revolution fright, but is sure the people of Glasgow are too enlightened to countenance 'that barbarism of our species, which, in one great nation, has blotted out the fairest characters of humanity.' The new bridge, Milne's, he describes

as of seven arches, with circular apertures between the arches at a higher level to carry off the flood water. Its parapet walls are 'pierced with an open work in small squares, not unlike the pigeon-holes of a dovecot. At a distance the effect is not bad, but it suggests, at all points of view, rather an idea of caprice than of beauty.' He thinks the £19,000 spent on this bridge a very considerable sum for the inhabitants to afford. Glasgow has recently taken down the successor to Milne's bridge (Telford's) and is erecting a new one at a cost of £81,176. Jamaica Street, which did not exist when the new bridge was built, was laid out in line with it. He greatly appreciates the attractive shades afforded by the avenues of lofty trees in the Green (soon after cut down by order of the Magistrates because these shades were abused), with agreeable walks between them, and he is diverted with the novel scene in what he calls the 'Washery.' The washerwomen, 'from their continual habits of bodily activity and unrestrained exercise of the *understanding*,'[1] had lately showed their freedom of spirit by rescuing from the beadles a culprit who was being conducted, according to sentence, to be publicly whipped. Lettice is surprised to find Glasgow's only public park so little resorted to. Only two ladies, besides himself, had sought the refreshing shade. But it appears that the inhabitants were too busy then for relaxa-

[1] Southron visitors, from Burt downwards, have always been much amused at the sight of the Scotch open-air washing.

tion. 'They can scarcely keep open their play-house during one month in a year. The better ranks of women appear little in the streets; indeed, scarcely anywhere less, being laudably engaged at home in the education of their children and the economy of their families. Their husbands are busily employed in their larger affairs, and, where they can afford deputies, give their leisure to public duties. One would almost conceive Glasgow to be unacquainted even with the name of idleness. Every one has his or her object of pursuit. A dish of tea (fower 'oors), a party of conversation, a quiet game at cards, are the ordinary amusements of an afternoon visit. The men are not averse to prolonging conversation after dinner over a bowl of punch; but the pleasure most regularly indulged is their daily call at the Tontine coffee-room.' He dare not think that, with the growth of wealth and the passion for freedom, this happy state of things will continue, and proceeds with a political and social forecast depressingly pessimistic.

It has been said that Glasgow is a fine city—*to get out of*. Lettice shows how this was even then beginning to be appreciated. He follows the Clyde on its landward side as far as Wemyss Bay, Largs, and Rothesay, forming then, in a sense more true than now, Greater Glasgow. The growing manufactures of Paisley, such as Cowan's cotton-mill, a twist-mill for sewing-thread (long before this date a very important manufacture here), a tape-loom, and

a foundry, as well as the trade of Port-Glasgow and Greenock, engage his attention. Leaving the last-named by the old upland road, far from the shore and the Cloch Lighthouse, through a barren swampy valley, with here and there a few sheep and black cattle, a field of oats, some spots of flax, and a bad carriage road, he comes down upon the beautiful shores of Inverkip and Sir Michael Stewart's wood-encircled castle. Presently he reaches Wemyss Bay, at first christened New Glasgow, and of quite recent origin. 'Here Glasgow merchants have built each a neat white house, one joining the other, and making, in fact, a single villa, with a green lawn spread out before it to the water's edge, adorned with parterres of flowers and backed with wood and winding walks on the rising ground. Hither they retire, with their families, from their city and its busy hum, for the summer season.' He is eloquent over the seaward view and the road onward to Largs, under a long range of romantic cliffs (the red scaur of Skelmorlie), on the left overhung with shrubs and trees, with cascades and fountains trickling down among them, and far to right the lake-like expanse of the Clyde. 'Largs, not long ago the scene of the great fairs for the disposal of Highland stock, is now,' says Lettice, 'resorted to in summer for sea-bathing. The constant occupants of the village are chiefly Paisley weavers.' His second visit to Largs was on a

Sunday, 'when, from the appearance and devout behaviour of the people at the kirk, I should have conjectured them to be a set of very sober and orderly beings,' which is the patronising way of the superior person when he pays a compliment. When steam brought Largs nearer to Glasgow, the journey by water took five hours and the fare was 7s. 6d. Till 1834 it could boast of but a rough-planked jetty. Highland cattle were landed from wherries by throwing them overboard and letting them swim ashore. They must have come from Cowal by swimming the Kyles of Bute at Colintraive, and then been shipped from a point of the island nearest to Largs. In three hours he reached Rothesay, where, being known to the Earl of Bute, son to George III.'s Mayor of the Palace, he enjoyed the hospitalities of Mount Stuart. Needless to say, Rothesay had not then become the Scottish Brighton. Indeed, it had scarcely a feature now recognisable, not even the Castle, then mouldering into ruins with age, and positively unsafe to examine. For Rothesay had suddenly shot up into comparative affluence on herring-fishing and cotton-spinning. Under the lead of Lord Bute, the first cotton-mill in Scotland was erected here about 1780. A second mill Heron saw nearing completion, with a water-wheel of twenty-four feet diameter. The motive-power was conveyed from Loch Fad. The first mill employed five hundred

operatives, mostly children. Lettice had just finished an early supper and was thinking of bed, when all idea of repose was banished by the hurry of feet and the babble of tongues. This was the cotton-spinners preparing, as was their custom, to spend the evening till eleven o'clock in dancing with their lads, ashore from the herring-busses. He looked on with amazement, especially at the demonstrative reel, and was specially diverted with 'a certain rapturous yelp which every now and then escapes the male dancers in the height of their glee, and seems to give new spirit to their movements. Considerable credit was due to the swains for avoiding trampling upon the naked feet of the nymphs whilst most vigorously footing it near them in shoes of a very massive sole.' Burns told a correspondent that, till the time when he was well known as an author, he carried a hundred tackets in each shoe.

The Hon. Mrs. Murray, an intelligent Englishwoman, related by marriage to the Strathmore family, saw in the course of three seasons (1796, 1800, 1802) most of the picturesque parts of Scotland. Travelling in her own chaise, she hired a pair of horses by the way at the rate of 1s. 6d. per mile. Tolls formed an expensive item. From Edinburgh to Kensington they totalled £1, 14s. 9d. She took with her a maid, spare clothing, and such comforts as linen, blankets, quilt, and pillows. Her

meals she generally ate in the chaise, the inns being too awful to enter. The simple honesty and hospitality of the Highlanders delighted her. Burns on this point says that if he went to heaven he should wish for nothing better than a Highland welcome, and everywhere she was greeted by the workers in the fields with a kindly *Comme r-a-hache?* (how do you do?) or *La-ma-chuie* (good-day to you). Waterfalls formed the pet attraction for her, but Scottish river scenery generally she always appreciates, quoting the 'Gentle Shepherd' where occasion suggests. She emerged from the Highlands by Dumbarton, where she had, it is amusing to know, to give up her sketch-book and pencil before she was permitted to examine the castle, just as if it had been a first-rate continental fortress, and the business of a military spy a recognised industry. Glasgow seemed tame and unattractive after the Highlands. 'Glasgow is amazingly enlarged. I was there eleven years previous to this tour, and I could hardly believe it possible for a town to be so altered and enlarged as I find it in 1796. Its situation is very fine. Like all manufacturing towns, the people are very rich, saucy, and wicked. I left Glasgow as soon as possible and proceeded to Hamilton, where I forgot the din of the city, its pride, its wealth and worldly ways; forgot my sleepless night, even hunger, too (for I had had no breakfast), which gave way to the delightful scenes of Bothwell.

What a lovely walk by the river-side! How picturesque the ruins of the castle and the wood!'

John Stoddart, a young Oxonian, varied the Scottish Tour by sailing from Gravesend in the *Tweed* packet, Captain Ord, bound for Leith. The trip served as preparation for that public career, during which he rose to be political editor of the *Times*, a Knight, and Chief-Justice of Malta. He is best remembered for his *Universal Grammar*, an original contribution to the philosophy of language. As a tourist he is a devotee of the new cult, The Picturesque, hunting up local beauties of rock and waterfall in *den* and *howe*, so obscure that we might suppose them unnoticed in those days, if we did not know that the parish ministers were then expatiating upon them in the *Statistical Account*. A companion sketched the best bits. Stoddart performed his tour on foot, and in the course of it reached Glasgow from Edinburgh, taking Carnwath and the Falls of Clyde on the way. Here he visited not only the Falls, but the less known and more wonderful valley of the Mouse, near by. He spent five days in the city. The Cathedral he thought a considerable pile, rather handsome but heavy, and decorated with whitewash and painting in very bad taste. The best view of it was from the Fir Hill, 'whose gloomy shade suited the venerable character of the building. The Fir Hill, now the Necropolis,

was in those days the most romantic spot near the old town. When Mrs. Grant of Laggan was a girl in Glasgow, the walk from the Bishop's Castle, past the Cathedral, and over the Fir Hill, was her favourite evening resort. Stoddart was even more charmed with Kelvingrove, to the west of the city. 'About a mile above the picturesque meal-mills at Partick there is scarce anything near Glasgow more deserving notice than this lovely stream, meandering between woody slopes, through which the path gently winds, varied with green holms, adorned with cottages, mills, and bleaching-greens, and presenting several sequestered scenes, in which the simple and the beautiful predominate.'

The century had just closed when Dorothy Wordsworth, accompanied by her poet brother and Coleridge, made the Scottish Tour, of which she kept a journal. As the condition of things she described was substantially that of the preceding decade, she may fairly be included among eighteenth century visitors. They left Rydal Mount on Sunday, 14th August 1803, and the general appearance the party presented is well sketched by Principal Shairp thus :—

> 'Their exterior semblance did belie
> Their souls' immensity' :—

Coleridge in soiled nankin trousers, and with the blue and brass coat with which he was wont to

appear in Unitarian pulpits, buttoned round his growing corpulency; Wordsworth in a suit of russet, not to say dingy, brown, with broad flapping straw hat to protect his weak eyesight; an outlandish Irish car, with horse now backing and jibbing over a bank (it went into a burn altogether once), now reduced to a walk, with one of the poets leading him by the head.' Truly a queer party! They walked up the hills and along all the rough roads. In approaching Glasgow they halted at Lanark, where they had a foretaste of the busy manufacturing centre. They noticed, watching a chaise leaving the inn-door, a party of boys, dressed alike in blue, and very neat. They were apprentices in David Dale's cotton factory at New Lanark. At the Falls, Coleridge, 'always good-natured enough to converse with any one he meets on the way, talked with a gentleman, who said it was a majestic fall. Coleridge was delighted with the accuracy of the epithet, particularly as he had been settling in his own mind the precise meaning of grand, majestic, sublime, and had discussed the point with William the day before. "Yes, sir, it is a majestic fall." "Sublime, beautiful," replied the stranger. Coleridge could make no answer.'

The party proceeded to Glasgow, passing through Hamilton, where they were refused a sight of the Palace interior, and very scurvily treated altogether.

But they saw and greatly admired the quaint old Dutch hanging-garden at Barncleuth, on the banks of the Avon, near by. It is perfectly unique of its kind. Last century it was much more than now. an object of curiosity and admiration to strangers Here the river Avon, hurrying Clydewards, has cut its way deeply and abruptly through the superficial deposits, producing one of those dens so characteristic of Scottish scenery. The graceful greenery of many trees hangs from every jutting frieze, and gently sways each drooping tress over the murmuring stream. Just where the bank is steepest and highest, terraces were, under the Dutch influences of the Revolution, laid out and planted with box cut into the prim forms of a tea-service. A picturesque old mansion-house crowns the bank, but an older still stands not far off, with its gable overhanging the stream. This was the early mansion-house, and reputed to be the place where Graham of Claverhouse passed the night before he rode off up Strathavon, to the shame of defeat by a handful of despised Whigamores at Drumclog. Stretching away in the vista across the river is the High Park, where the famed white cattle may be seen under stately oaks that carry the fancy back to the silvan beauties of the Cadzow Forest of the olden time.

The Wordsworths put up at the Saracen's Head,

in the Gallowgate. Among the sights, they were greatly taken with the public wash-house on the Green, the Piazza, and the coffee-house at the Tron, but the Cathedral they did not see, as they were wet and tired. They left at three o'clock in the afternoon in a heavy downpour, and an odd spectacle they must have presented as they passed in front of the elegant villas in Argyll Street and through the weaving village of Anderston. 'In spite of the rain, every one as we went along stayed to look at us, and we had the pleasure of spreading smiles from one end of Glasgow to the other, for we went the whole length of the town. School children followed in great delight, longing to jump up on the car. At the end of the town we stepped down on account of a hill (Cranstonhill), and the youngsters took our places. They looked so pretty and wild, and withal so modest, I would have walked two miles willingly for the pleasure of seeing them so happy.' One would gladly have had more from such a shrewd and clever observer at a time when Glasgow was making her biggest stride forward. One hundred years ago she had, including Gorbals, only 67,000 inhabitants, taking second place after Edinburgh's 70,000, but she speedily passed the eastern capital. Edinburgh fares even worse at the hands of the Wordsworths, for the fact of their reaching it is barely mentioned. But they were

unique travellers. Dorothy Wordsworth is not a bit antiquarian or historical in her tastes, but in full accord with rural activity and scenery, especially with that peculiar Wordsworthian blend of lonely peasant simplicity suffused with the neutral tints of grey skies and peaceful gloamings.

FINIS.

Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY

DAVID DOUGLAS

10 CASTLE STREET
EDINBURGH, *October* 1896.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Latest Editions. Revised by the Authors. In 1s. volumes. By Post, 1s. 2d.

Printed by Constable, and published with the sanction of the Authors.

By W. D. HOWELLS.

A Foregone Conclusion.
A Chance Acquaintance.
Their Wedding Journey.
A Counterfeit Presentment.
The Lady of the Aroostook. 2 vols.
Out of the Question.
The Undiscovered Country. 2 vols.
A Fearful Responsibility.
Venetian Life. 2 vols.
Italian Journeys. 2 vols.
The Rise of Silas Lapham. 2 vols.
Indian Summer. 2 vols.
The Shadow of a Dream.
An Imperative Duty.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Rudder Grange.
The Lady or the Tiger?
A Borrowed Month.

By GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Prue and I.

By J. C. HARRIS (*Uncle Remus*).

Mingo, and other Sketches.

By GEO. W. CABLE.

Old Creole Days.
Madame Delphine.

By B. W. HOWARD.

One Summer.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

A Humble Romance.
A Far-away Melody.

By HELEN JACKSON.

Zeph. A Posthumous Story.

By MATT. CRIM.

In Beaver Cove.

By JOHN BURROUGHS.

Winter Sunshine.
Pepacton.
Locusts and Wild Honey.
Wake-Robin.
Birds and Poets.
Fresh Fields.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. 2 vols.
The Poet. 2 vols.
The Professor. 2 vols.
Poetical Works. 4 vols.

By G. P. LATHROP.

An Echo of Passion.

By R. C. WHITE.

Mr. Washington Adams.

By T. B. ALDRICH.

The Queen of Sheba.
Marjorie Daw.
Prudence Palfrey.
The Stillwater Tragedy. 2 vols.
Wyndham Towers: A Poem.
Two Bites at a Cherry.

By B. MATTHEWS and H. C. BUNNER.

In Partnership.

By WILLIAM WINTER.

Shakespeare's England.
Wanderers: A Collection of Poems.
Gray Days and Gold.

By JAMES L. ALLEN.

Flute and Violin.
Sister Dolorosa.

*** *Other Volumes of this attractive Series in preparation.*

Any of the above may be had bound in Cloth extra, at 2s. each volume.

'A set of charming little books.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

'A remarkably pretty series.'—*Saturday Review.*

'These neat and minute volumes are creditable alike to printer and publisher.'—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

'The most graceful and delicious little volumes with which we are acquainted.'—*Freeman.*

'Soundly and tastefully bound . . . a little model of typography . . . and the contents are worthy of the dress.'—*St. James's Gazette.*

'The delightful shilling series of "American Authors," introduced by Mr. David Douglas, has afforded pleasure to thousands of persons.'—*Figaro.*

'The type is delightfully legible, and the page is pleasant for the eye to rest upon; even in these days of cheap editions we have seen nothing that has pleased us so well.'—*Literary World.*

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

SCOTTISH STORIES AND SKETCHES.

Oor Ain Folk: Being Memories of Manse Life in the Mearns and a Crack aboot Auld Times, by JAMES INGLIS. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

'In its construction and general tone "Oor Ain Folk" reminds the reader of Dr. Norman Macleod's "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," whilst it contains a store of admirable Scottish stories, many of them quite new to us, that can only be compared in quality to the classic collection of Dean Ramsay.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Humour of the Scot 'neath Northern Lights and Southern Cross. By JAMES INGLIS ('Maori'), Author of 'Oor Ain Folk,' etc. One vol. Crown 8vo, 6s. Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk in the Parish of Pyketillim, with Glimpses of Parish Politics about A.D. 1843, by WILLIAM ALEXANDER, LL.D. Eleventh Edition, with Glossary, Fcap. 8vo, 2s.

Seventh Edition, with Twenty Illustrations—Portraits and Landscapes—by Sir GEORGE REID, *P.*R.S.A. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d.

'A most vigorous and truthful delineation of local character, drawn from a portion of the country where that character is peculiarly worthy of careful study and record. —*The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

Life among my Ain Folk, by the Author of 'JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK.'

Contents.

1. Mary Malcolmson's Wee Maggie.
2. Couper Sandy.
3. Francie Herriegerie's Sharger Laddie.
4. Baubie Huie's Bastard Geet.
5. Glengillodram.

Fcap. 8vo. Second Edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d. Paper, 2s.

'Mr. Alexander thoroughly understands the position of men and women who are too often treated with neglect, and graphically depicts their virtues and vices, and shows to his readers difficulties, struggles, and needs which they are sure to be the wiser for taking into view.'—*Freeman.*

Notes and Sketches of Northern Rural Life in the Eighteenth Century, by the Author of 'JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK.' In 1 vol. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d., 2s., and 1s.

Chronicles of Glenbuckie, by HENRY JOHNSTON, Author of 'The Dawsons of Glenara.' Extra Fcap. 8vo, 5s.

*** A book of humour and pathos, descriptive of the social, political, and ecclesiastical life in a Scottish parish fifty years ago.

'A genuine bit of Scottish literature.'—*Scottish Leader.*

Scotch Folk. Illustrated. Fourth Edition enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, price 1s.

'They are stories of the best type, quite equal in the main to the average of Dean Ramsay's well-known collection.'—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

Rosetty Ends, or the Chronicles of a Country Cobbler. By Job Bradawl (A. DEWAR WILLOCK), Author of 'She Noddit to me.' Fcap. 8vo, Illustrated. 2s. and 1s.

'The sketches are amusing productions, narrating comical incidents, connected by a thread of common character running through them all—a thread waxed into occasional strength by the "roset" of a homely, entertaining wit.'—*Scotsman.*

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

LITTLE BROWN BOOKS.

Foolscap 8vo, Sixpence each.

The Religion of Humanity: An Address delivered at the Church Congress, Manchester, October 1888, by the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P., LL.D., etc. 6d.

'We have called the pamphlet a sermon because it is one, though the fitting text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," is courteously omitted; and we venture to say that of all who will read it, not one per cent. ever read or heard one more convincing or intellectually more delightful.'—*Spectator.*

[*A large type edition of this may also be had in cloth at 5s.*]

Fishin' Jimmy, by A. T. SLOSSON. 6d. '*A choice story from America.*'

'A story from which, in its simplicity and pathos, we may all learn lessons of wisdom and charity.'—*Freeman.*

'A pathetic but pretty little story, telling the simple life of one possessed of a profound veneration for all things heavenly, yet viewing them with the fearless questioning eyes of the child.'—*Literary World.*

'Macs' in Galloway. By PATRICK DUDGEON. 6d.

Ailsie and Gabr'el Veitch. 6d.

Rab and his Friends. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Marjorie Fleming. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Our Dogs. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

'With Brains, Sir.' By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Minchmoor. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Jeems the Door-Keeper. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

The Enterkin. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Plain Words on Health. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

Something about a Well: with more of Our Dogs. By Dr. JOHN BROWN. 6d.

WORKS BY DR. JOHN BROWN.

Horæ Subsecivæ. 3 Vols. 22s. 6d.

Vol. I. Locke and Sydenham. Seventh Edition, with Portrait by James Faed. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Vol. II. Rab and his Friends. Fourteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Vol. III. John Leech. Seventh Edition, with Portrait by Sir George Reid, *P.*R.S.A. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Rab and his Friends. With India-proof Portrait of the Author after Faed, and seven Illustrations after Sir G. Harvey, Sir Noel Paton, Mrs. Blackburn, and Sir George Reid, *P.*R.S.A. Demy 4to, cloth, 9s.

Marjorie Fleming: A Sketch. Being a Paper entitled 'Pet Marjorie; A Story of a Child's Life fifty years ago.' New Edition, with Illustrations by Warwick Brookes. Demy 4to, 7s. 6d. and 6s.

Rab and his Friends. Cheap Illustrated Edition. Square 12mo, ornamental wrapper, 1s.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY, ETC.

Rev. John Ker, D.D.

SERMONS: FIRST SERIES. 14th Edition. Crown 8vo, . . . 6s. od.
SERMONS: SECOND SERIES. Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo, . . 6s. od.
THOUGHTS FOR HEART AND LIFE. Second Edition. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, . 4s. 6d.
LETTERS: 1866-1885. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, ... 4s. 6d.

Rev. George Bowen, of Bombay.

DAILY MEDITATIONS. New Edition. Sm. 4to, ... 5s. od.
LOVE REVEALED. New Edition. Sm. 4to, ... 5s. od.
DEEPER SPIRITUAL LIFE. 16mo, ... 1s. and 2s. 6d.

Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen.

THE LETTERS OF. Edited by Dr. HANNA. New Edition. Cr. 8vo, . 7s. 6d.
THE BRAZEN SERPENT, OR LIFE COMING THROUGH DEATH. Cr. 8vo, 5s. od.
THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF REVEALED RELIGION. Cr. 8vo, . . 5s. od.
THE SPIRITUAL ORDER. Cr. 8vo, ... 5s. od.
THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION. Cr. 8vo, ... 6s. od.
THE UNCONDITIONAL FREENESS OF THE GOSPEL. Cr. 8vo, . . 3s. 6d.
THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, ... 1s. od.

William Hanna, D.D., LL.D.

THE EARLIER YEARS OF OUR LORD. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, . . . 5s. od.
THE MINISTRY IN GALILEE. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, ... 5s. od.
THE CLOSE OF THE MINISTRY. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, ... 5s. od.
THE PASSION WEEK. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, ... 5s. od.
THE LAST DAY OF OUR LORD'S PASSION. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, . . 5s. od.
THE FORTY DAYS AFTER THE RESURRECTION. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, . 5s. od.
THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD. Ex. Fcap. 8vo, ... 5s. od.

Rev. Walter C. Smith, D.D.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Cr. 8vo, ... 6s. od.

Professor Blackie.

ON SELF-CULTURE. Fcap. 8vo, ... 2s. 6d.

Principal Shairp.

STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. Cr. 8vo, ... 7s. 6d.
SKETCHES IN HISTORY AND POETRY. Cr. 8vo, ... 7s. 6d.
CULTURE AND RELIGION. Fcap. 8vo, ... 3s. 6d.

Rev. Father Forbes-Leith.

THE LIFE OF ST. MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, . . . 3s. 6d.

W. E. Frost.

GIVE ME THINE HEART, ... 4s. 6d.

Mrs. M. M. Gordon.

WORK; OR, PLENTY TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT. Fcap. 8vo, . . 2s. 6d.

Rev. Archibald Scott, D.D.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY. Demy 8vo, ... 7s. 6d.
SACRIFICE: ITS PROPHECY AND FULFILMENT. Cr. 8vo, . . . 7s. 6d.

The Duke of Argyll.

WHAT IS TRUTH? Fcap. 8vo, ... 1s. od.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

SCOTTISH HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway. By SIR ANDREW AGNEW, Bart. Second Edition. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s.

Celtic Scotland: A History of Ancient Alban. By WILLIAM F. SKENE, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. In 3 vols. I. History and Ethnology. II. Church and Culture. III. Land and People. Demy 8vo, 45s. Illustrated with Maps.

Scotland under her Early Kings. A History of the Kingdom to the close of the 13th century. By E. W. ROBERTSON. In 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 36s.

The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchope-dale, and the Debateable Land. Part I., from the Twelfth Century to 1530. By ROBERT BRUCE ARMSTRONG. The edition is limited to 275 copies demy quarto, and 105 copies on large paper (10 inches by 13), 42s. and 84s. net.

The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland, from the Twelfth to the Eighteenth Century. By DAVID M'GIBBON and THOMAS ROSS, Architects. 5 vols., with about 2000 Illustrations of Ground Plans, Sections, Views, Elevations, and Details. Royal 8vo. 42s. each vol. net.

Scotland in Early Christian Times. By JOSEPH ANDERSON, LL.D., Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. (Being the Rhind Lectures in Archæology for 1879 and 1880.) 2 vols. Demy 8vo, profusely Illustrated. 12s. each volume.

Scotland in Pagan Times. By JOSEPH ANDERSON, LL.D. (Being the Rhind Lectures in Archæology for 1881 and 1882.) In 2 vols. Demy 8vo, profusely Illustrated. 12s. each volume.

The Past in the Present. What is Civilisation? (Being the Rhind Lectures in Archæology, delivered in 1876 and 1878.) By Sir ARTHUR MITCHELL, K.C.B., M.D., LL.D. Demy 8vo, with 148 Woodcuts, 15s.

Scotland as it was and as it is: A History of Races, Military Events, and the rise of Commerce. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL. Demy 8vo, illustrated, 7s. 6d.

Studies in the Topography of Galloway. By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P. Demy 8vo, 14s.

Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. By the late Sir SAMUEL FERGUSON. Demy 8vo, 12s.

Ecclesiological Notes on some of the Islands of Scotland, with other Papers relating to Ecclesiological Remains on the Scottish Mainland and Islands. By THOMAS S. MUIR, Author of 'Characteristics of Old Church Architecture,' etc. Demy 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 21s.

Early Travellers in Scotland, 1295-1689. Edited by P. HUME BROWN. Demy 8vo, 14s.

Tours in Scotland, 1677 and 1681. By THOMAS KIRK and RALPH THORESBY. Edited by P. HUME BROWN. Demy 8vo, 5s.

Scotland before 1700. From Contemporary Documents. Edited by P. HUME BROWN. Demy 8vo, 14s.

History of the Scottish Church. By W. STEPHEN, Rector of St. Augustine's, Dumbarton. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, 25s.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland. By DAVID MACGIBBON and THOMAS ROSS. 3 vols. Illustrated. Royal 8vo, 42s. each vol., net. Vol. III. *in preparation.*

Documents Relating to the Province of Moray. By E. DUNBAR DUNBAR. Demy 8vo, 5s. net.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS.

OPEN-AIR BOOKS.

A Short Introduction to the Origin of Surnames. By PATRICK DUDGEON, Cargen. Small 4to, 3s. 6d.

Circuit Journeys. By the late LORD COCKBURN, one of the Judges of the Court of Session. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803. By DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. Edited by J. C. SHAIRP. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Art of Golf. By Sir W. G. SIMPSON, Bart. In 1 vol. demy 8vo, with twenty plates from instantaneous photographs of Professional Players, chiefly by A. F. Macfie, Esq. Price 15s.

Lays of the Links. A score of Parodies. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Walks near Edinburgh. By MARGARET WARRENDER. With Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.

Modern Horsemanship. An Original Method of Teaching the Art by means of Pictures from the Life. By EDWARD L. ANDERSON. Fifth Edition, re-written and enlarged, with 60 Moment-Photographs. Demy 8vo, 21s.

The History of Curling. By JOHN KERR, M.A. This volume has been prepared under the authority of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and has been compiled from official sources. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. Royal 8vo, 31s. 6d. net.

How to Catch Trout. By THREE ANGLERS. Illustrated, 1s. & 2s.
'The aim of this book is to give, within the smallest space possible, such practical information and advice as will enable the beginner, without further instruction, to attain moderate proficiency in the use of every legitimate lure.'

A Year in the Fields. By JOHN WATSON. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.
'A charming little work. A lover of life in the open air will read the book with unqualified pleasure.'—*Scotsman.*

On Horse-Breaking. By ROBERT MORETON. Second Edition, 1s.

Horses in Accident and Disease. By J. ROALFE COX. Demy 8vo, Illustrated. 5s.

The Gamekeeper's Manual; being an Epitome of the Game Laws of England and Scotland, and of the Gun Licenses and Wild Birds Acts. By ALEXANDER PORTER, Chief-Constable of Roxburghshire. Second Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. net.
'A concise and valuable epitome to the Game Laws, specially addressed to those engaged in protecting game.'—*Scotsman.*

The Protection of Woodlands against Dangers arising from Organic and Inorganic Causes, as re-arranged for the Fourth Edition of Kauschinger's 'Waldchutz.' By HERMANN FURST, D.(Ec., Director of the Bavarian Forest Institute at Aschaffenburg. Translated by JOHN NISBET, D.Œc., of the Indian Forest Service, Author of 'British Forest Trees and their Sylvicultural Characteristics and Treatment.' Demy 8vo, Illustrated, 9s.

Timbers, and How to Know Them. By Dr. ROBERT HARTIG. Translated from the German by WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, D.Œc., B.Sc., etc. Illustrated, 2s.

Iona. By ELIZABETH A. M'HARDY, with Illustrations by the Author. Ex-fcap. 8vo, 1s.

Iona. With Illustrations. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.

The Geology and Scenery of Sutherland. By H. M. CADELL, B.Sc. Crown 8vo, 4s. net.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019